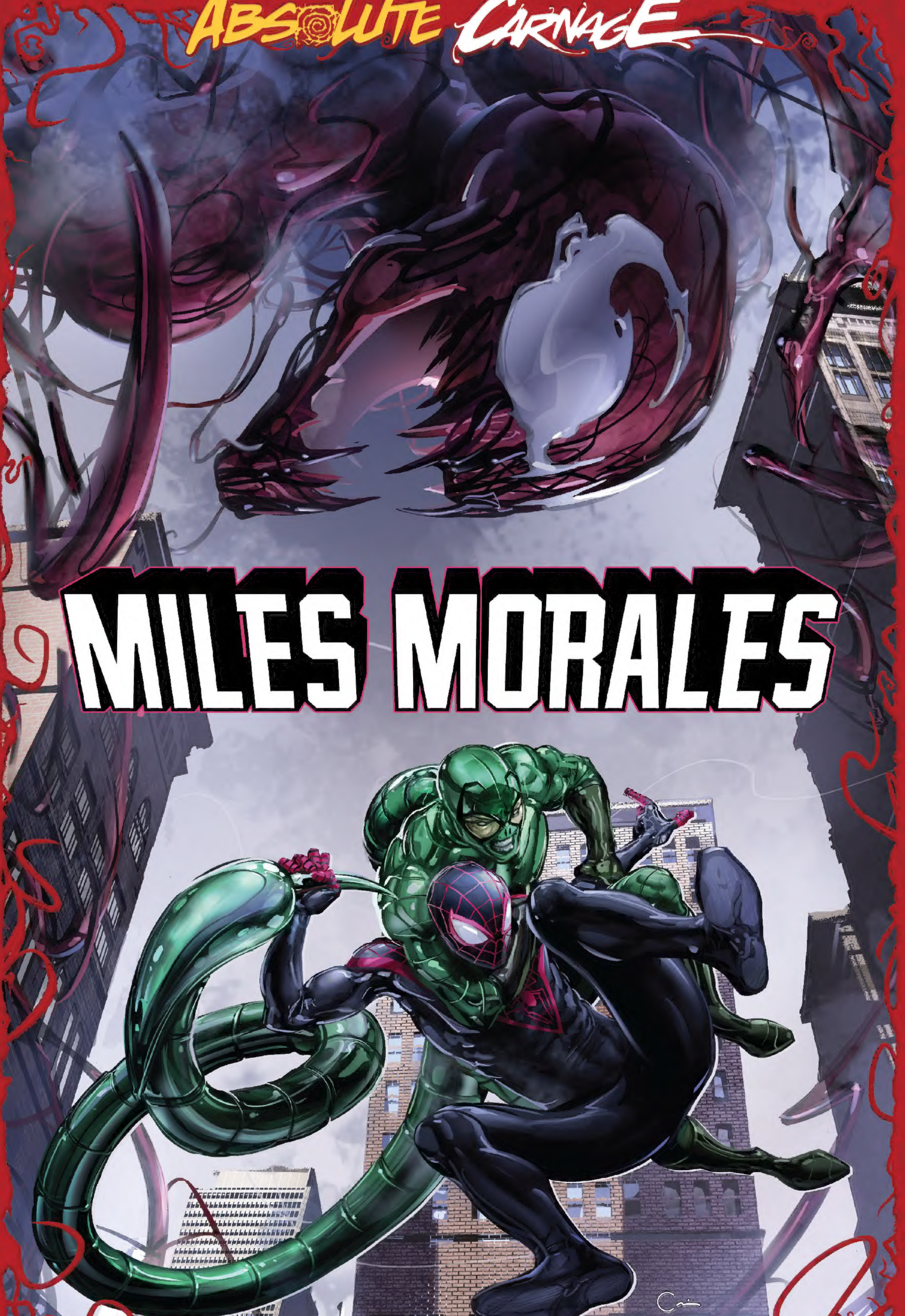
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE

# MILES MORALES



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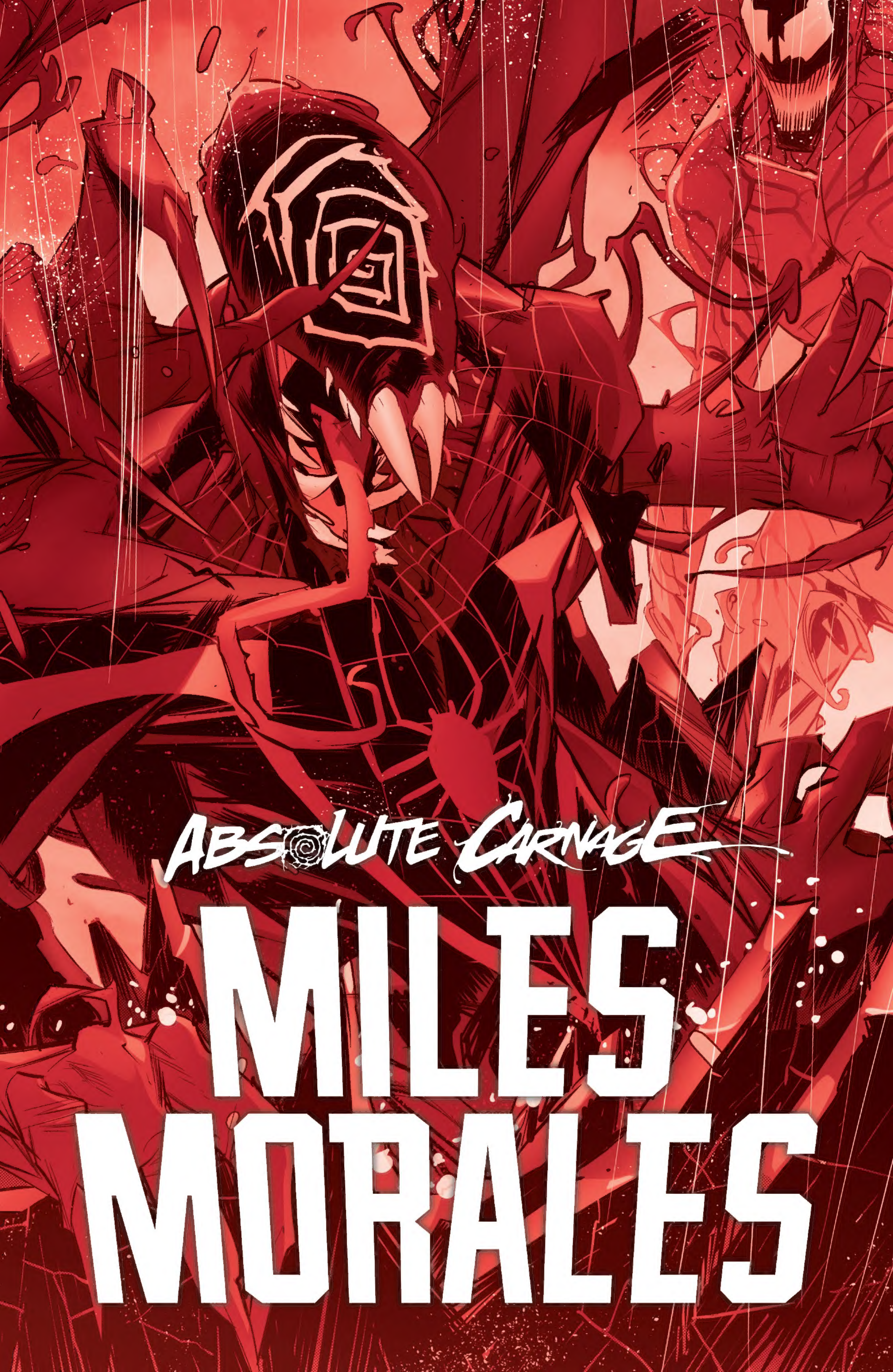
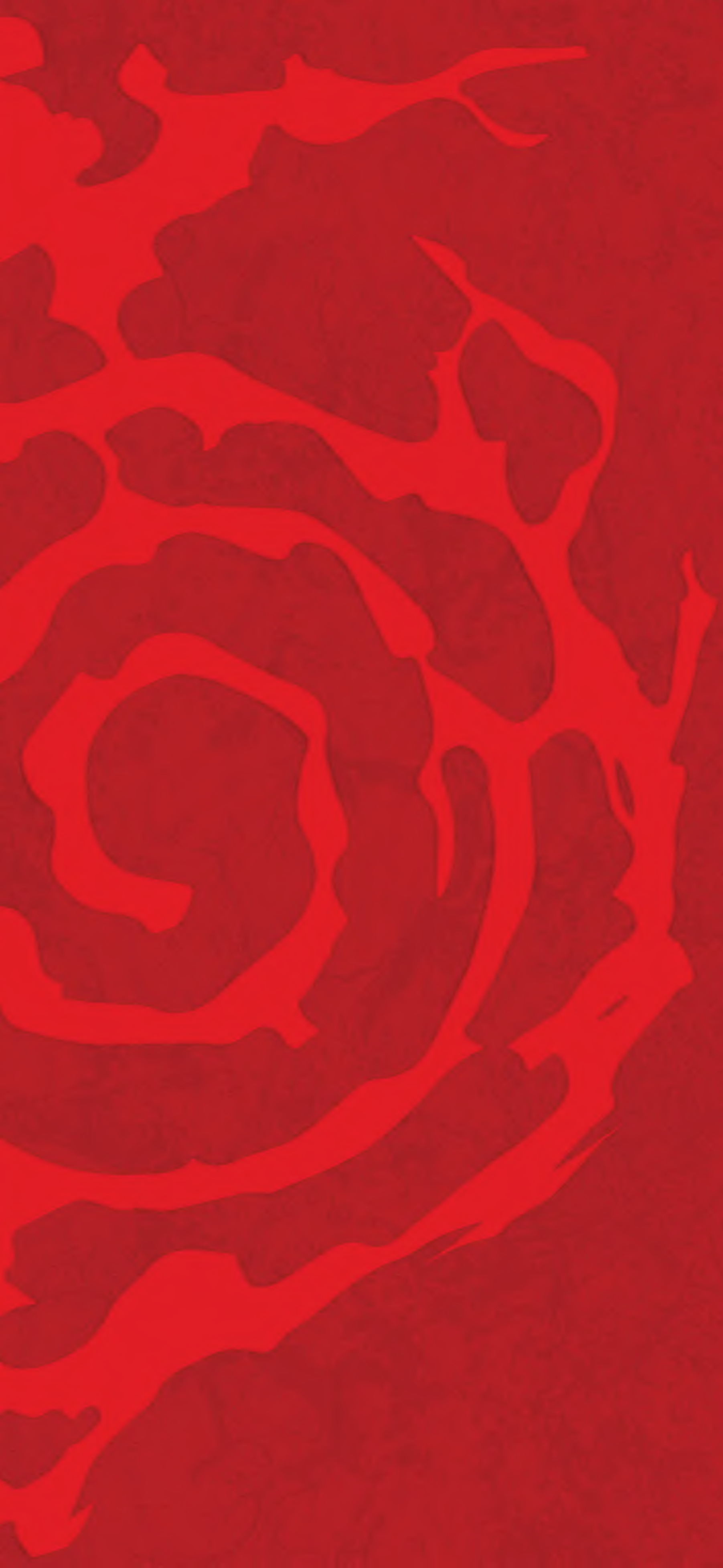

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE
MILES MORALES



Years ago, high school student **MILES MORALES** was bitten by a genetically altered spider and gained incredible arachnid-like abilities: the proportional speed, strength and agility of a spider, adhesive fingers and toes and the power to direct a bioelectric charge like a sting, camouflage himself to the point of invisibility and detect approaching danger using his precognitive "spider-sense." He hid these abilities at first, until a hero inspired him to use them to try to make the world more just.

He's crossed paths with Venom before, but no experience — in this world or any other — could prepare him for what's **descending on New York City now**…

# ABSOLUTE CARNAGE
# MILES MORALES

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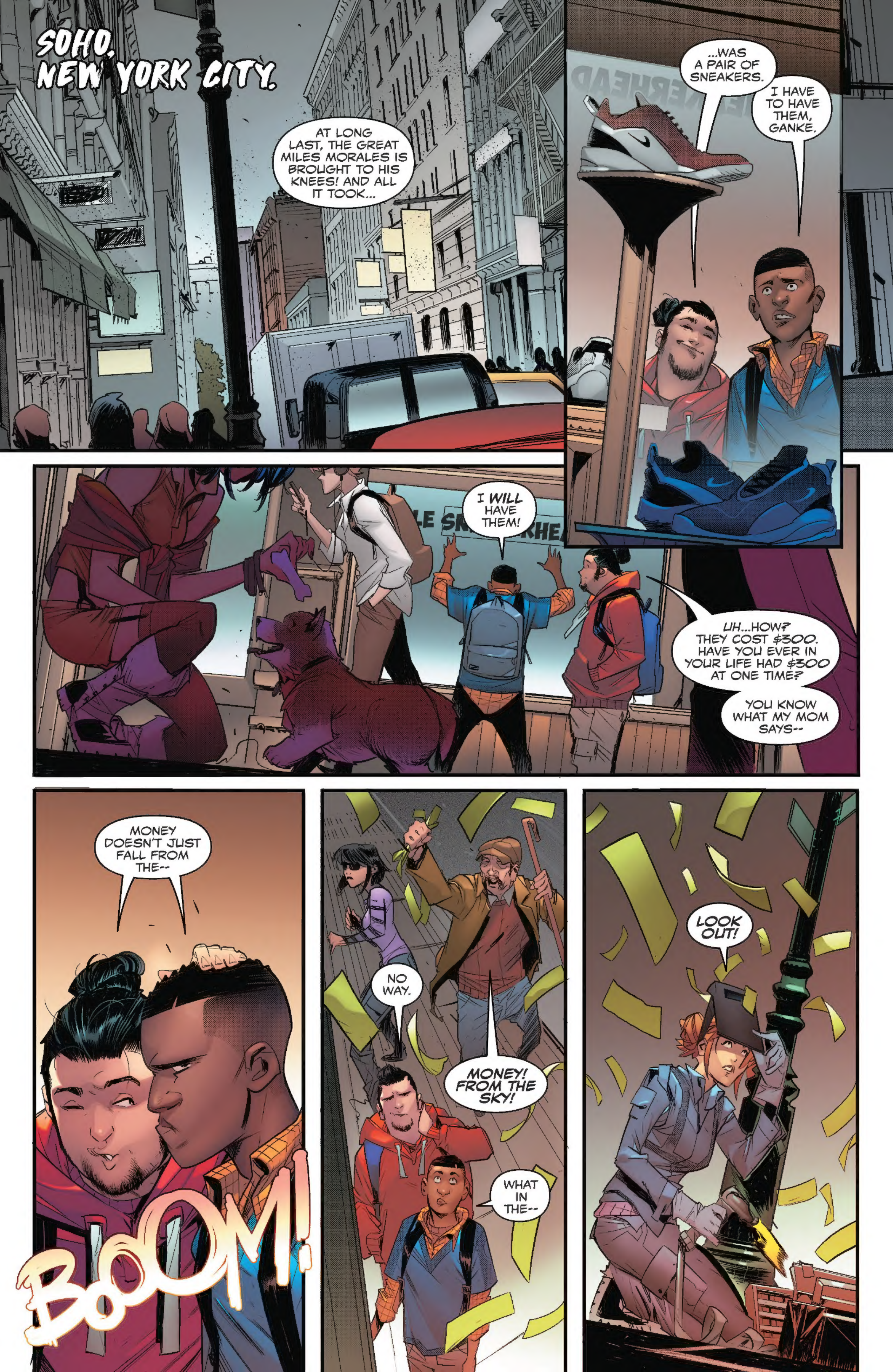
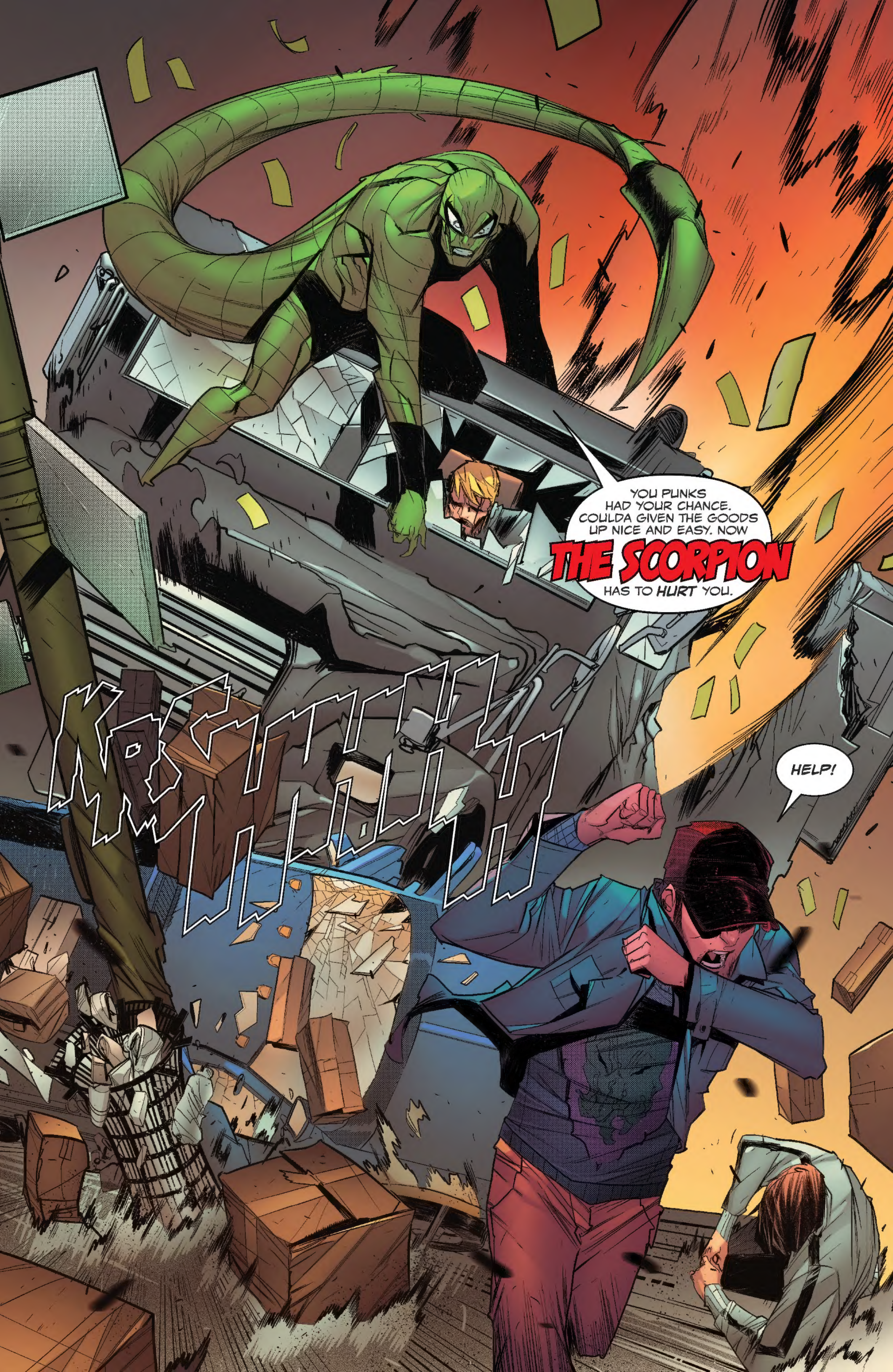
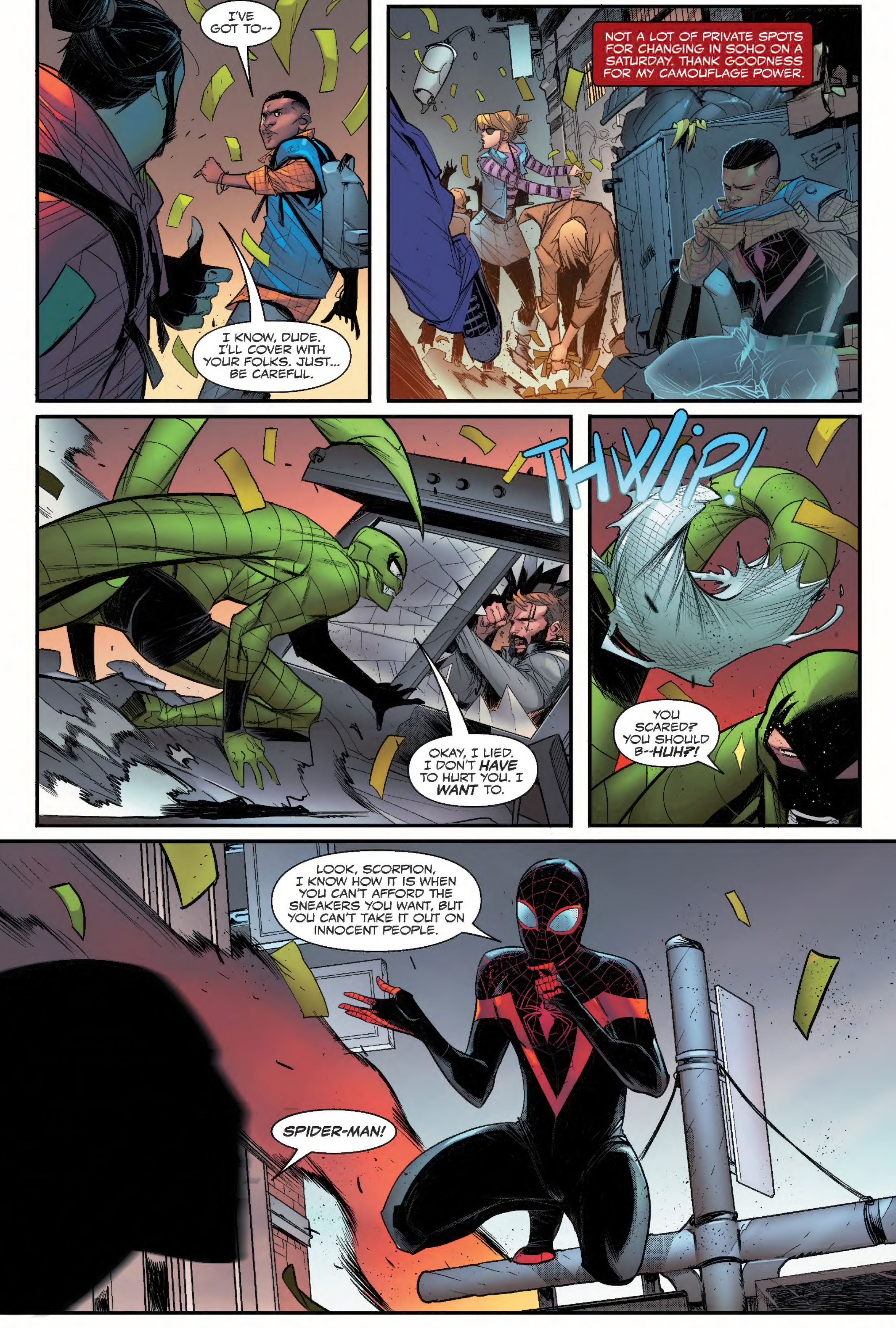
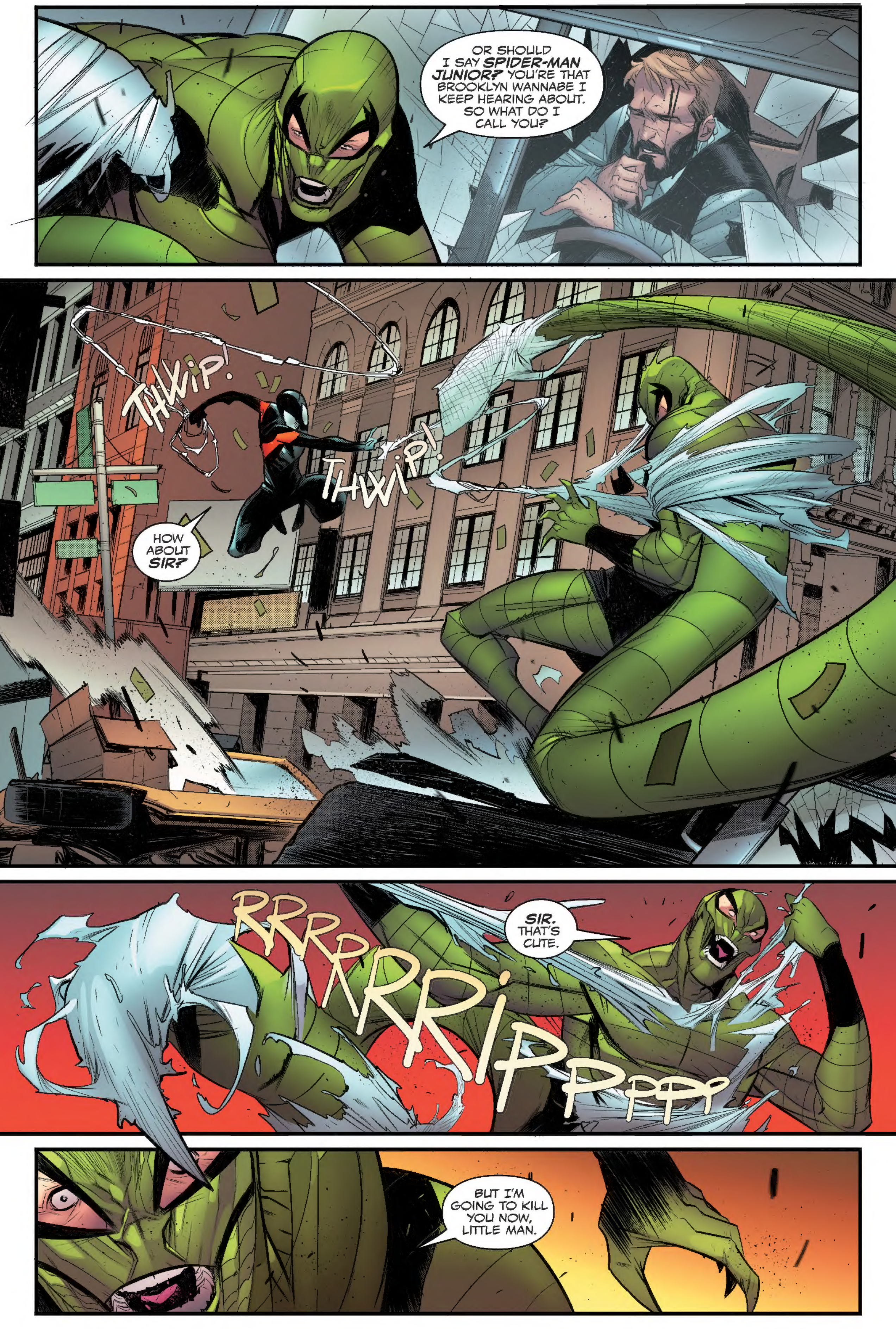
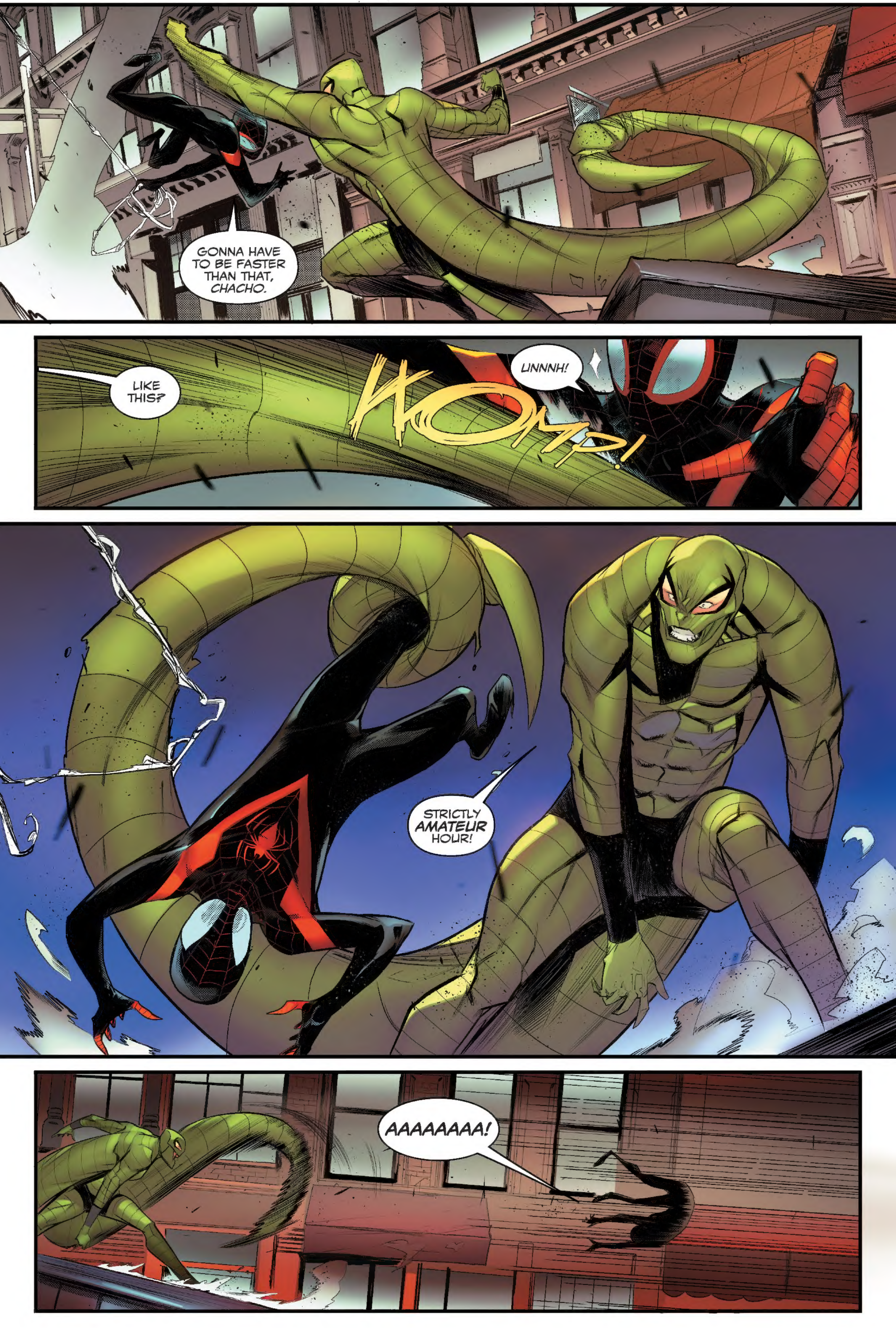
MILES MORALES 1

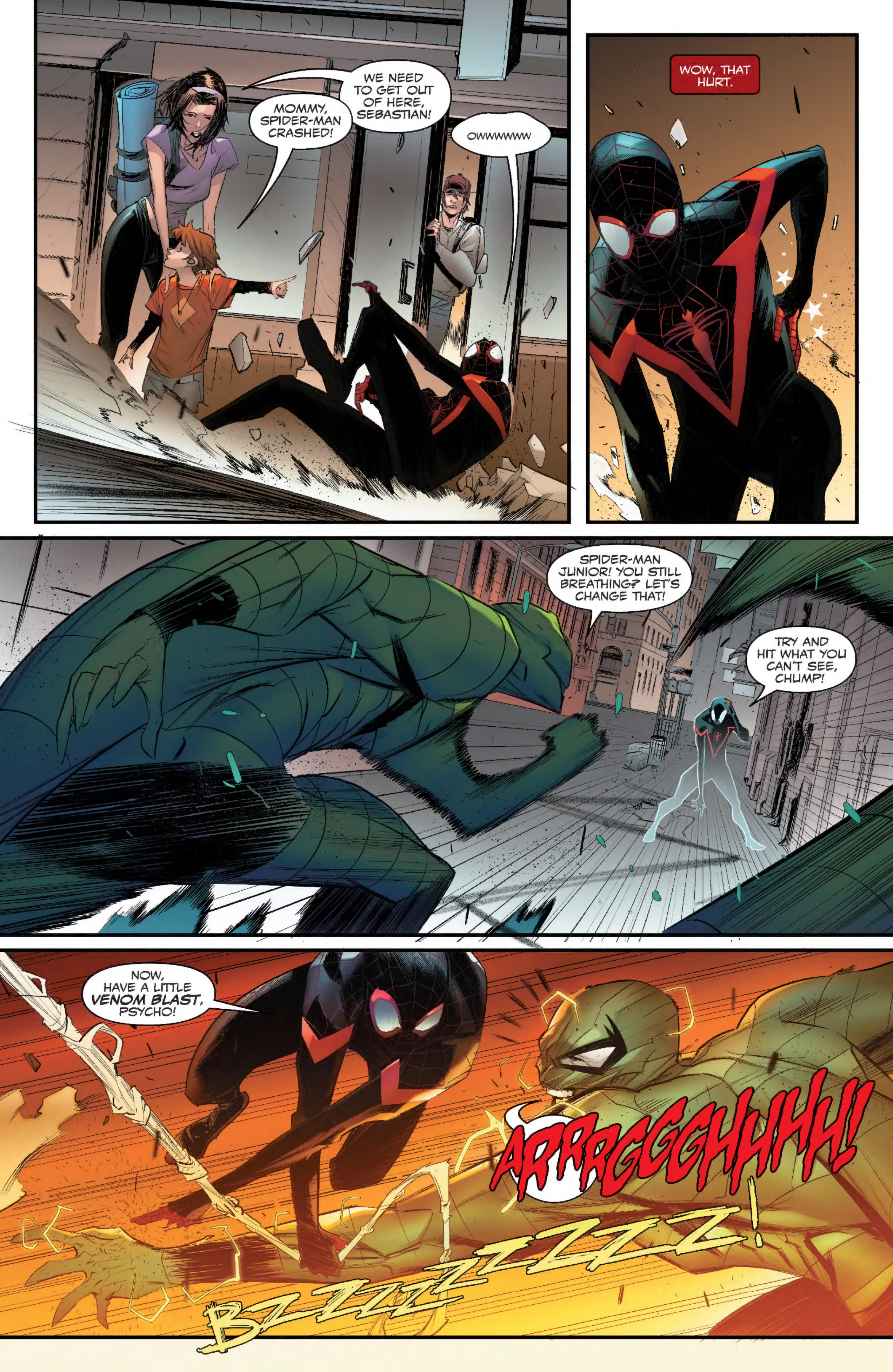

SOHO, NEW YORK CITY.
AT LONG LAST, THE GREAT MILES MORALES IS BROUGHT TO HIS KNEES! AND ALL IT TOOK...
...WAS A PAIR OF SNEAKERS.
I HAVE TO HAVE THEM, GANKE.
I WILL HAVE THEM!
LE SNEAKERHEA
UH...HOW? THEY COST $300. HAVE YOU EVER IN YOUR LIFE HAD $300 AT ONE TIME?
YOU KNOW WHAT MY MOM SAYS--
MONEY DOESN'T JUST FALL FROM THE--
BOOM!
NO WAY.
MONEY! FROM THE SKY!
WHAT IN THE--
LOOK OUT!

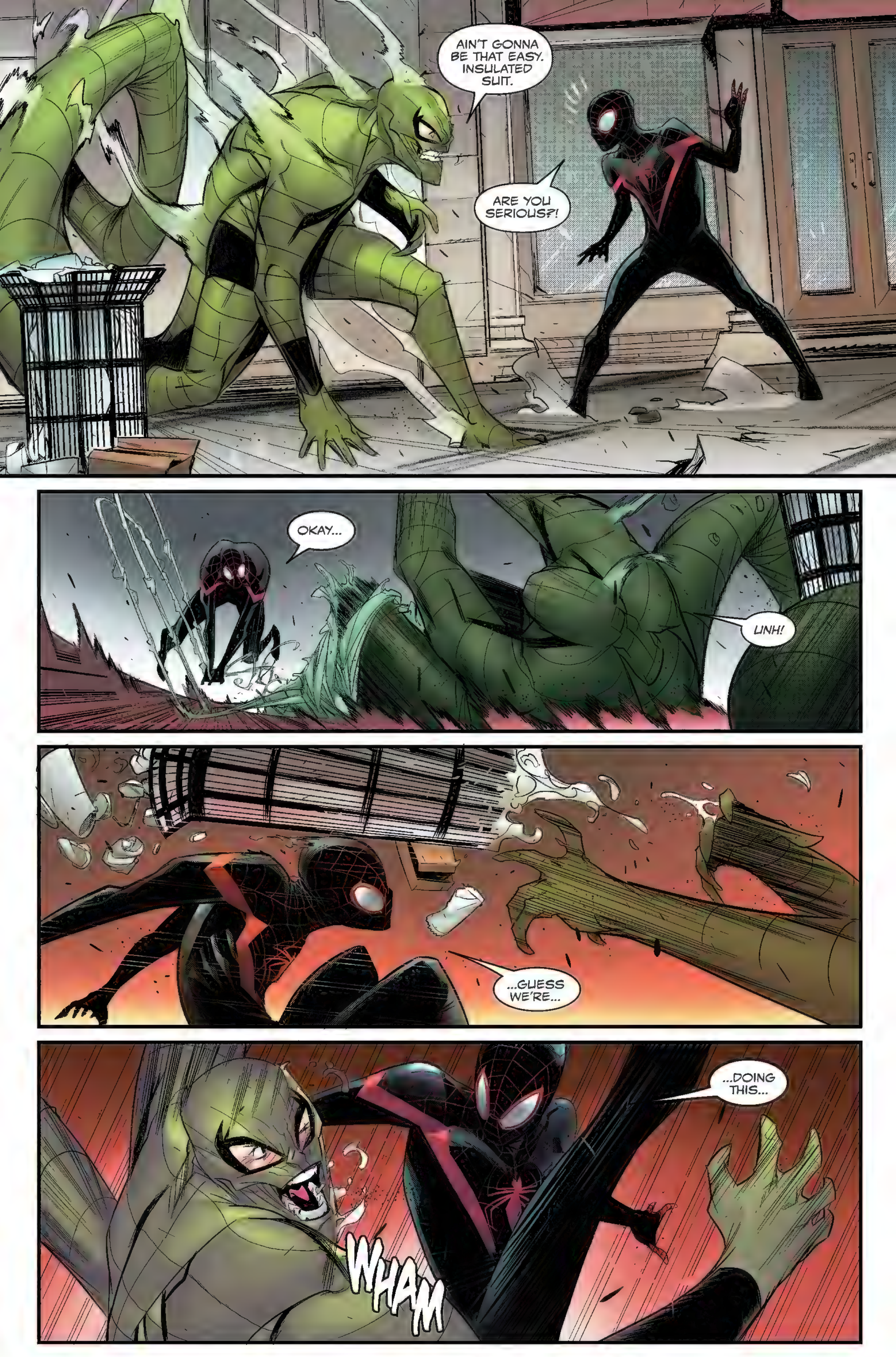

YOU PUNKS HAD YOUR CHANCE. COULDA GIVEN THE GOODS UP NICE AND EASY. NOW THE SCORPION HAS TO HURT YOU.
KRAAAACHHHUUUUUU
HELP!

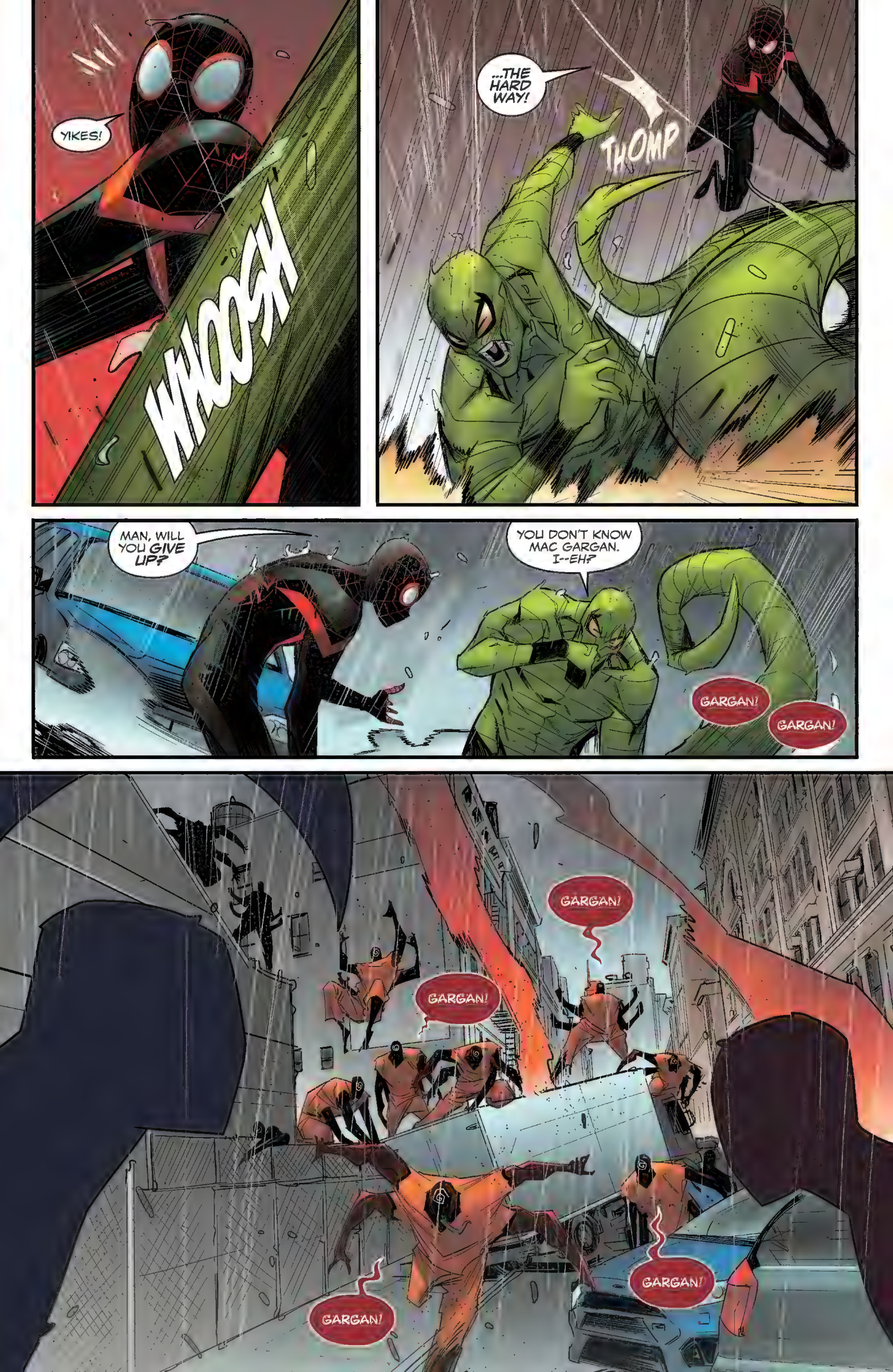

I'VE GOT TO--
I KNOW, DUDE. I'LL COVER WITH YOUR FOLKS. JUST... BE CAREFUL.
NOT A LOT OF PRIVATE SPOTS FOR CHANGING IN SOHO ON A SATURDAY. THANK GOODNESS FOR MY CAMOUFLAGE POWER.
OKAY, I LIED. I DON'T **HAVE** TO HURT YOU. I **WANT** TO.
THWIP!
YOU SCARED? YOU SHOULD B--***HUH?!***
LOOK, SCORPION, I KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE SNEAKERS YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE IT OUT ON INNOCENT PEOPLE.
***SPIDER-MAN!***

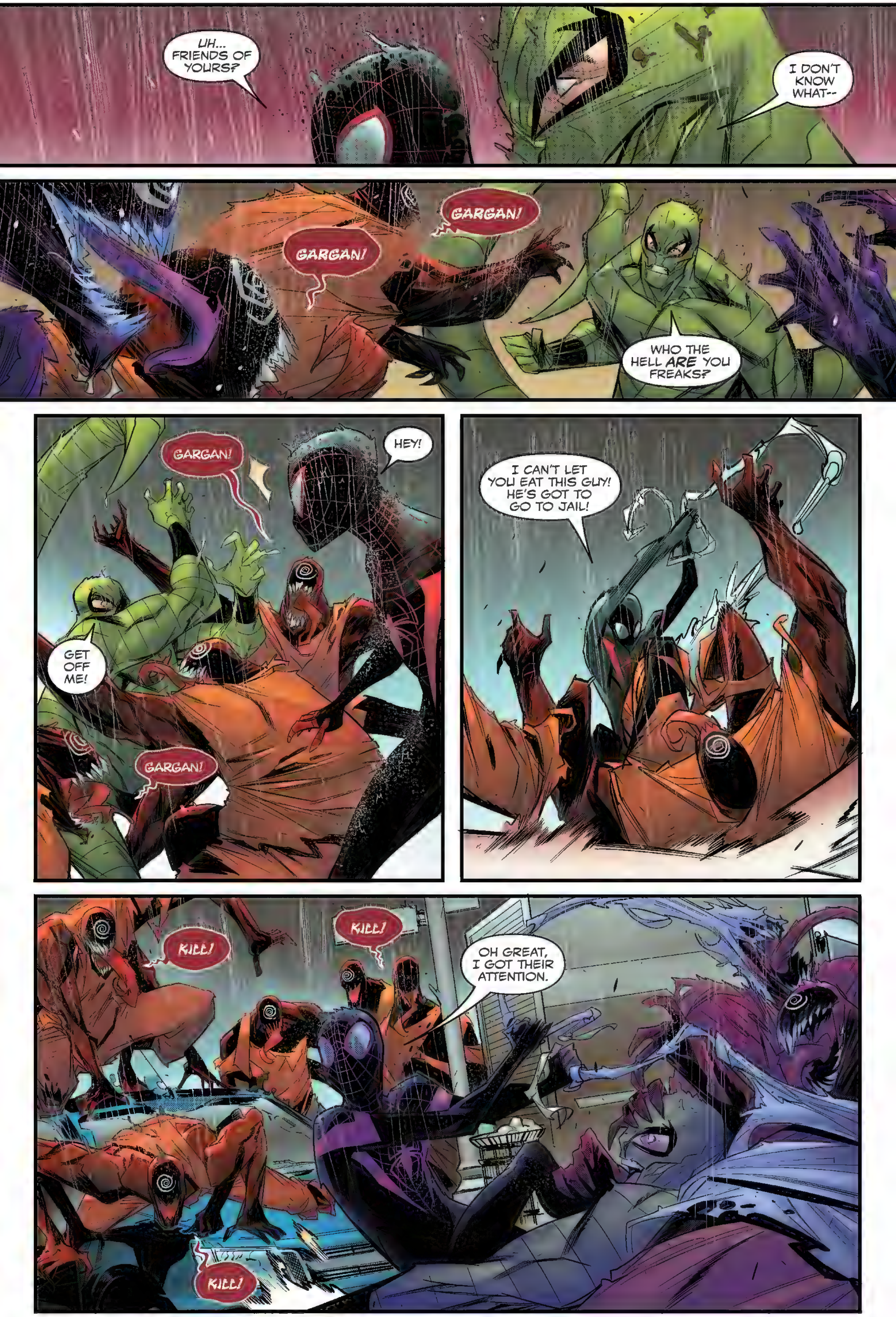

OR SHOULD I SAY **SPIDER-MAN JUNIOR?** YOU'RE THAT BROOKLYN WANNABE I KEEP HEARING ABOUT. SO WHAT DO I CALL YOU?
THWIP!
THWIP!
HOW ABOUT **SIR?**
RRRRRRRIPPPPP
**SIR.** THAT'S CUTE.
BUT I'M GOING TO KILL YOU NOW, LITTLE MAN.

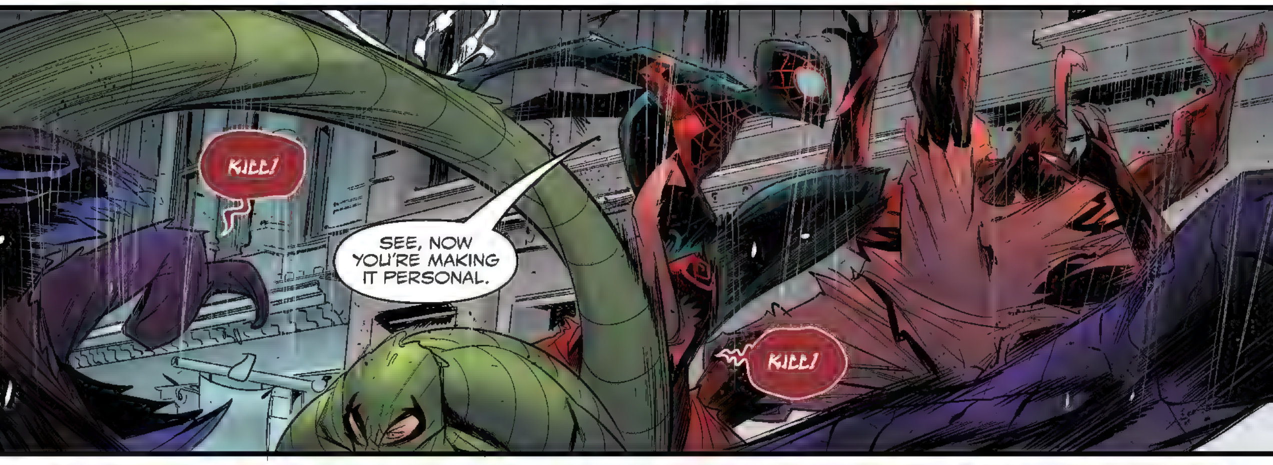

GONNA HAVE TO BE FASTER THAN THAT, *CHACHO.*
LIKE THIS?
WOMP!
UNNNH!
STRICTLY *AMATEUR* HOUR!
AAAAAAAA!

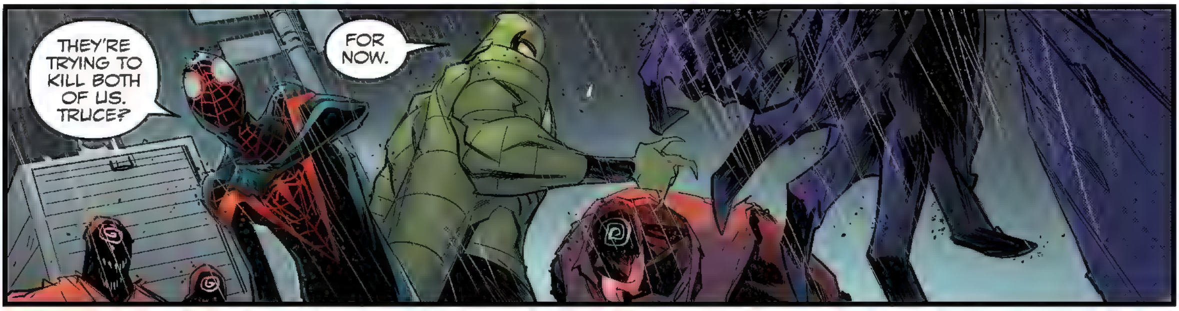

MOMMY, SPIDER-MAN CRASHED!
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, SEBASTIAN!
OWWWWWW
WOW, THAT HURT.
SPIDER-MAN JUNIOR! YOU STILL BREATHING? LET'S CHANGE THAT!
TRY AND HIT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE, CHUMP!
NOW, HAVE A LITTLE **VENOM BLAST**, PSYCHO!
ARRRGGGHHHH!
BZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

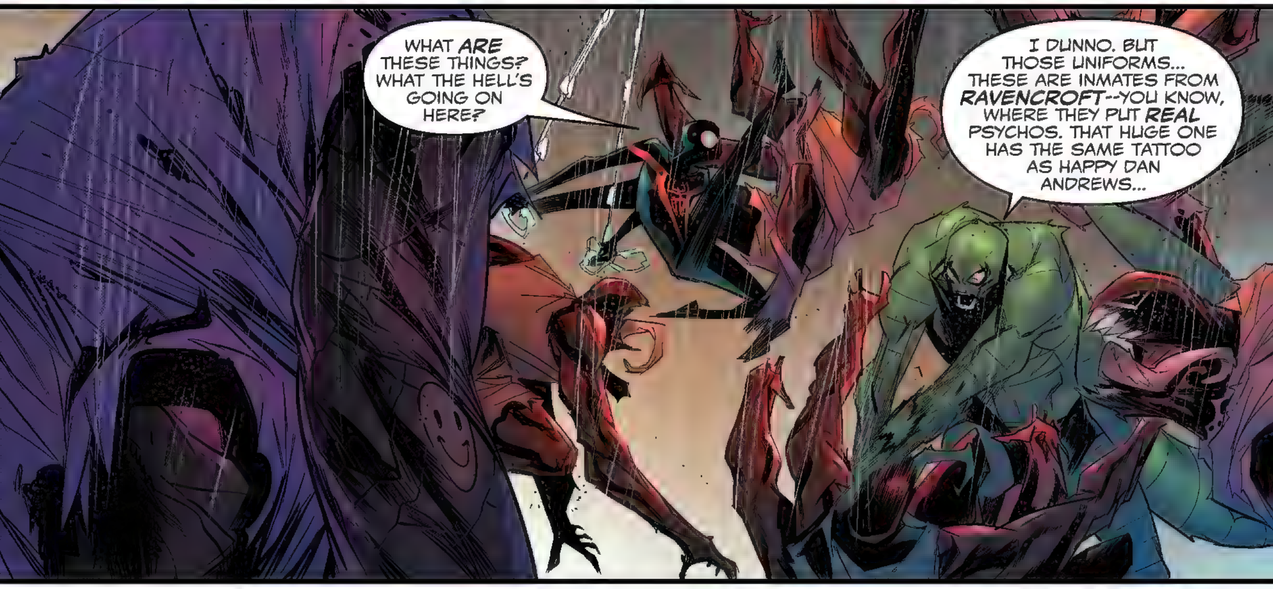

AIN'T GONNA BE THAT EASY. INSULATED SUIT.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
OKAY...
UNH!
...GUESS WE'RE...
...DOING THIS...
WHAM

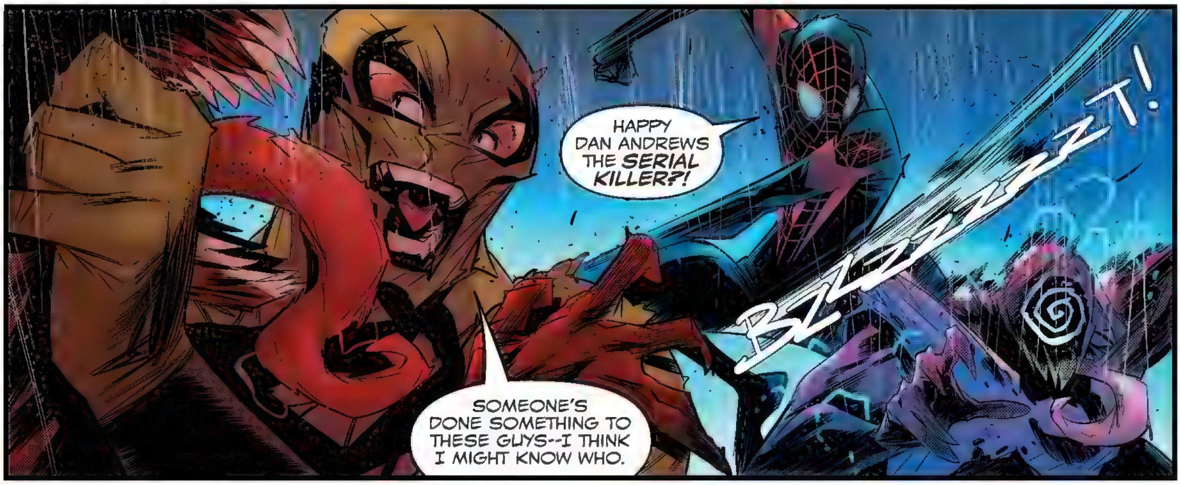

YIKES!
WHOOSH
...THE HARD WAY!
THOMP
MAN, WILL YOU GIVE UP?
YOU DON'T KNOW MAC GARGAN. I--EH?
GARGAN!
GARGAN!
GARGAN!
GARGAN!
GARGAN!
GARGAN!

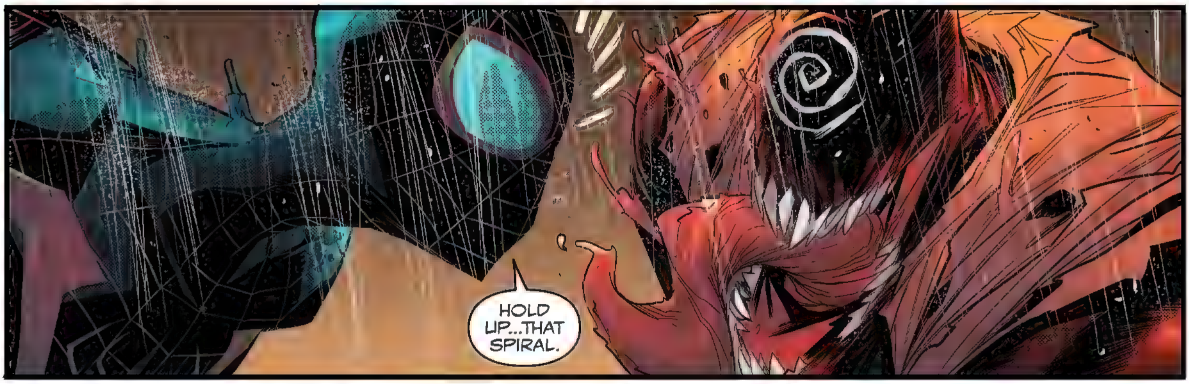

UH... FRIENDS OF YOURS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT--
GARGAN!
GARGAN!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU FREAKS?
GARGAN!
HEY!
GET OFF ME!
GARGAN!
I CAN'T LET YOU EAT THIS GUY! HE'S GOT TO GO TO JAIL!
KILL!
KILL!
OH GREAT, I GOT THEIR ATTENTION.
KILL!

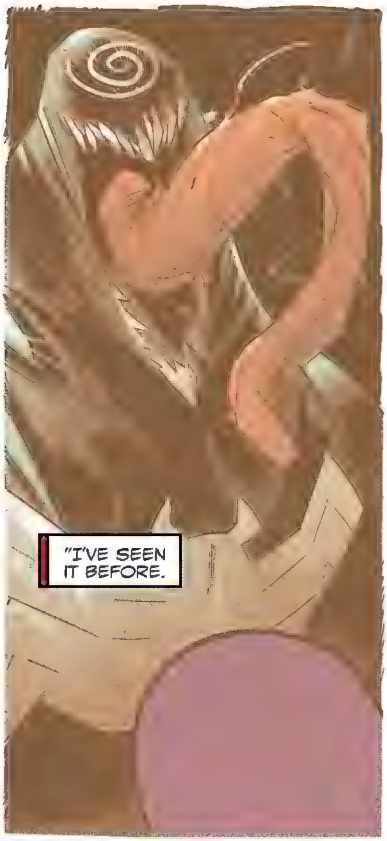

KILL!
SEE, NOW YOU'RE MAKING IT PERSONAL.
KILL!

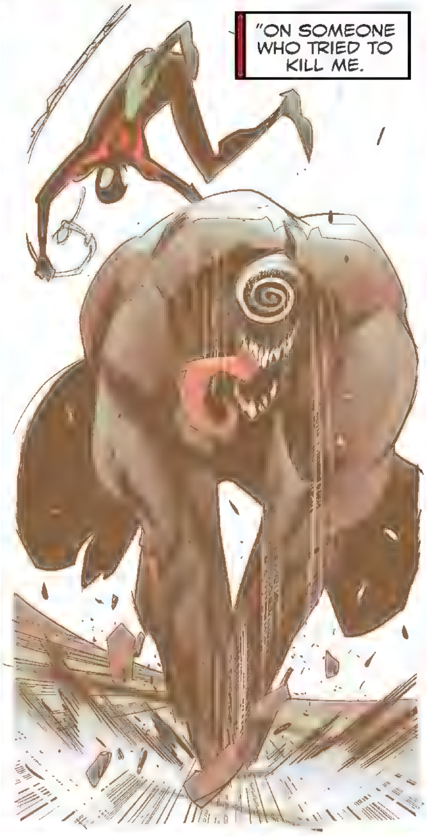

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL BOTH OF US. TRUCE?
FOR NOW.

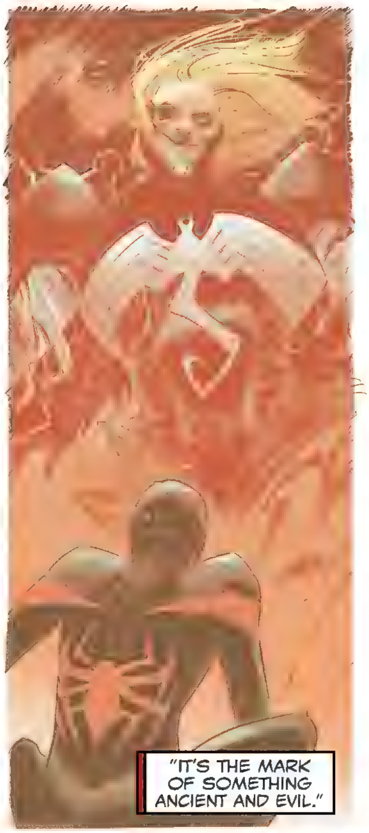

WHAT ARE THESE THINGS? WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?
I DUNNO. BUT THOSE UNIFORMS... THESE ARE INMATES FROM RAVENCROFT--YOU KNOW, WHERE THEY PUT REAL PSYCHOS. THAT HUGE ONE HAS THE SAME TATTOO AS HAPPY DAN ANDREWS...

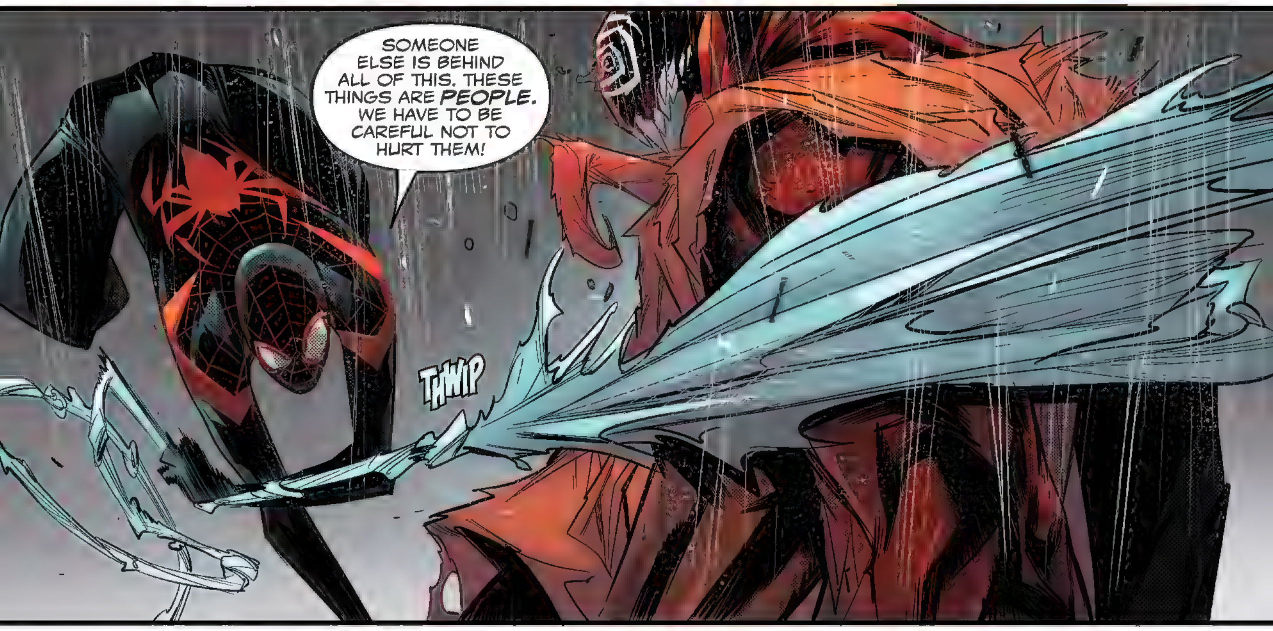

HAPPY DAN ANDREWS THE SERIAL KILLER?!
BZZZZZZZT!
SOMEONE'S DONE SOMETHING TO THESE GUYS--I THINK I MIGHT KNOW WHO.

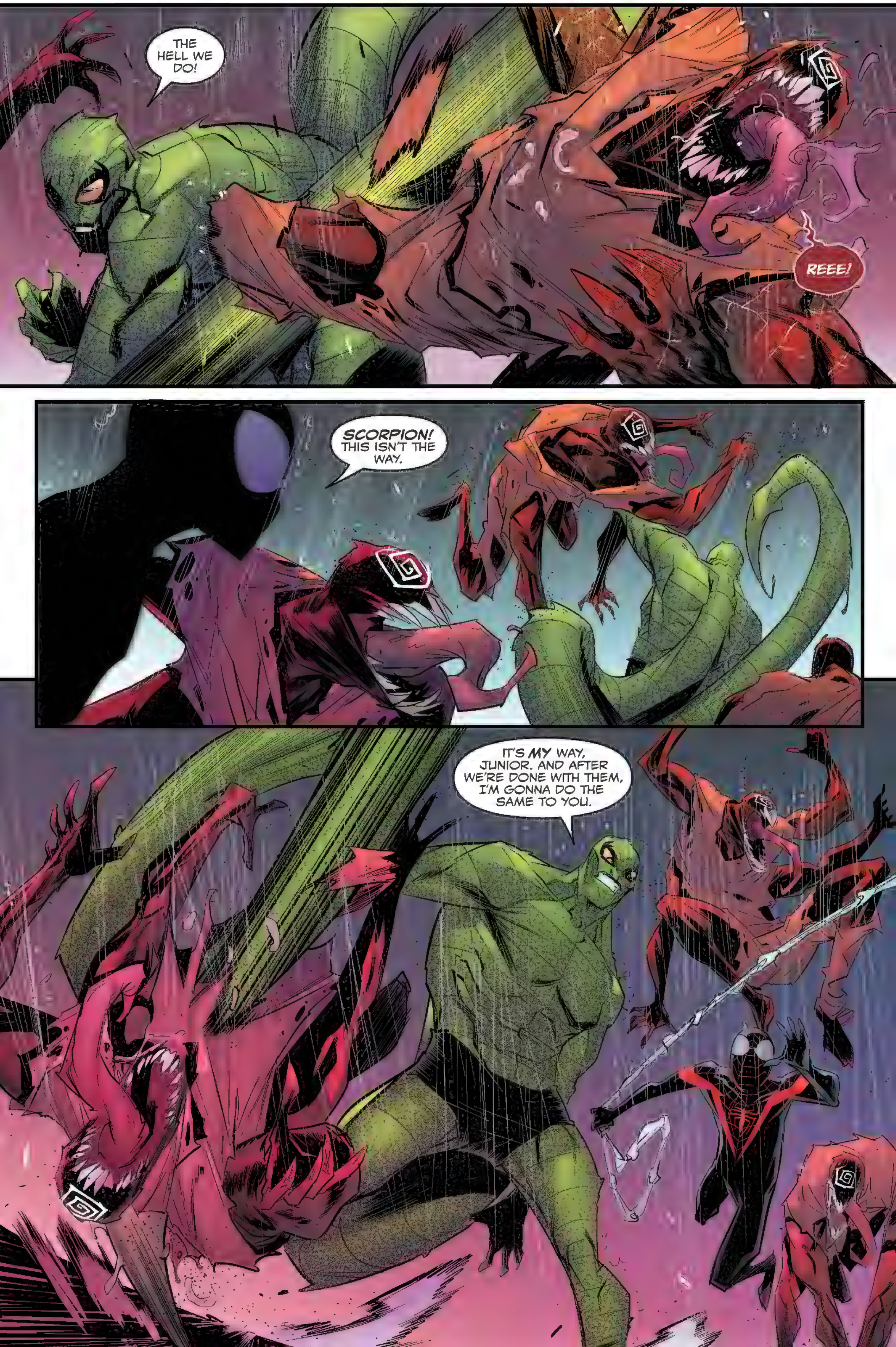

HOLD UP...THAT SPIRAL.

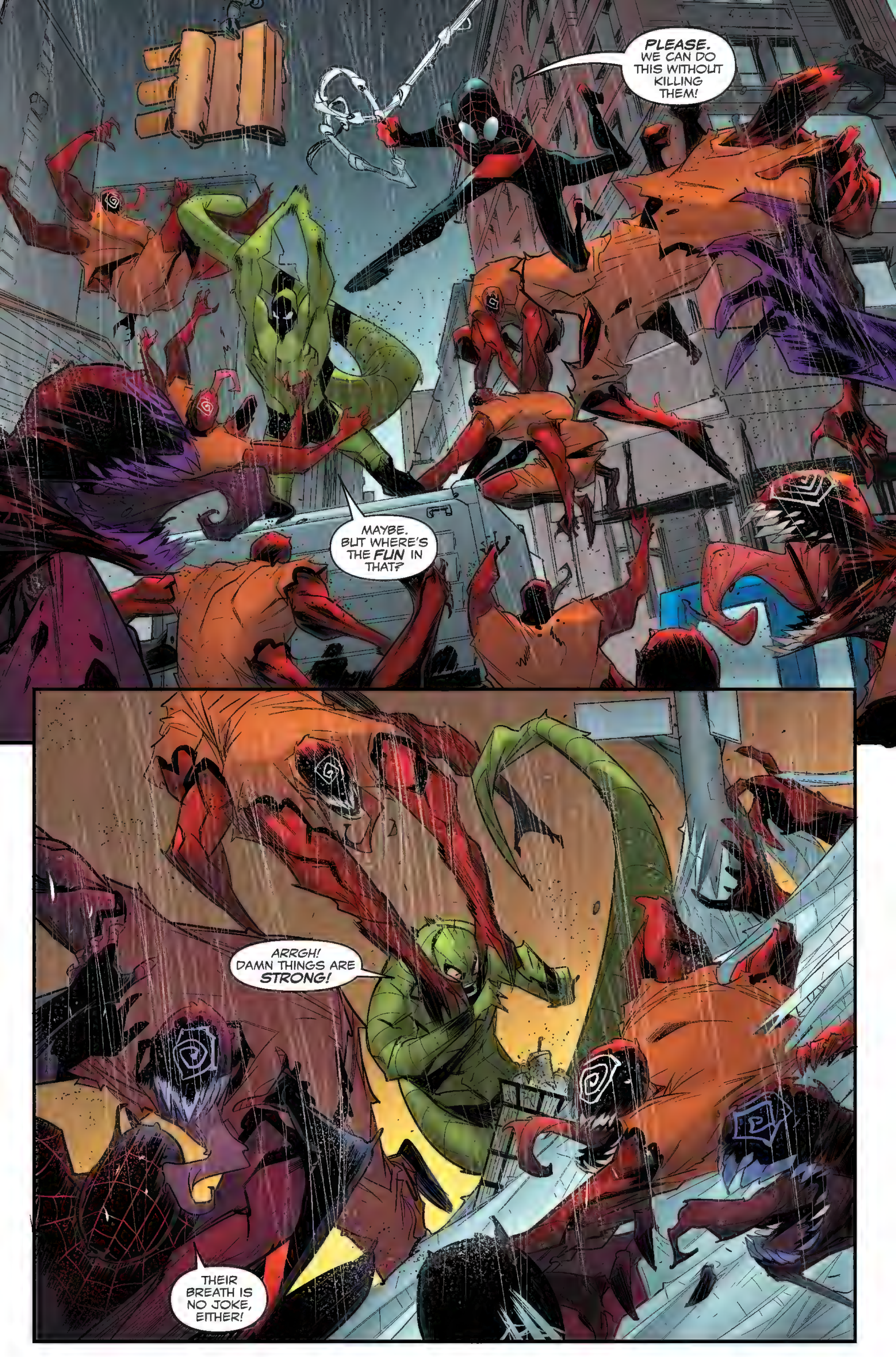

"I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

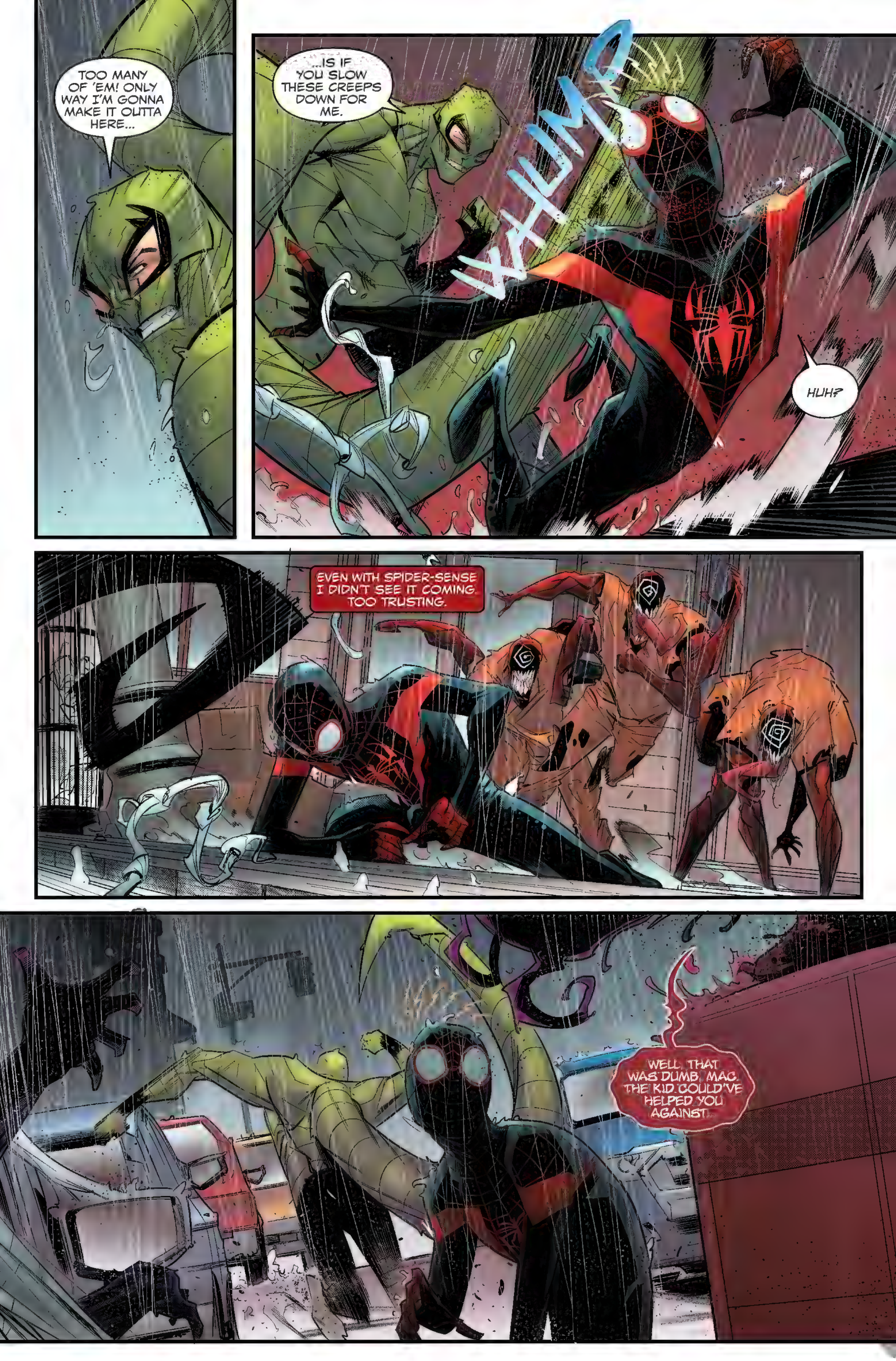

"ON SOMEONE WHO TRIED TO KILL ME.

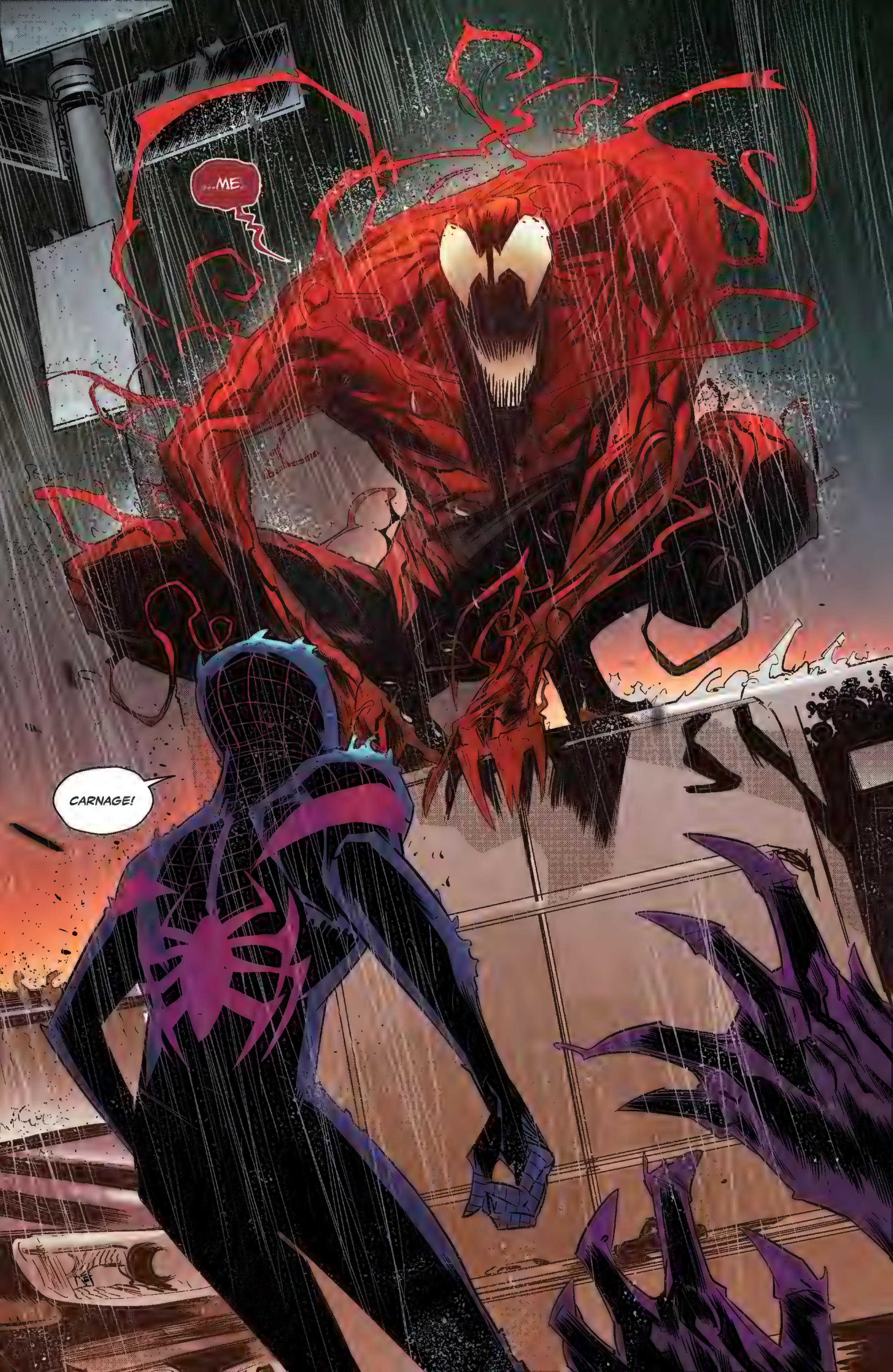

"IT'S THE MARK OF SOMETHING ANCIENT AND EVIL."

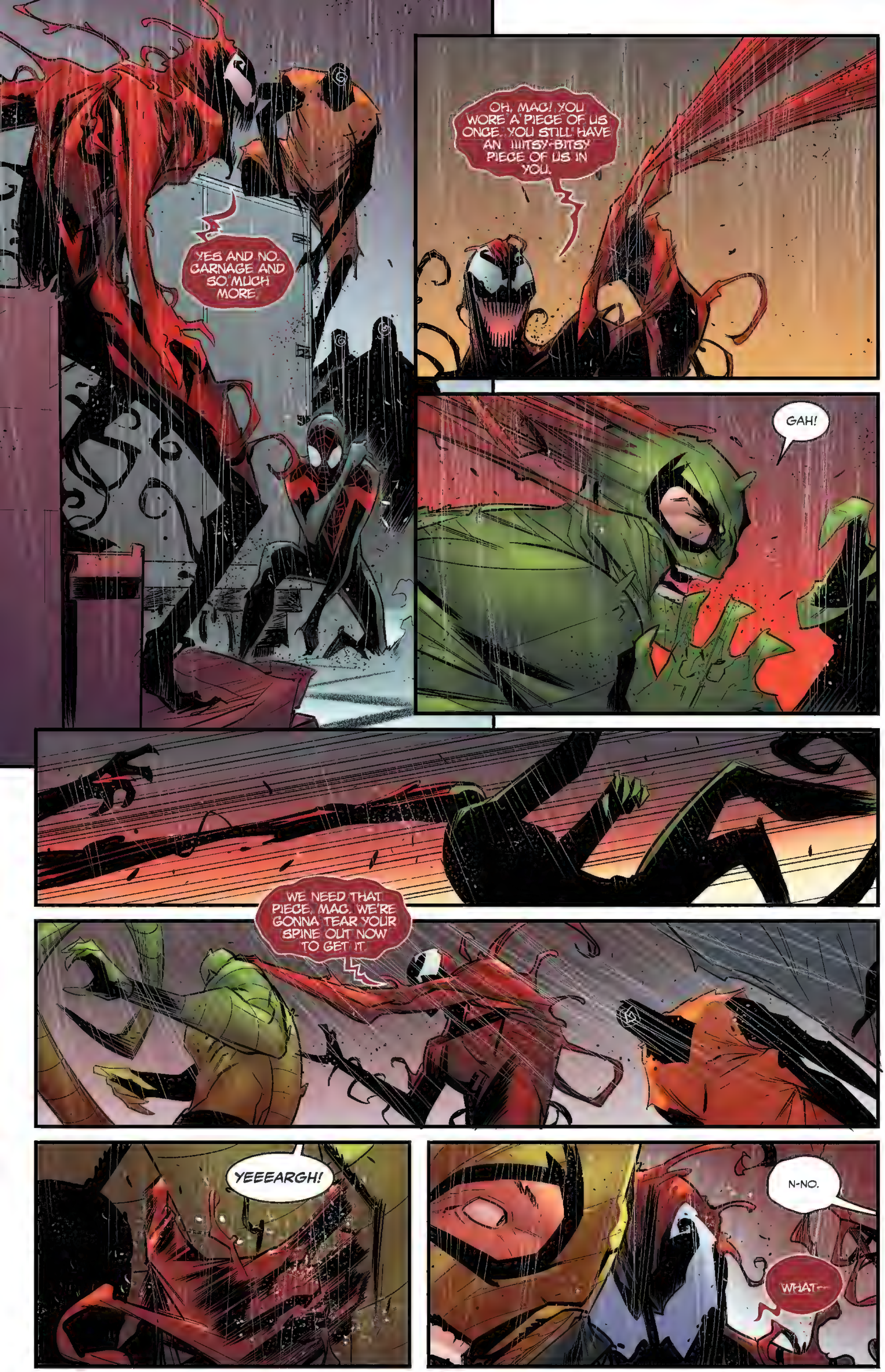

SOMEONE ELSE IS BEHIND ALL OF THIS. THESE THINGS ARE *PEOPLE.* WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO HURT THEM!
THWIP

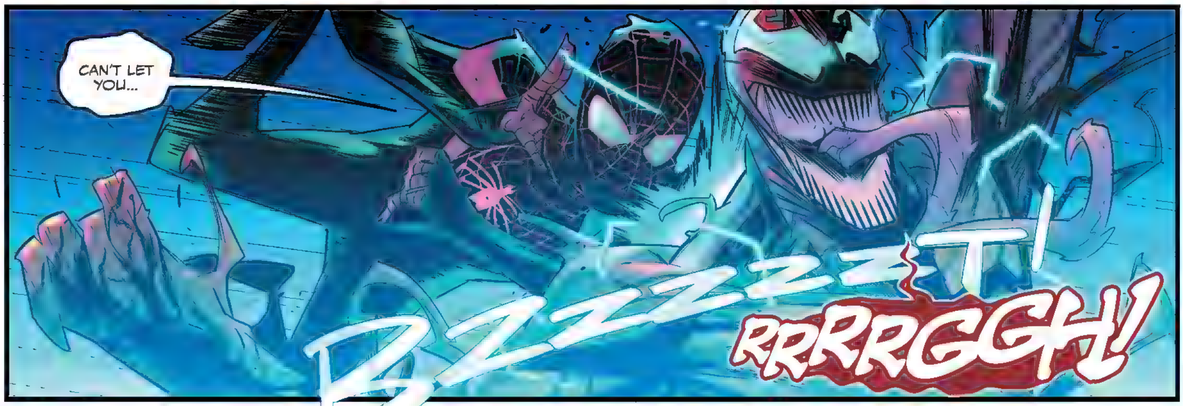

THE HELL WE DO!
REEE!
SCORPION! THIS ISN'T THE WAY.
IT'S MY WAY, JUNIOR. AND AFTER WE'RE DONE WITH THEM, I'M GONNA DO THE SAME TO YOU.

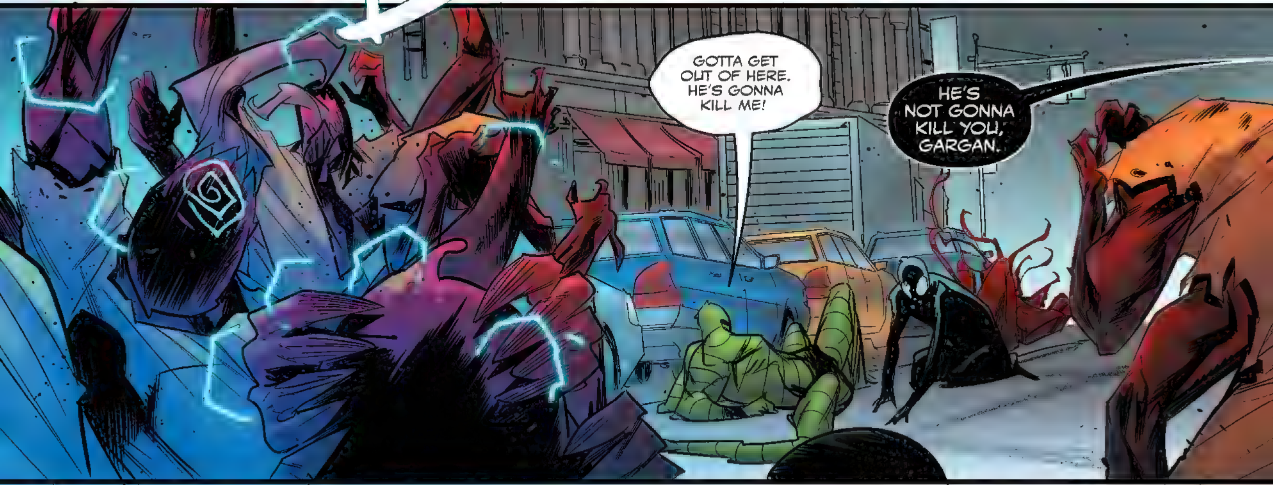

PLEASE. WE CAN DO THIS WITHOUT KILLING THEM!
MAYBE. BUT WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?
ARRGH! DAMN THINGS ARE STRONG!
THEIR BREATH IS NO JOKE, EITHER!

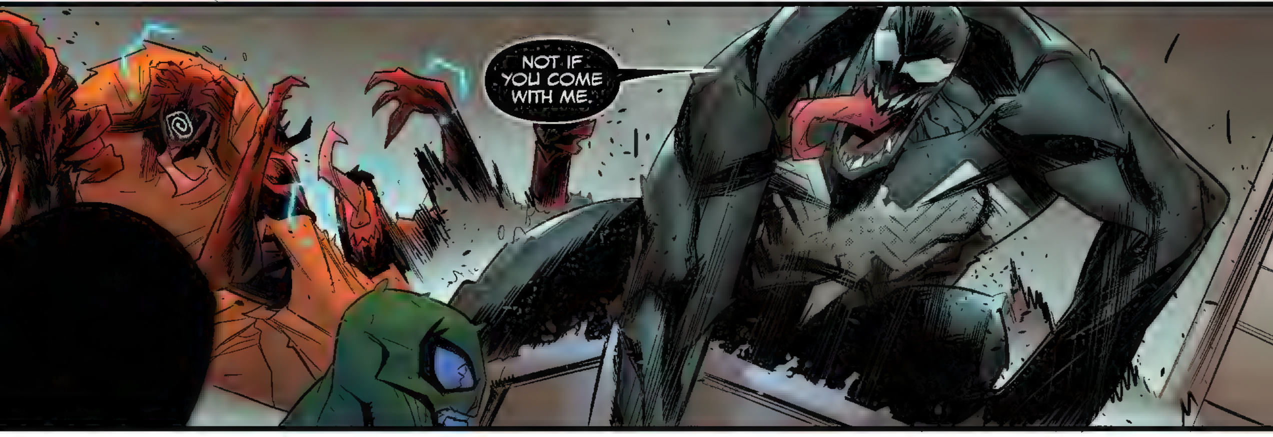

TOO MANY OF 'EM! ONLY WAY I'M GONNA MAKE IT OUTTA HERE...
...IS IF YOU SLOW THESE CREEPS DOWN FOR ME.
WHUMP
HUH?
EVEN WITH SPIDER-SENSE I DIDN'T SEE IT COMING. TOO TRUSTING.
WELL, THAT WAS DUMB, MAC. THE KID COULD'VE HELPED YOU AGAINST

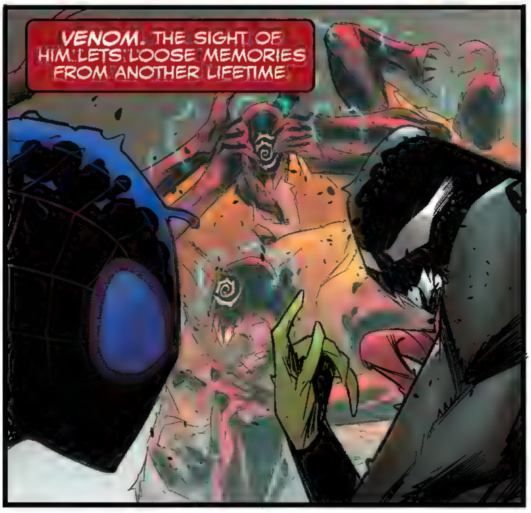

...ME...
CARNAGE!

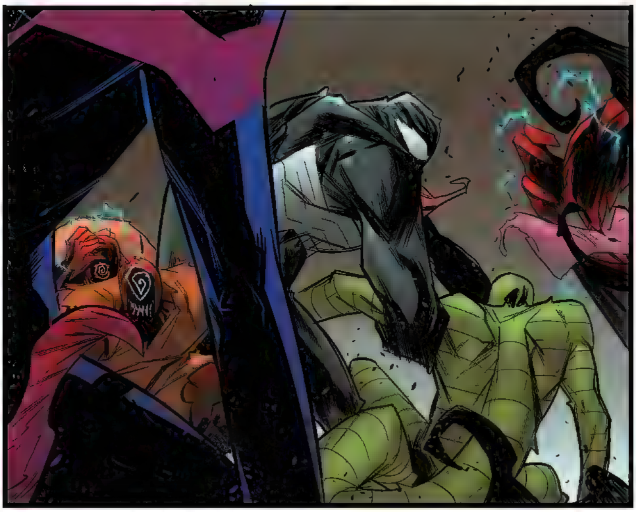

YES AND NO. CARNAGE AND SO MUCH MORE.
OH, MAC! YOU WORE A PIECE OF US ONCE. YOU STILL HAVE AN IIIITSY-BITSY PIECE OF US IN YOU.
GAH!
WE NEED THAT PIECE, MAC. WE'RE GONNA TEAR YOUR SPINE OUT NOW TO GET IT.
YEEEARGH!
N-NO.
WHAT--

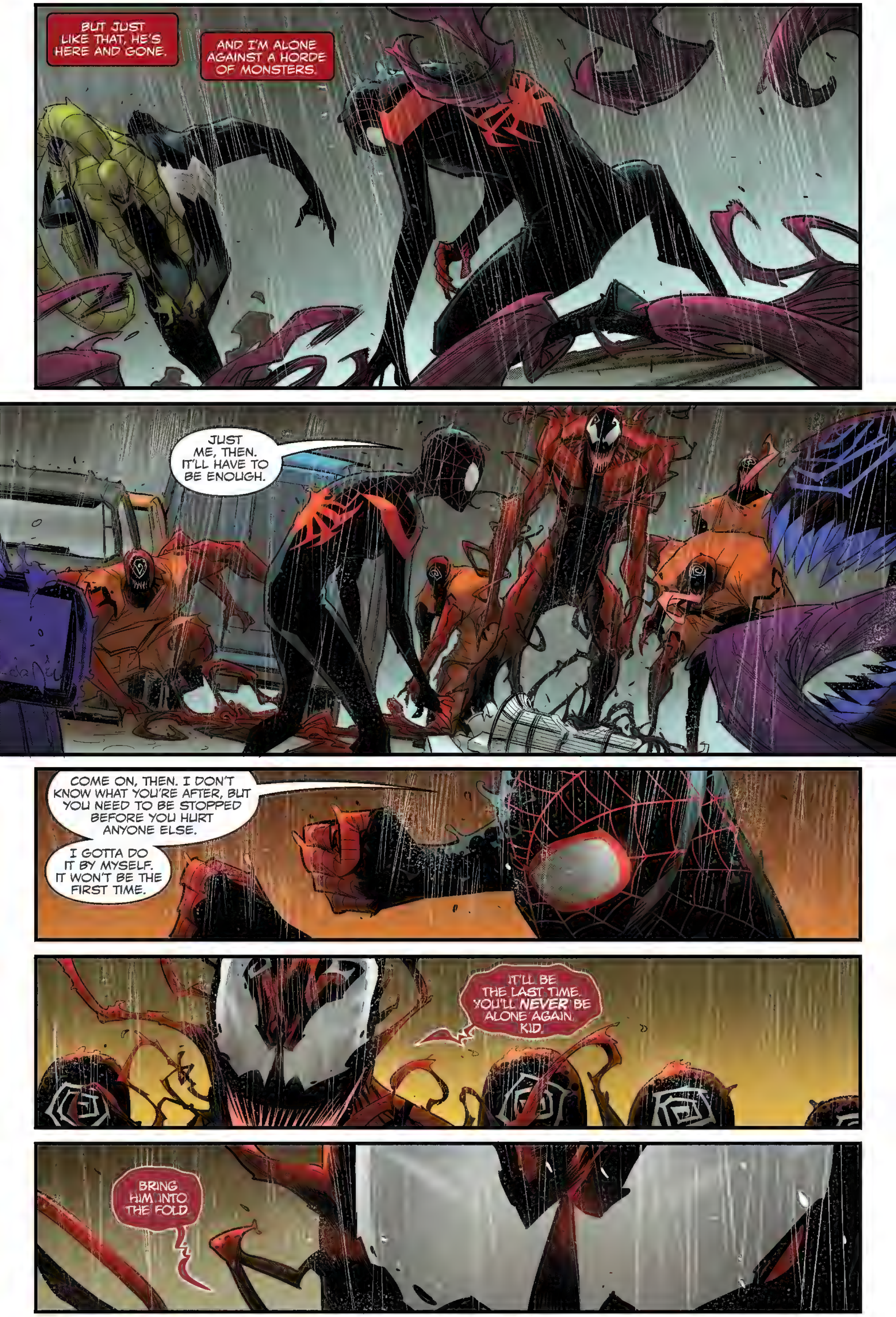

CAN'T LET YOU...
BZZZZZZT!
RRRRGGH!

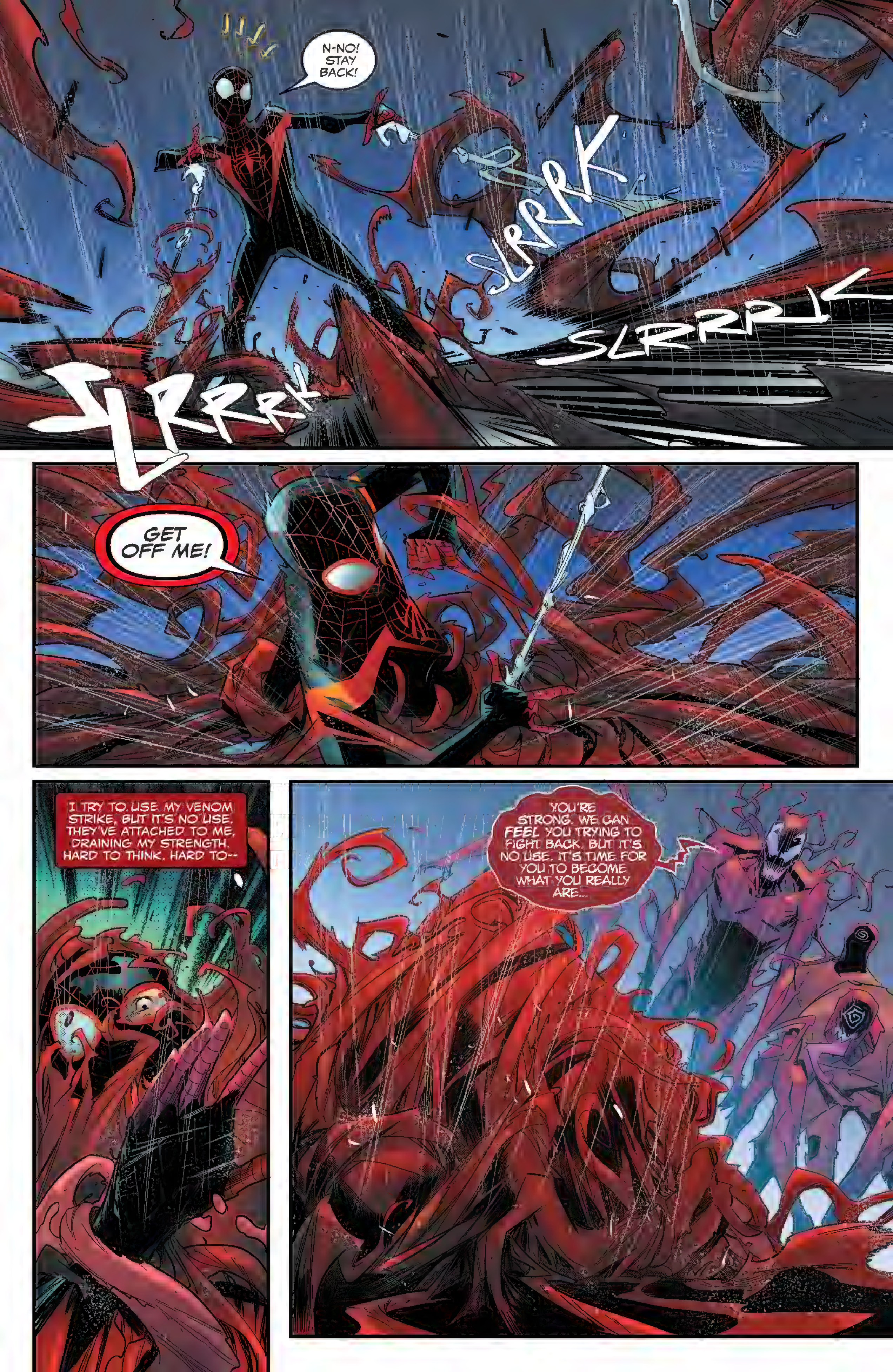

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE. HE'S GONNA KILL ME!
HE'S NOT GONNA KILL YOU, GARGAN.

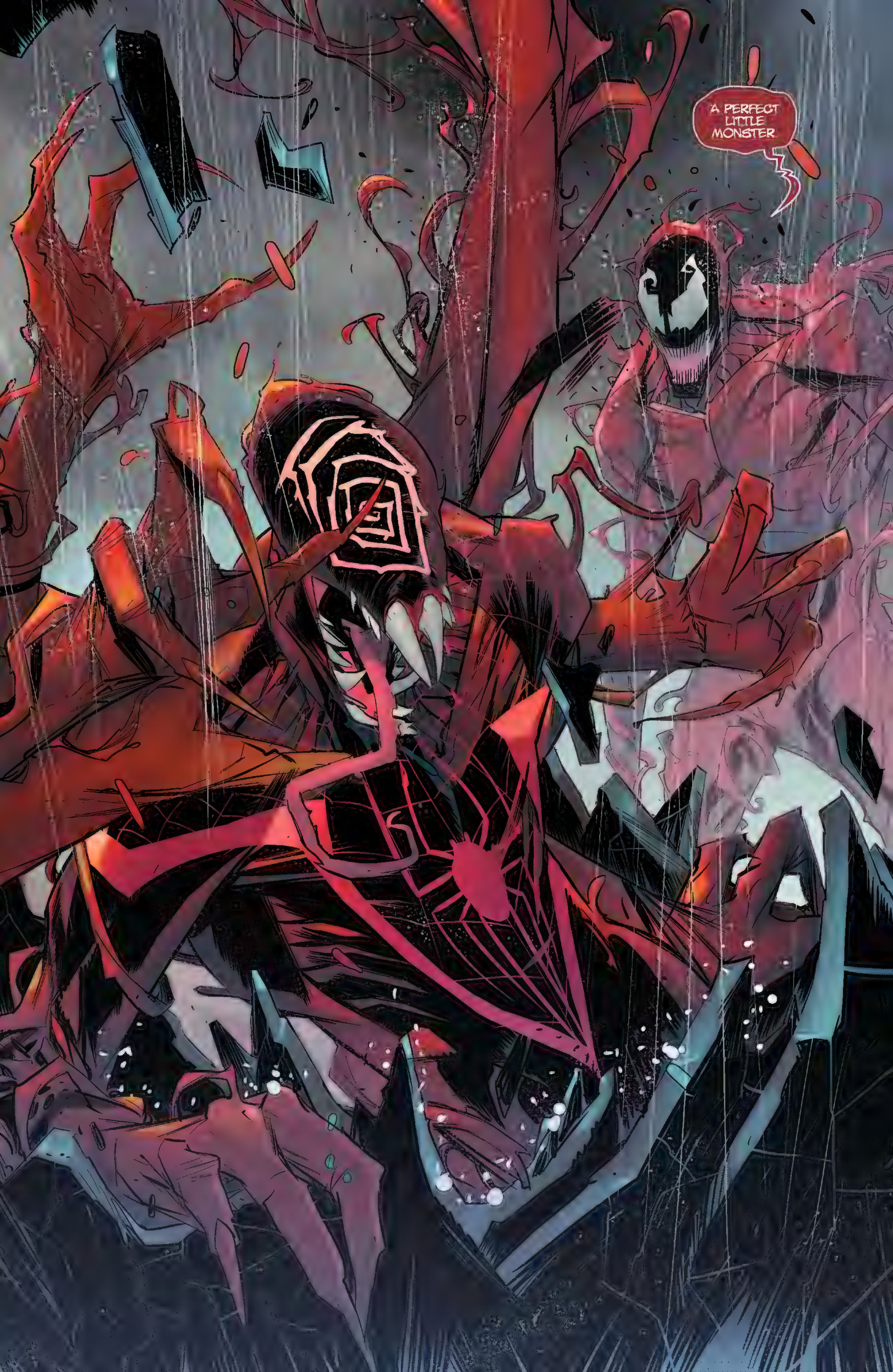

NOT IF YOU COME WITH ME.


VENOM. THE SIGHT OF HIM LETS LOOSE MEMORIES FROM ANOTHER LIFETIME.

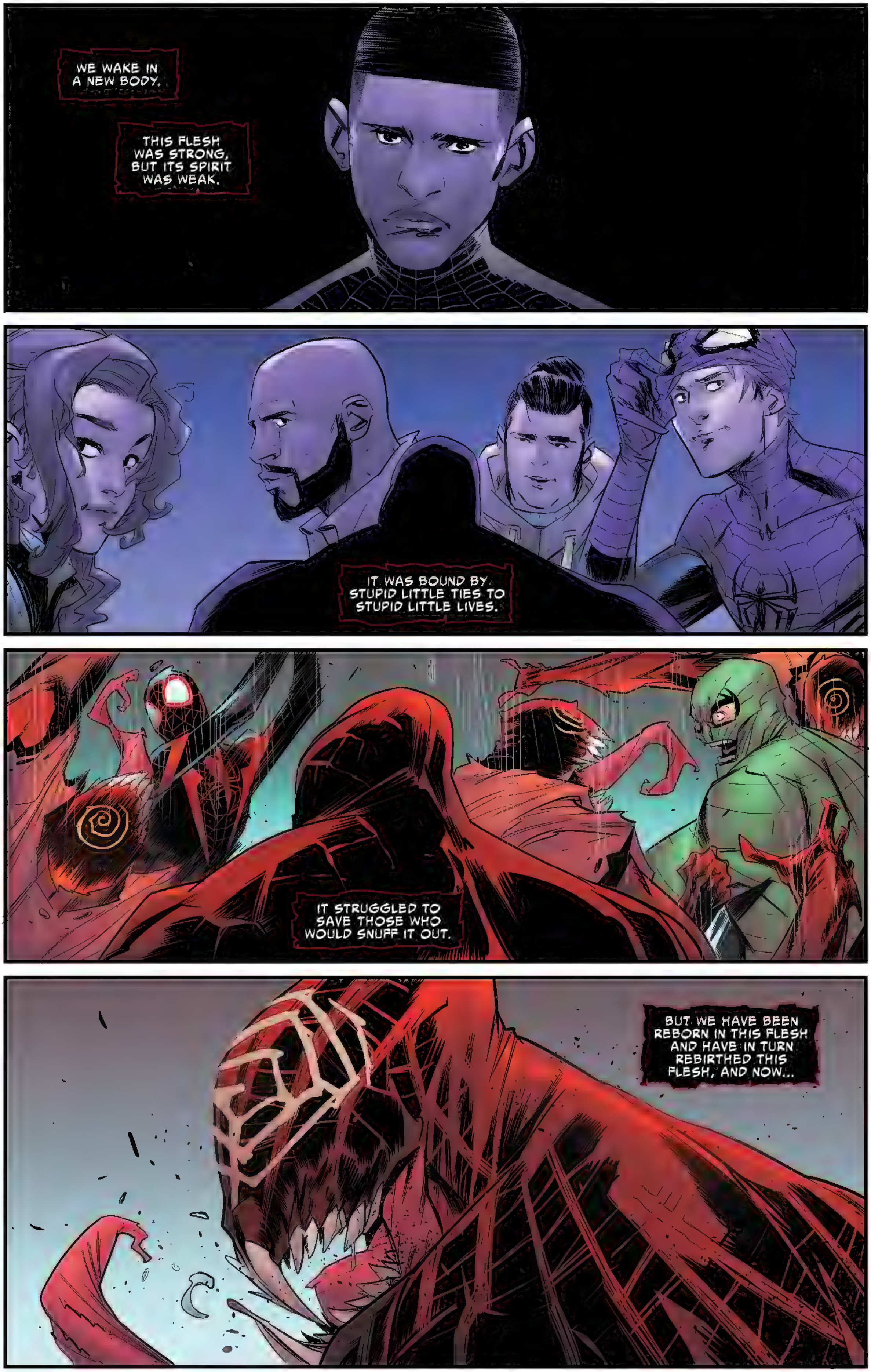


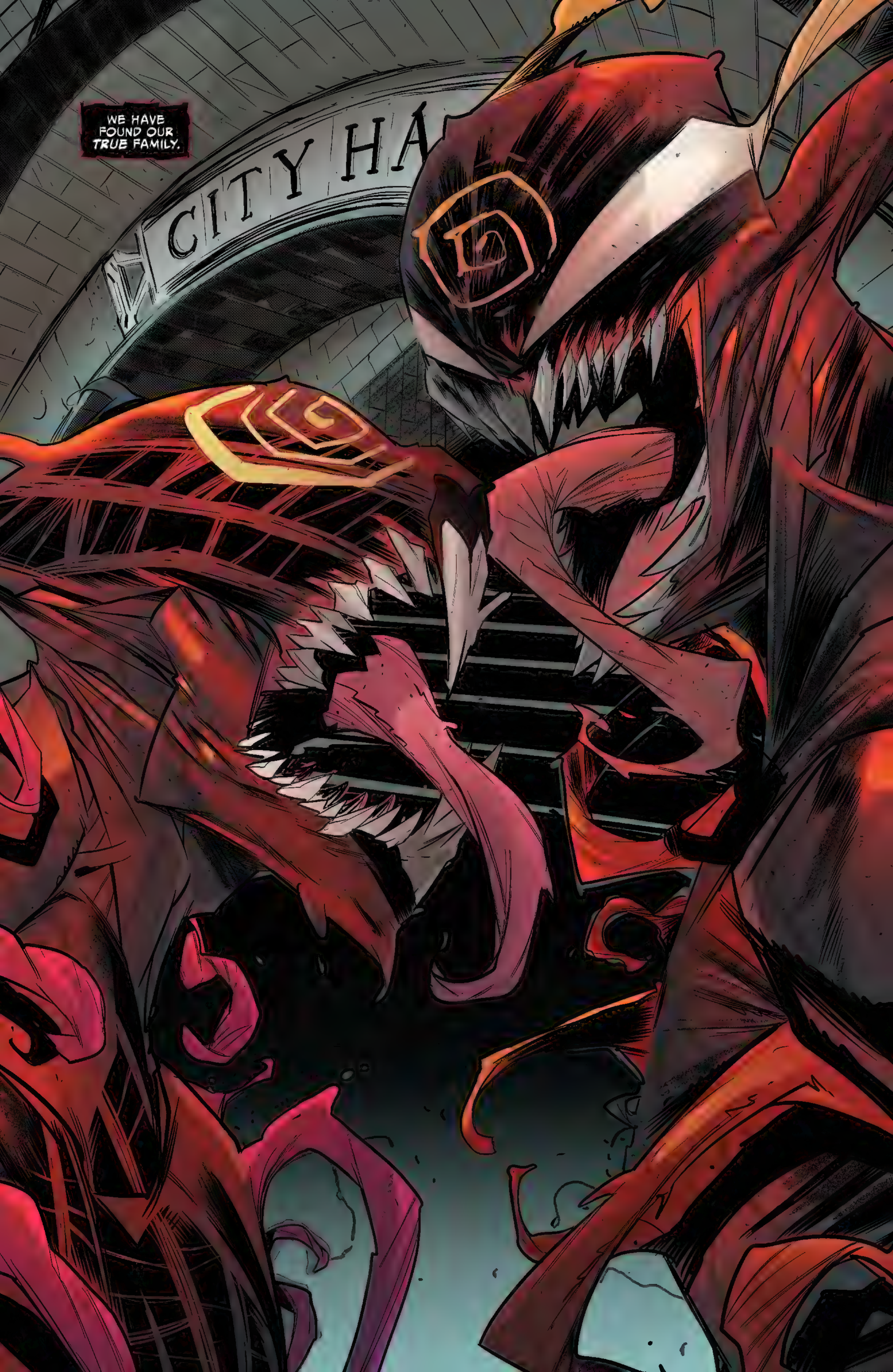

BUT JUST LIKE THAT, HE'S HERE AND GONE.
AND I'M ALONE AGAINST A HORDE OF MONSTERS.
JUST ME, THEN. IT'LL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.
COME ON, THEN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, BUT YOU NEED TO BE STOPPED BEFORE YOU HURT ANYONE ELSE.
I GOTTA DO IT BY MYSELF. IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME.
IT'LL BE THE LAST TIME. YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN, KID.
BRING HIM INTO THE FOLD.

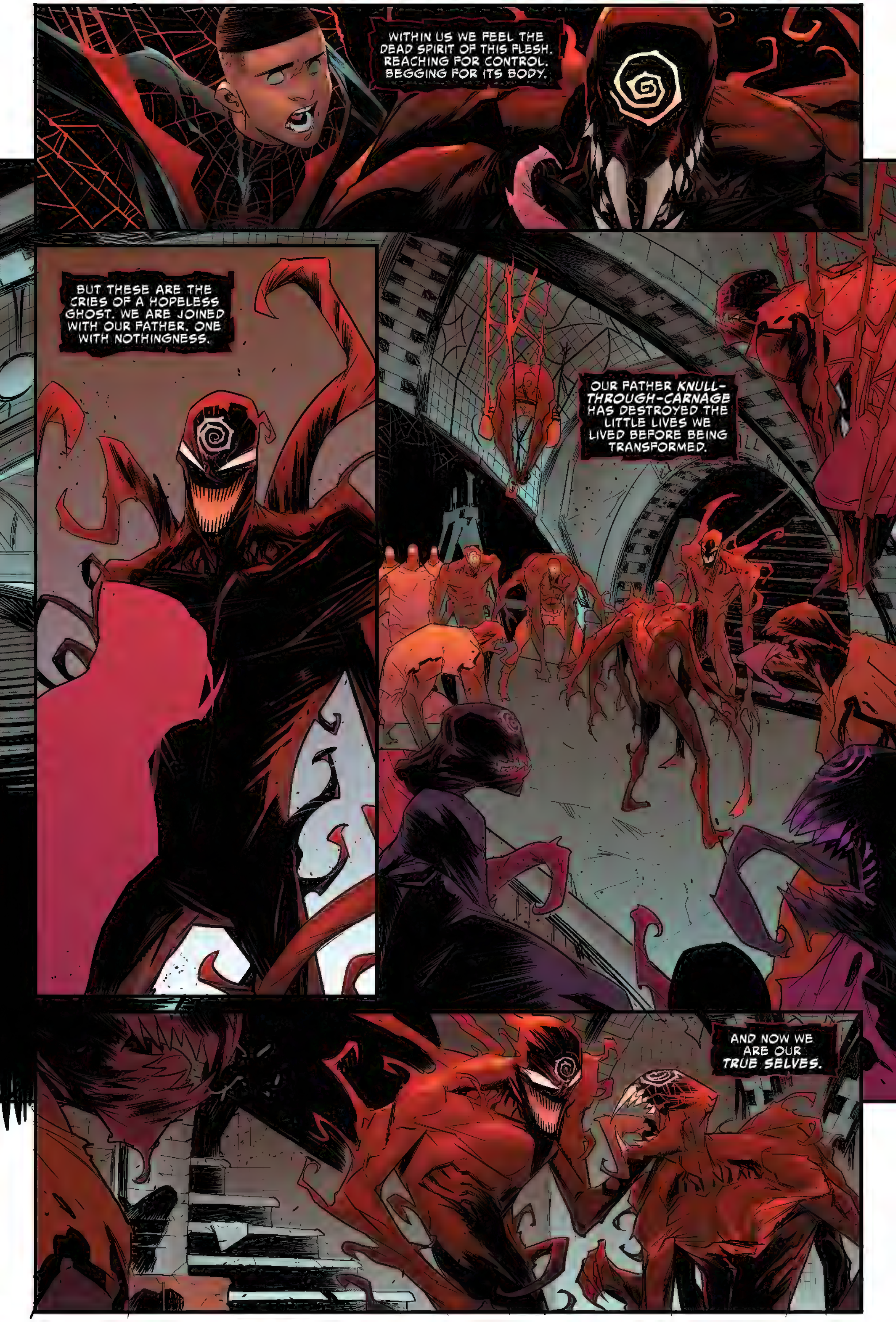

N-NO! STAY BACK!
SLRRRK
SLRRRRK
SLRRRK
GET OFF ME!
I TRY TO USE MY VENOM STRIKE, BUT IT'S NO USE. THEY'VE ATTACHED TO ME, DRAINING MY STRENGTH. HARD TO THINK. HARD TO--
YOU'RE STRONG. WE CAN *FEEL* YOU TRYING TO FIGHT BACK. BUT IT'S NO USE. IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BECOME WHAT YOU REALLY ARE...

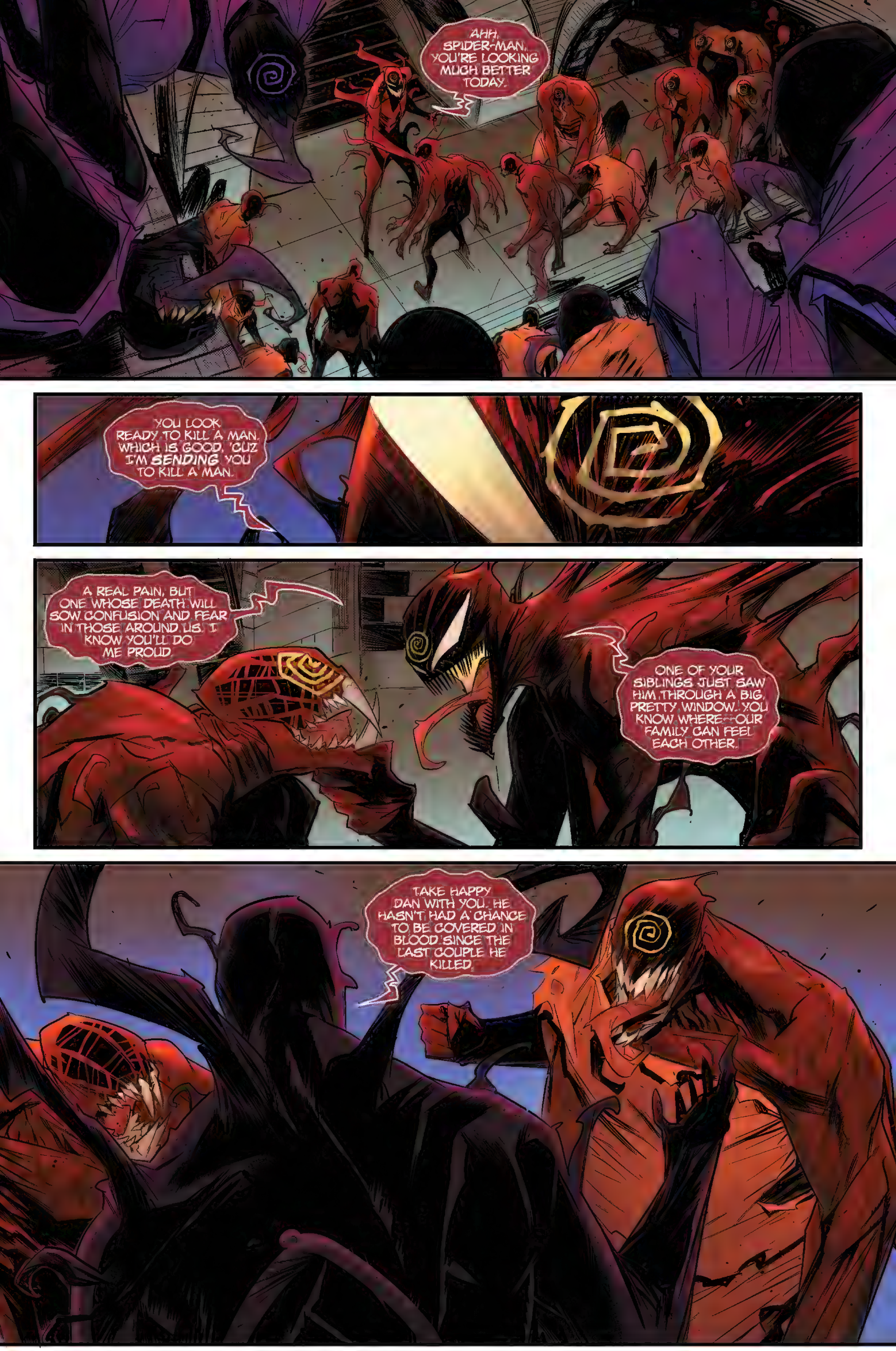

A PERFECT LITTLE MONSTER

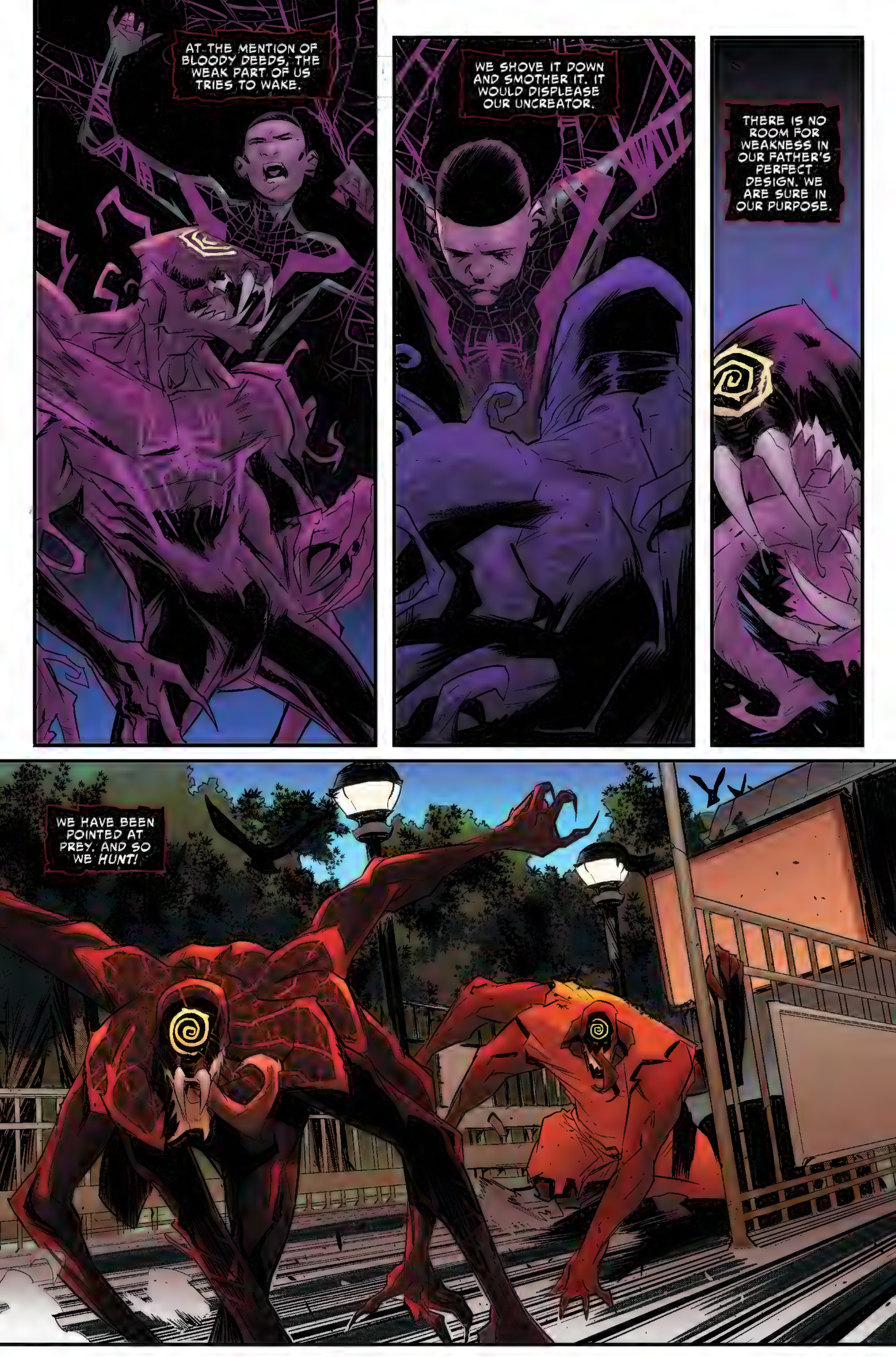
MILES MORALES 2

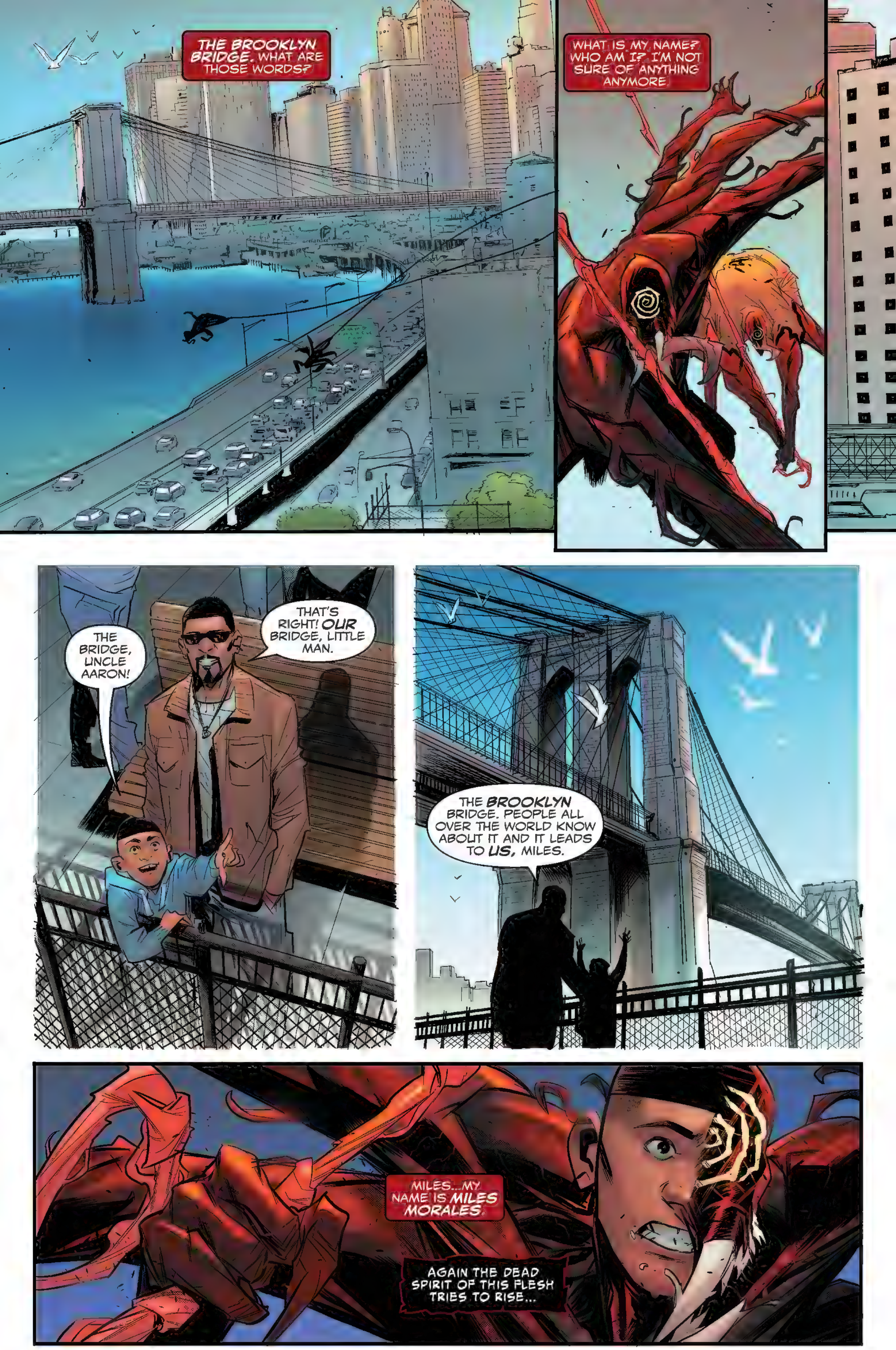

WE WAKE IN A NEW BODY.
THIS FLESH WAS STRONG, BUT ITS SPIRIT WAS WEAK.
IT WAS BOUND BY STUPID LITTLE TIES TO STUPID LITTLE LIVES.
IT STRUGGLED TO SAVE THOSE WHO WOULD SNUFF IT OUT.
BUT WE HAVE BEEN REBORN IN THIS FLESH AND HAVE IN TURN REBIRTHED THIS FLESH, AND NOW...

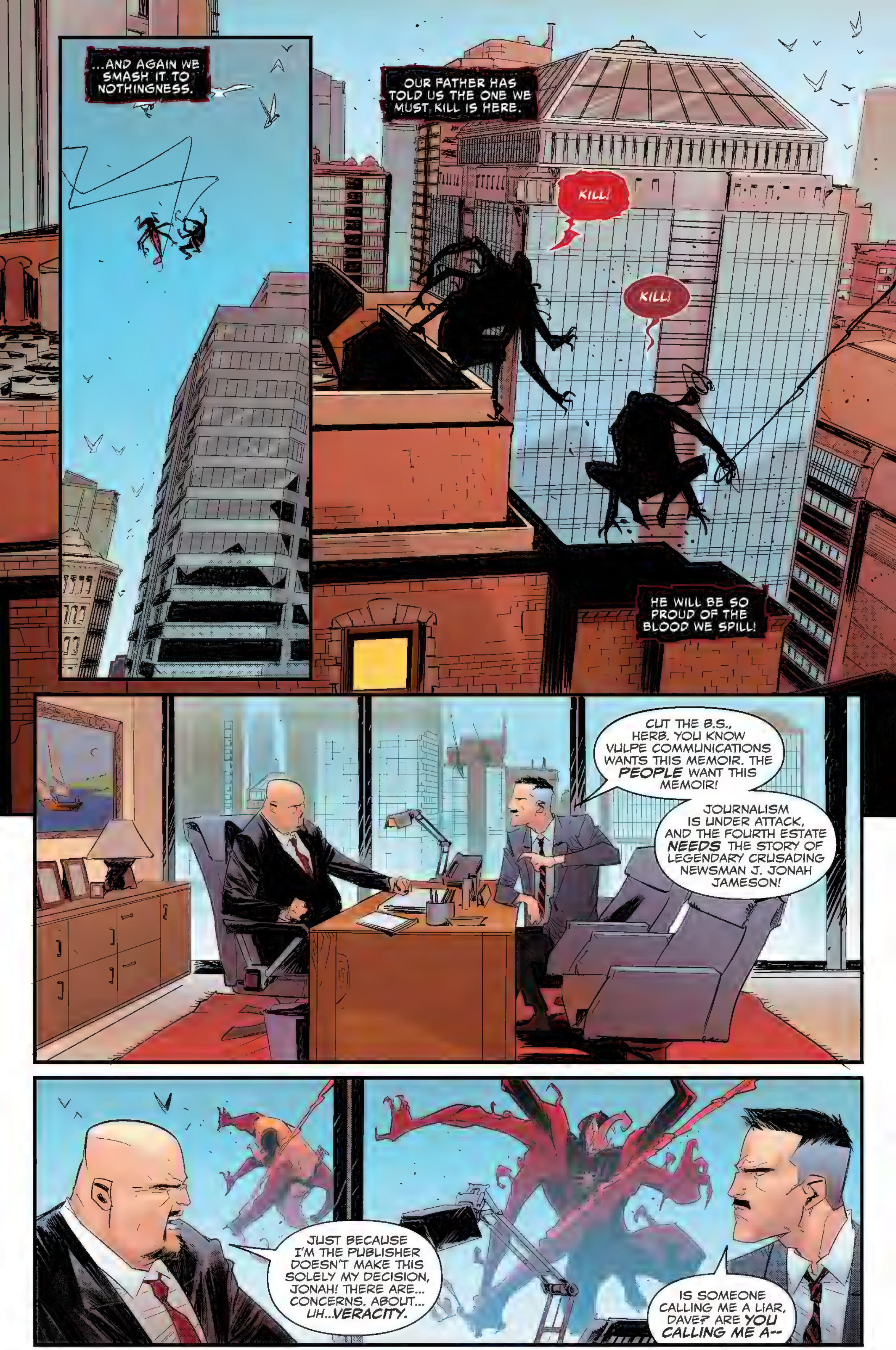

WE HAVE FOUND OUR *TRUE* FAMILY.
CITY HA

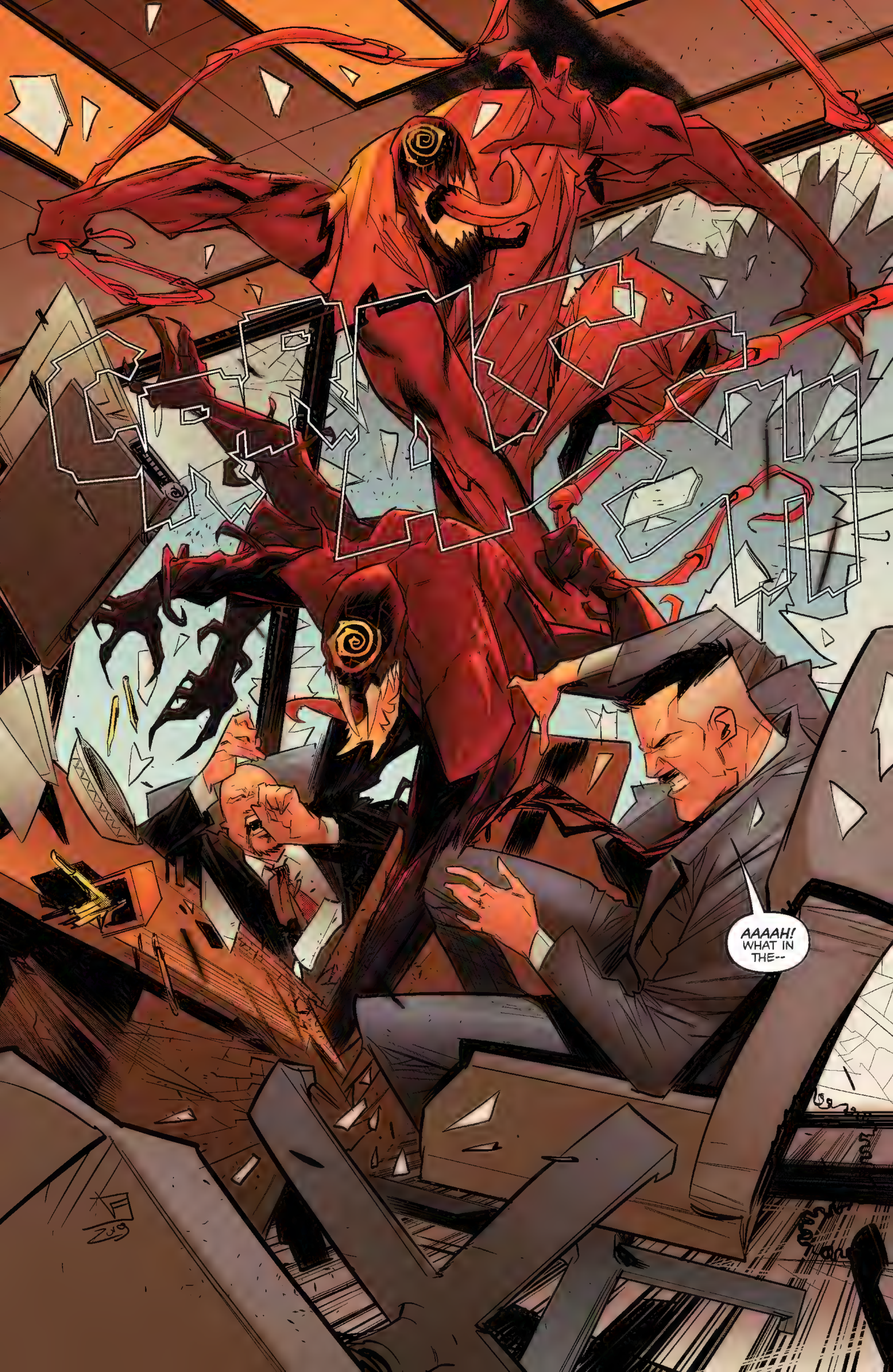

WITHIN US WE FEEL THE DEAD SPIRIT OF THIS FLESH. REACHING FOR CONTROL. BEGGING FOR ITS BODY.
BUT THESE ARE THE CRIES OF A HOPELESS GHOST. WE ARE JOINED WITH OUR FATHER. ONE WITH NOTHINGNESS.
OUR FATHER *KNULL-THROUGH-CARNAGE* HAS DESTROYED THE LITTLE LIVES WE LIVED BEFORE BEING TRANSFORMED.
AND NOW WE ARE OUR *TRUE SELVES.*

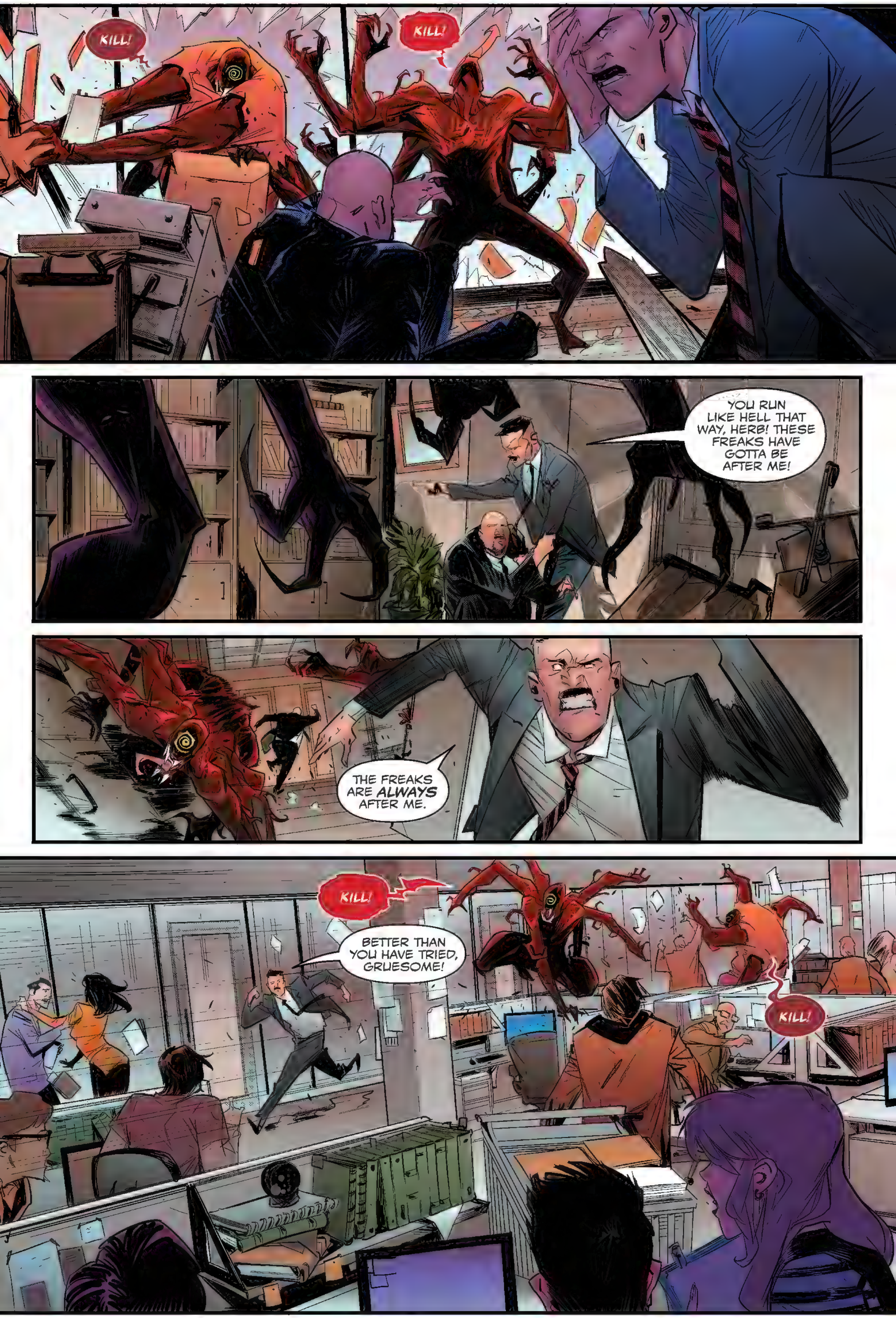

AHH, SPIDER-MAN. YOU'RE LOOKING MUCH BETTER TODAY.
YOU LOOK READY TO KILL A MAN. WHICH IS GOOD, 'CUZ I'M *SENDING* YOU TO KILL A MAN.
A REAL PAIN, BUT ONE WHOSE DEATH WILL SOW CONFUSION AND FEAR IN THOSE AROUND US. I KNOW YOU'LL DO ME PROUD.
ONE OF YOUR SIBLINGS JUST SAW HIM THROUGH A BIG, PRETTY WINDOW. YOU KNOW WHERE-- OUR FAMILY CAN FEEL EACH OTHER.
TAKE HAPPY DAN WITH YOU. HE HASN'T HAD A CHANCE TO BE COVERED IN BLOOD SINCE THE LAST COUPLE HE KILLED.

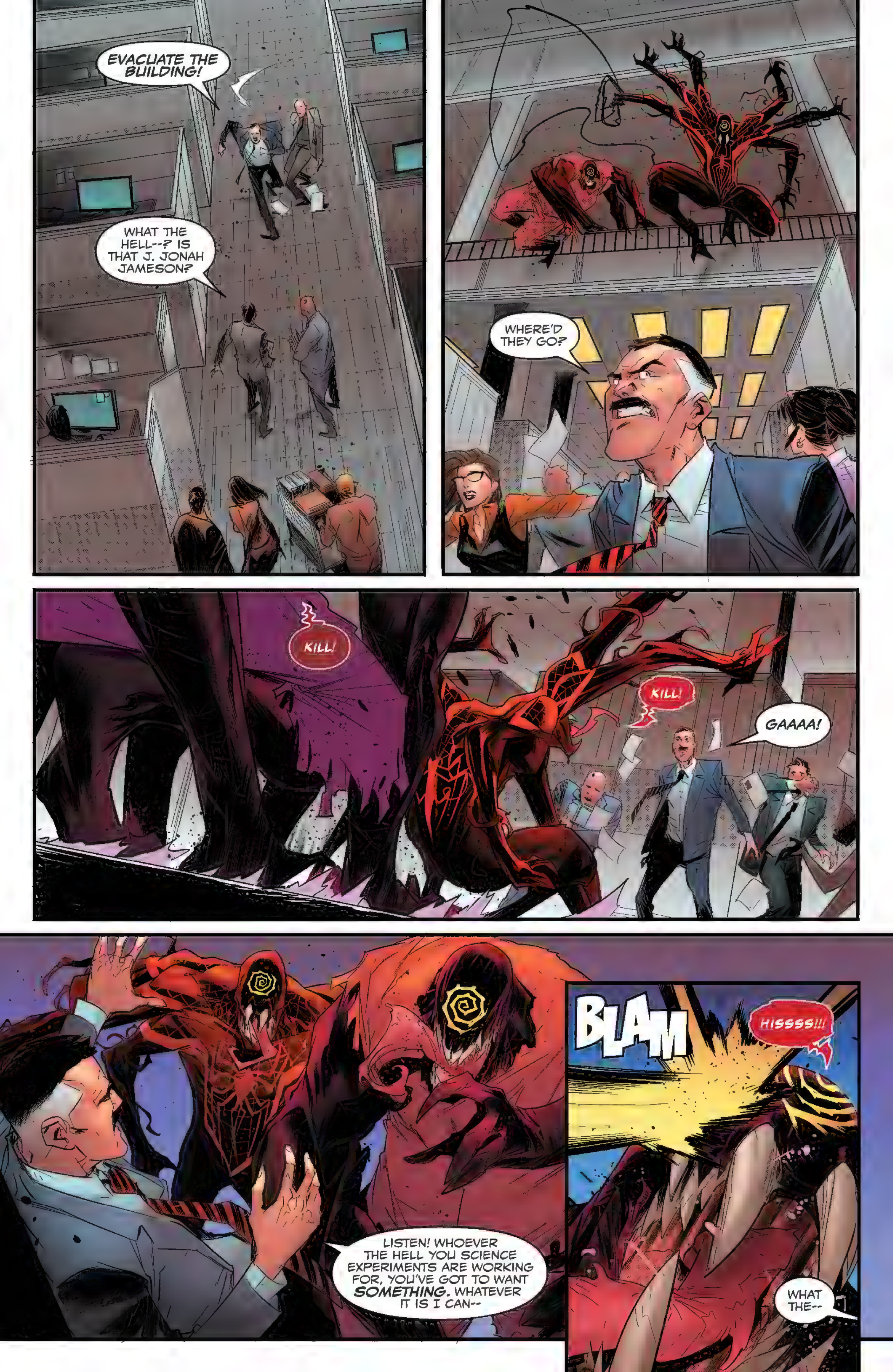

AT THE MENTION OF BLOODY DEEDS, THE WEAK PART OF US TRIES TO WAKE.
WE SHOVE IT DOWN AND SMOTHER IT. IT WOULD DISPLEASE OUR UNCREATOR.
THERE IS NO ROOM FOR WEAKNESS IN OUR FATHER'S PERFECT DESIGN. WE ARE SURE IN OUR PURPOSE.
WE HAVE BEEN POINTED AT PREY. AND SO WE *HUNT!*

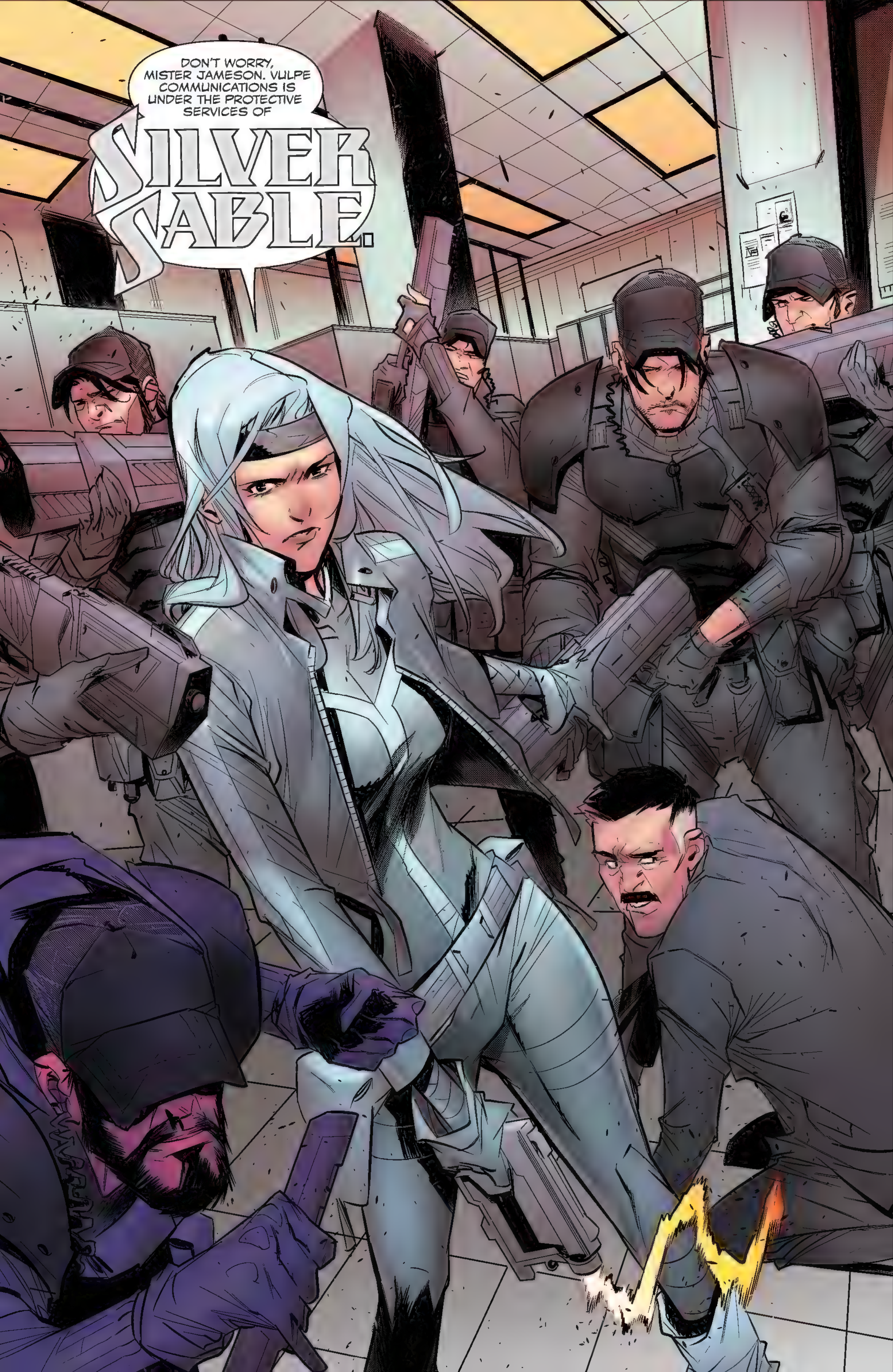

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. WHAT ARE THOSE WORDS?
WHAT IS MY NAME? WHO AM I? I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING ANYMORE.
THE BRIDGE, UNCLE AARON!
THAT'S RIGHT! OUR BRIDGE, LITTLE MAN.
THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD KNOW ABOUT IT AND IT LEADS TO US, MILES.
MILES... MY NAME IS MILES MORALES.
AGAIN THE DEAD SPIRIT OF THIS FLESH TRIES TO RISE...

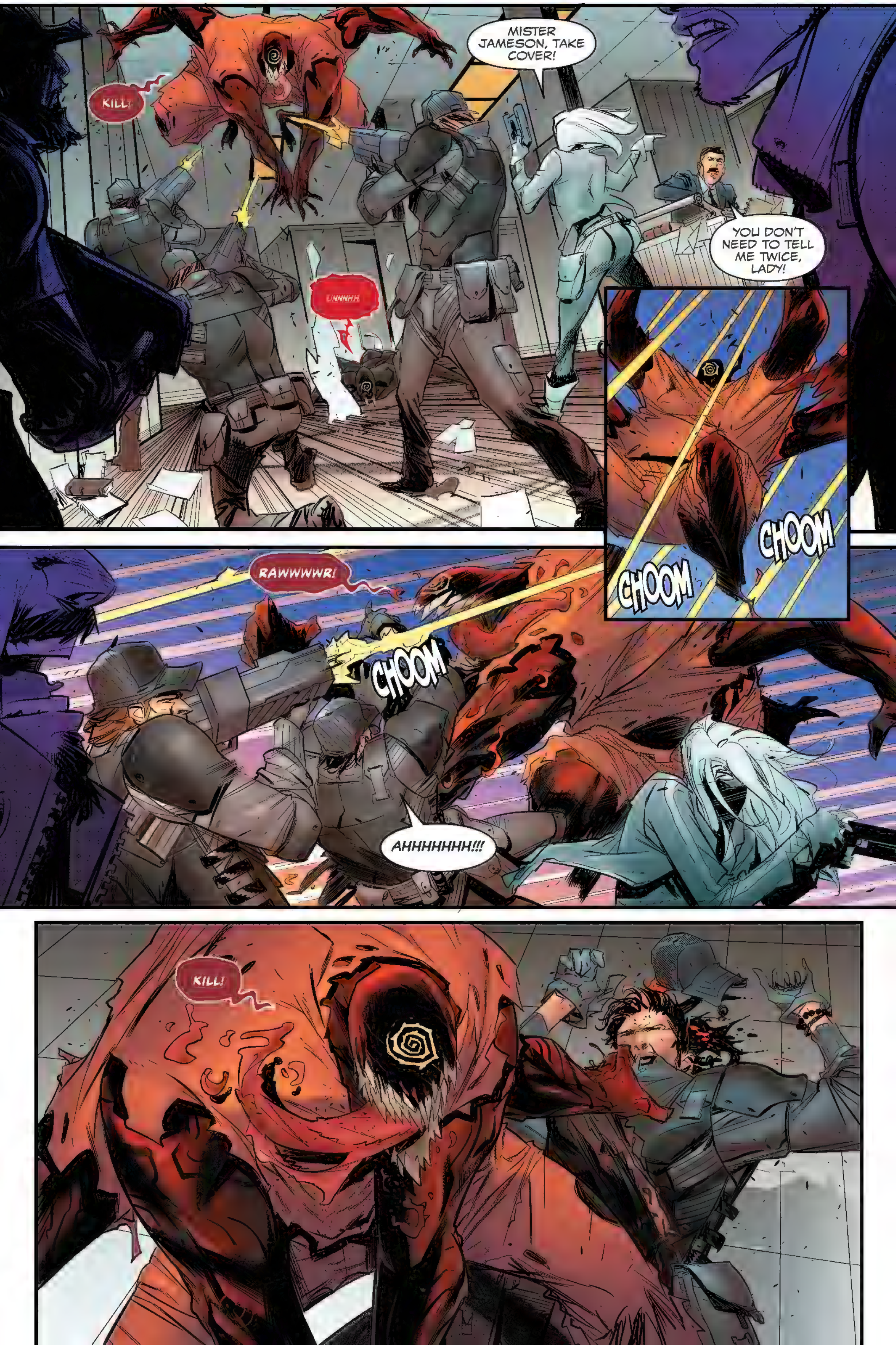

...AND AGAIN WE SMASH IT TO NOTHINGNESS.
OUR FATHER HAS TOLD US THE ONE WE MUST KILL IS HERE.
KILL!
KILL!
HE WILL BE SO PROUD OF THE BLOOD WE SPILL!
CUT THE B.S., HERB. YOU KNOW VULPE COMMUNICATIONS WANTS THIS MEMOIR. THE *PEOPLE* WANT THIS MEMOIR!
JOURNALISM IS UNDER ATTACK, AND THE FOURTH ESTATE *NEEDS* THE STORY OF LEGENDARY CRUSADING NEWSMAN J. JONAH JAMESON!
JUST BECAUSE I'M THE PUBLISHER DOESN'T MAKE THIS SOLELY MY DECISION, JONAH! THERE ARE... CONCERNS. ABOUT... UH...*VERACITY.*
IS SOMEONE CALLING ME A LIAR, DAVE? ARE *YOU* CALLING ME A--

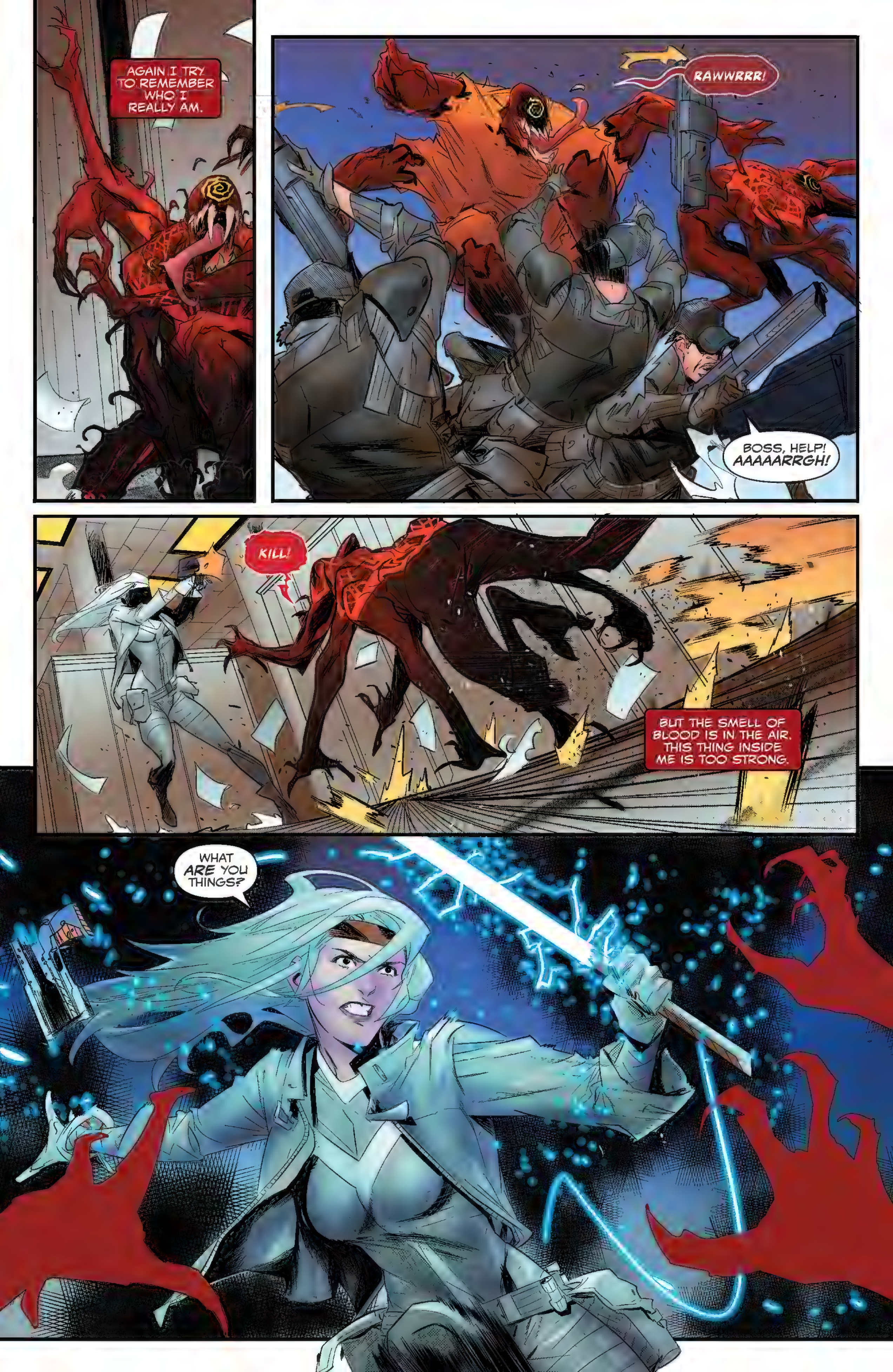

CRASH
AAAAH! WHAT IN THE--

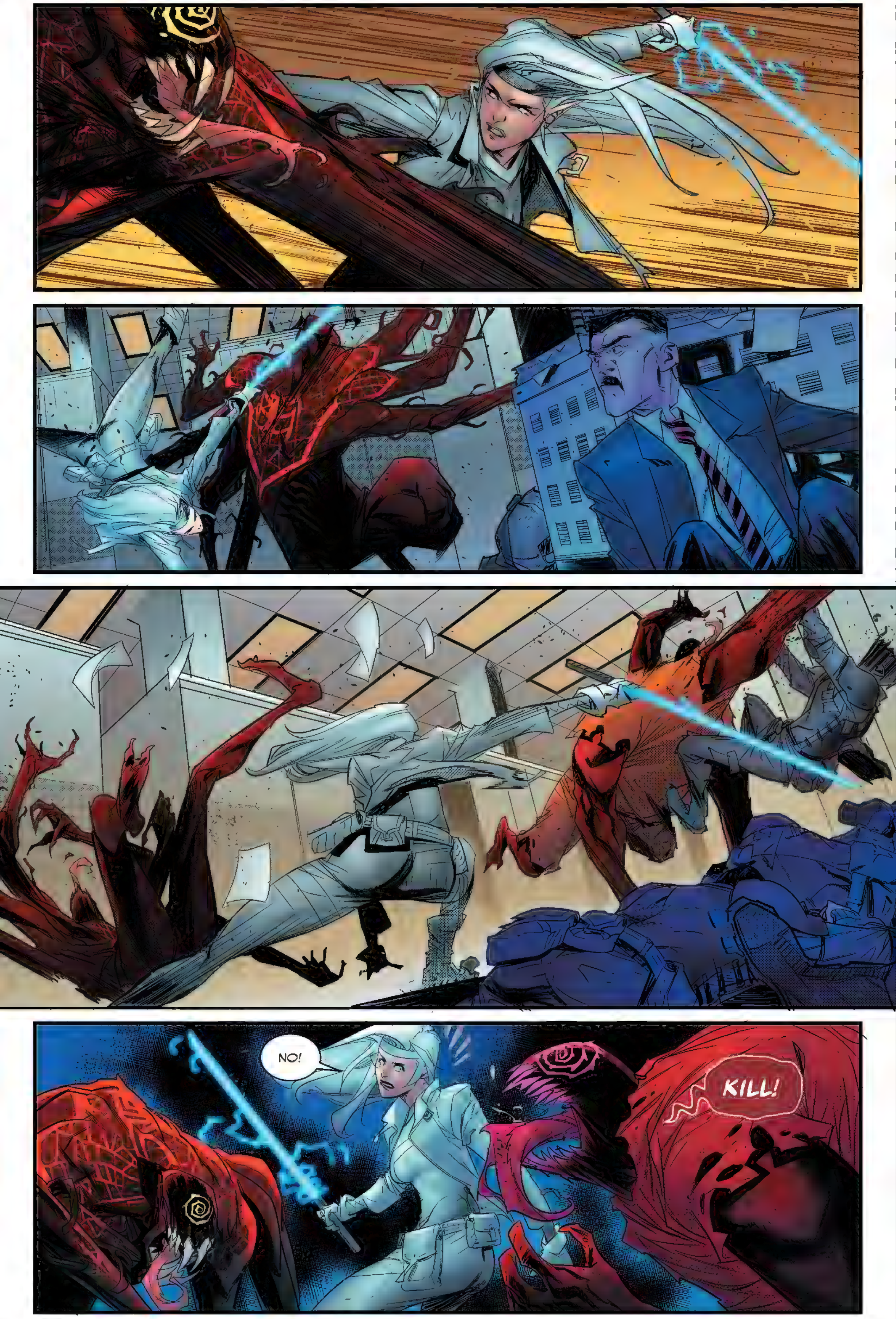

KILL!
KILL!
YOU RUN LIKE HELL THAT WAY, HERB! THESE FREAKS HAVE GOTTA BE AFTER ME!
THE FREAKS ARE *ALWAYS* AFTER ME.
KILL!
BETTER THAN YOU HAVE TRIED, GRUESOME!
KILL!

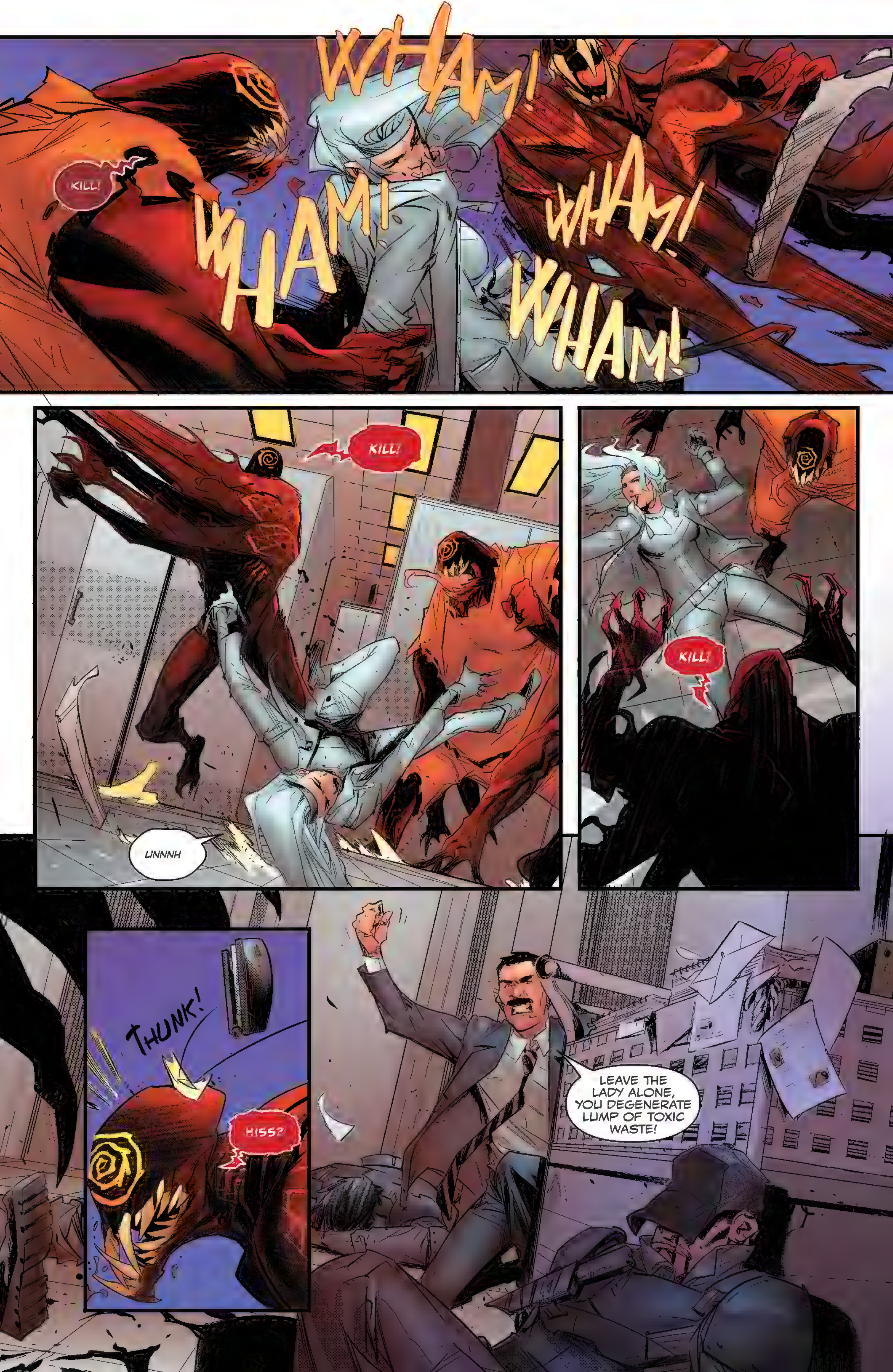

EVACUATE THE BUILDING!
WHAT THE HELL--? IS THAT J. JONAH JAMESON?
WHERE'D THEY GO?
KILL!
KILL!
GAAAA!
LISTEN! WHOEVER THE HELL YOU SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS ARE WORKING FOR, YOU'VE GOT TO WANT *SOMETHING*. WHATEVER IT IS I CAN--
BLAM
HISSSS!!!
WHAT THE--

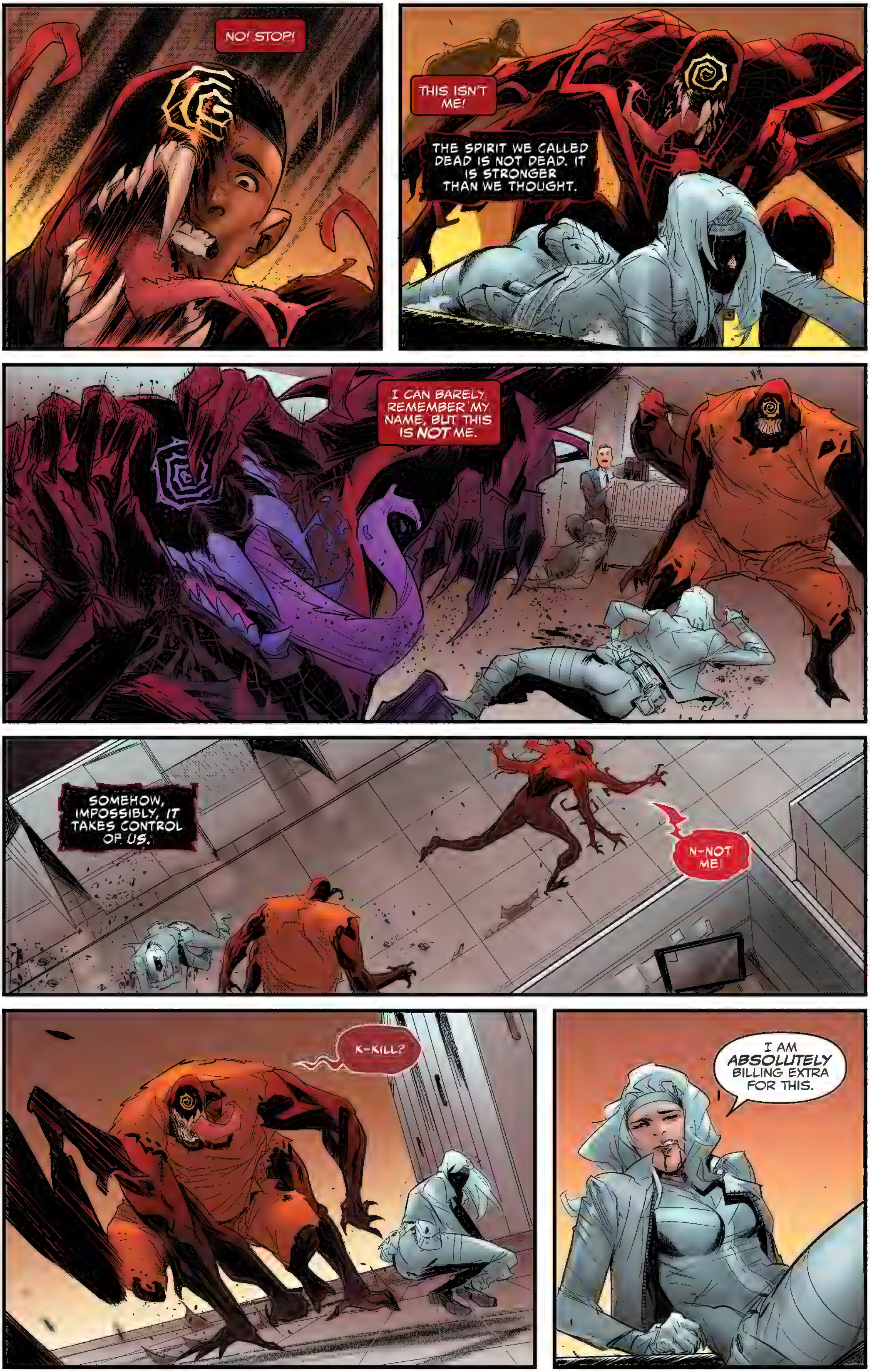

DON'T WORRY, MISTER JAMESON. VULPE COMMUNICATIONS IS UNDER THE PROTECTIVE SERVICES OF SILVER SABLE.

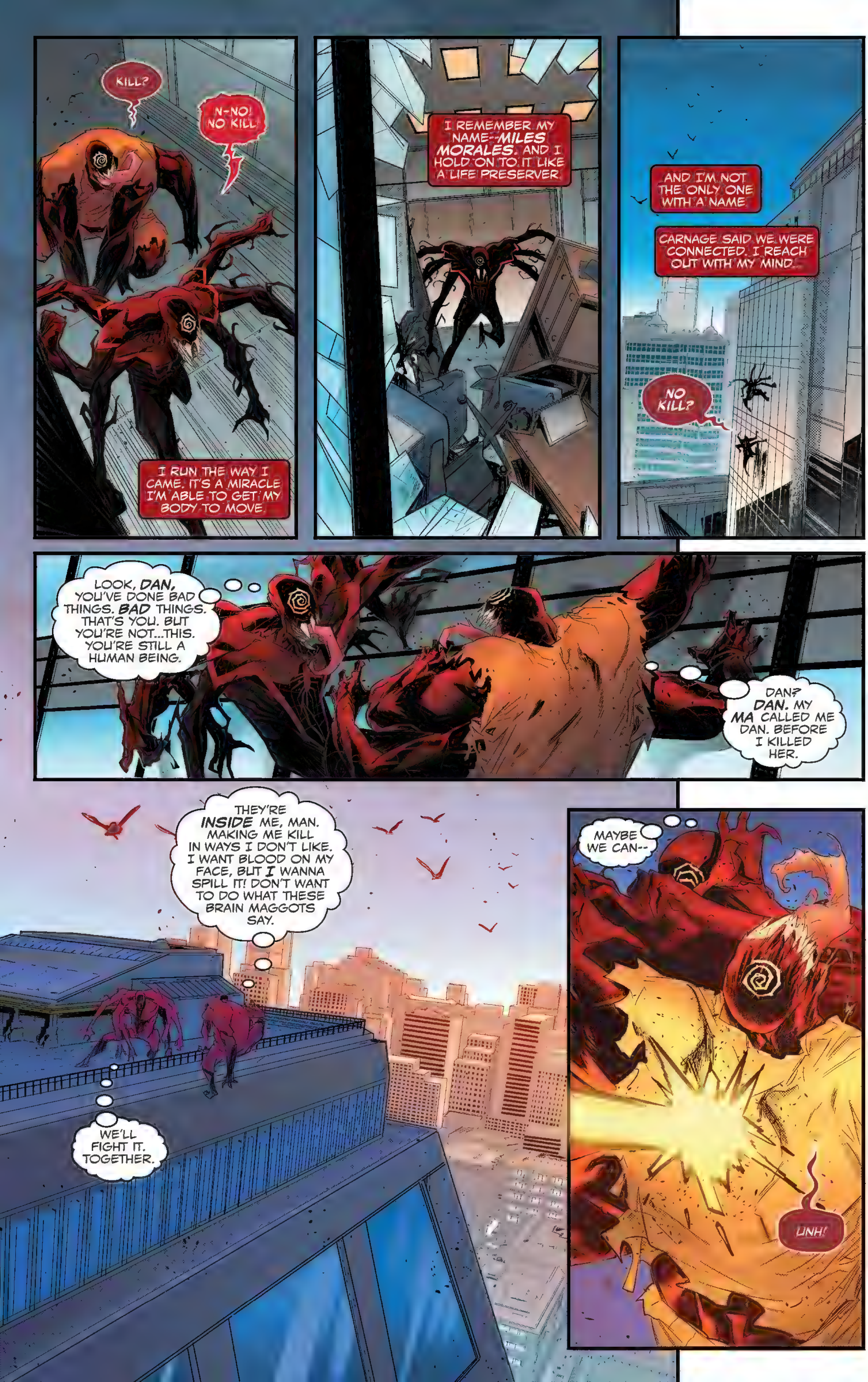

KILL!
MISTER JAMESON, TAKE COVER!
UNNNHH
YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE, LADY!
CHOOM
CHOOM
RAWWWWR!
CHOOM
AHHHHHHH!!!
KILL!

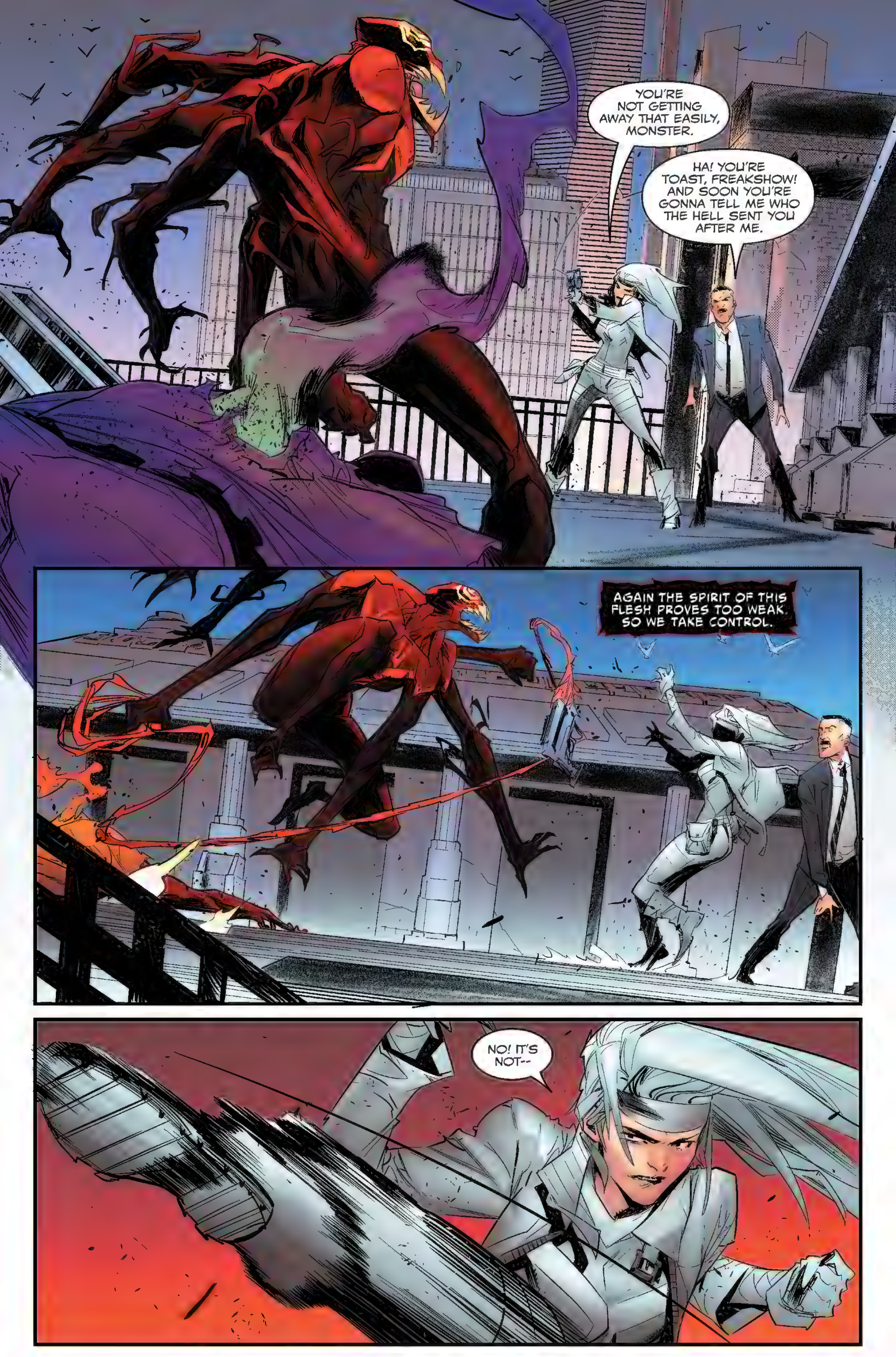

AGAIN I TRY TO REMEMBER WHO I REALLY AM.
RAWWRRR!
BOSS, HELP! AAAAARRGH!
KILL!
BUT THE SMELL OF BLOOD IS IN THE AIR. THIS THING INSIDE ME IS TOO STRONG.
WHAT ARE YOU THINGS?

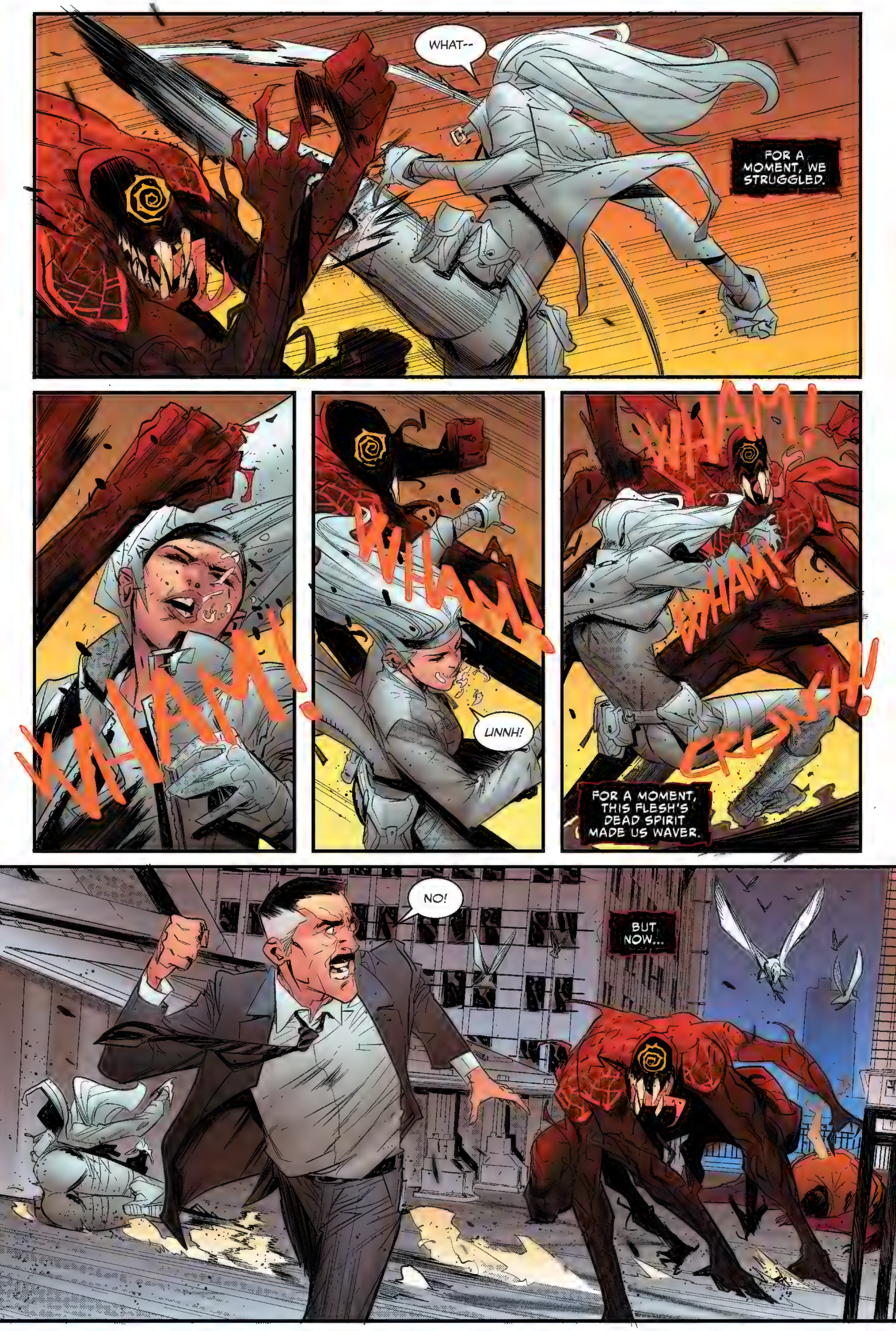

NO!
KILL!

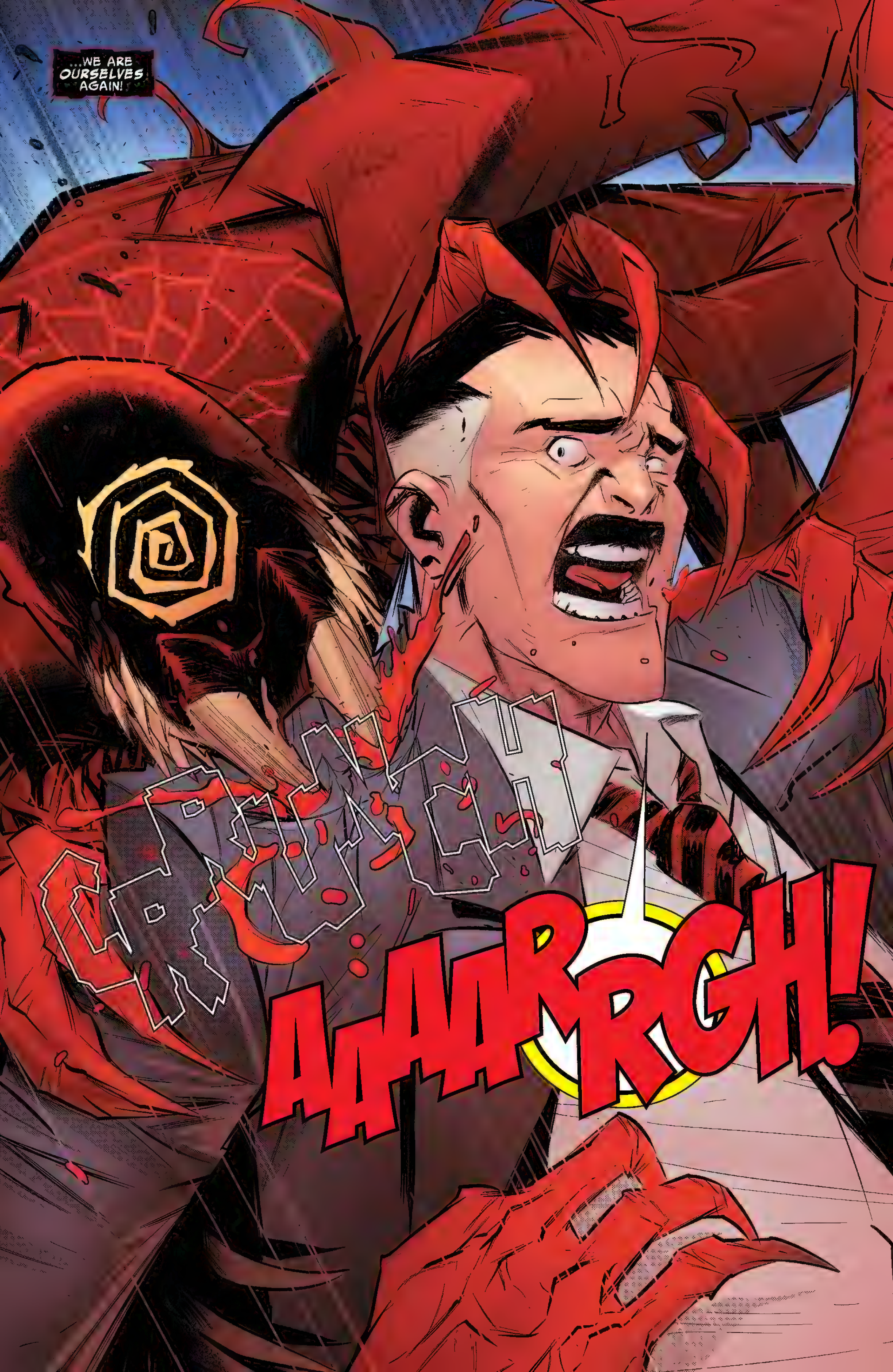

WHAM!
KILL!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!
KILL!
UNNNH
KILL!
THUNK!
HISS?
LEAVE THE LADY ALONE, YOU DEGENERATE LUMP OF TOXIC WASTE!


NO! STOP!
THIS ISN'T ME!
THE SPIRIT WE CALLED DEAD IS NOT DEAD. IT IS STRONGER THAN WE THOUGHT.
I CAN BARELY REMEMBER MY NAME, BUT THIS IS *NOT* ME.
SOMEHOW, IMPOSSIBLY, *IT* TAKES CONTROL OF *US*.
N-NOT ME!
K-KILL?
I AM *ABSOLUTELY* BILLING EXTRA FOR THIS.

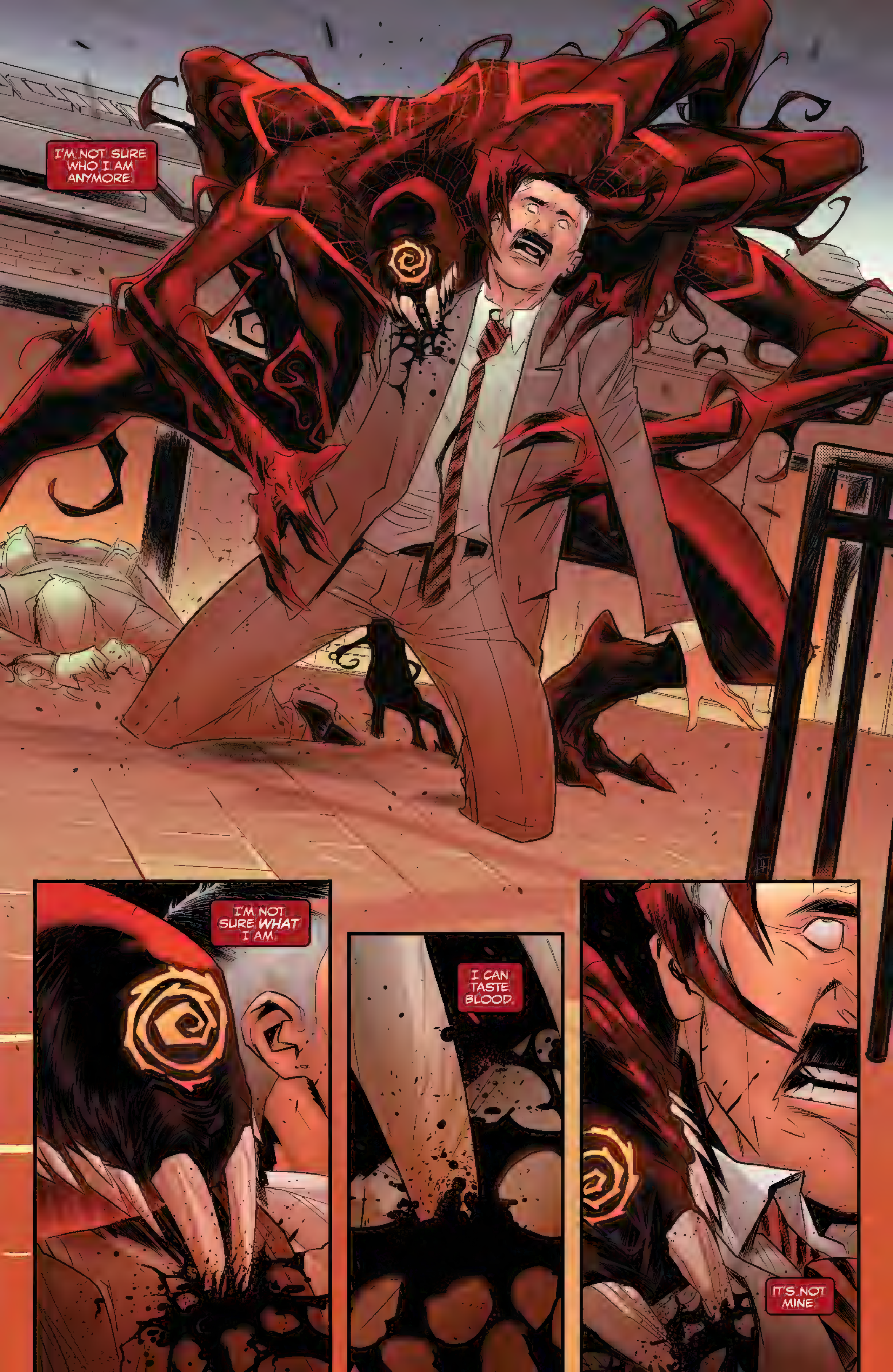

KILL?
N-NO! NO KILL!
I RUN THE WAY I CAME. IT'S A MIRACLE I'M ABLE TO GET MY BODY TO MOVE.
I REMEMBER MY NAME--MILES MORALES. AND I HOLD ON TO IT LIKE A LIFE PRESERVER.
AND I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A NAME.
CARNAGE SAID WE WERE CONNECTED. I REACH OUT WITH MY MIND.
NO KILL?
LOOK, DAN, YOU'VE DONE BAD THINGS. BAD THINGS. THAT'S YOU. BUT YOU'RE NOT...THIS. YOU'RE STILL A HUMAN BEING.
DAN? DAN. MY MA CALLED ME DAN. BEFORE I KILLED HER.
THEY'RE INSIDE ME, MAN. MAKING ME KILL IN WAYS I DON'T LIKE. I WANT BLOOD ON MY FACE, BUT I WANNA SPILL IT! DON'T WANT TO DO WHAT THESE BRAIN MAGGOTS SAY.
WE'LL FIGHT IT. TOGETHER.
MAYBE WE CAN--
UNH!

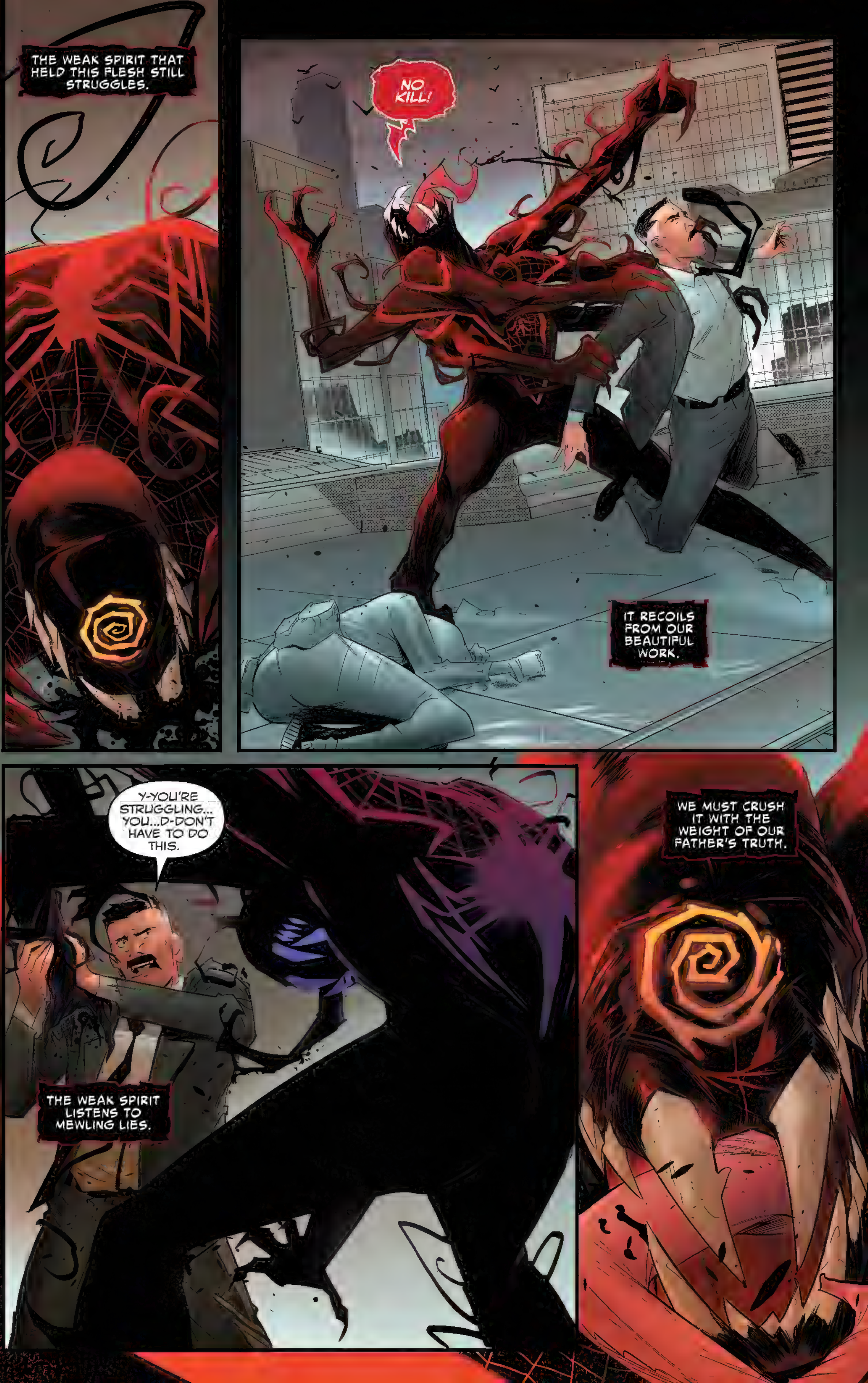

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASILY, MONSTER.
HA! YOU'RE TOAST, FREAKSHOW! AND SOON YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHO THE HELL SENT YOU AFTER ME.
AGAIN THE SPIRIT OF THIS FLESH PROVES TOO WEAK, SO WE TAKE CONTROL.
NO! IT'S NOT--

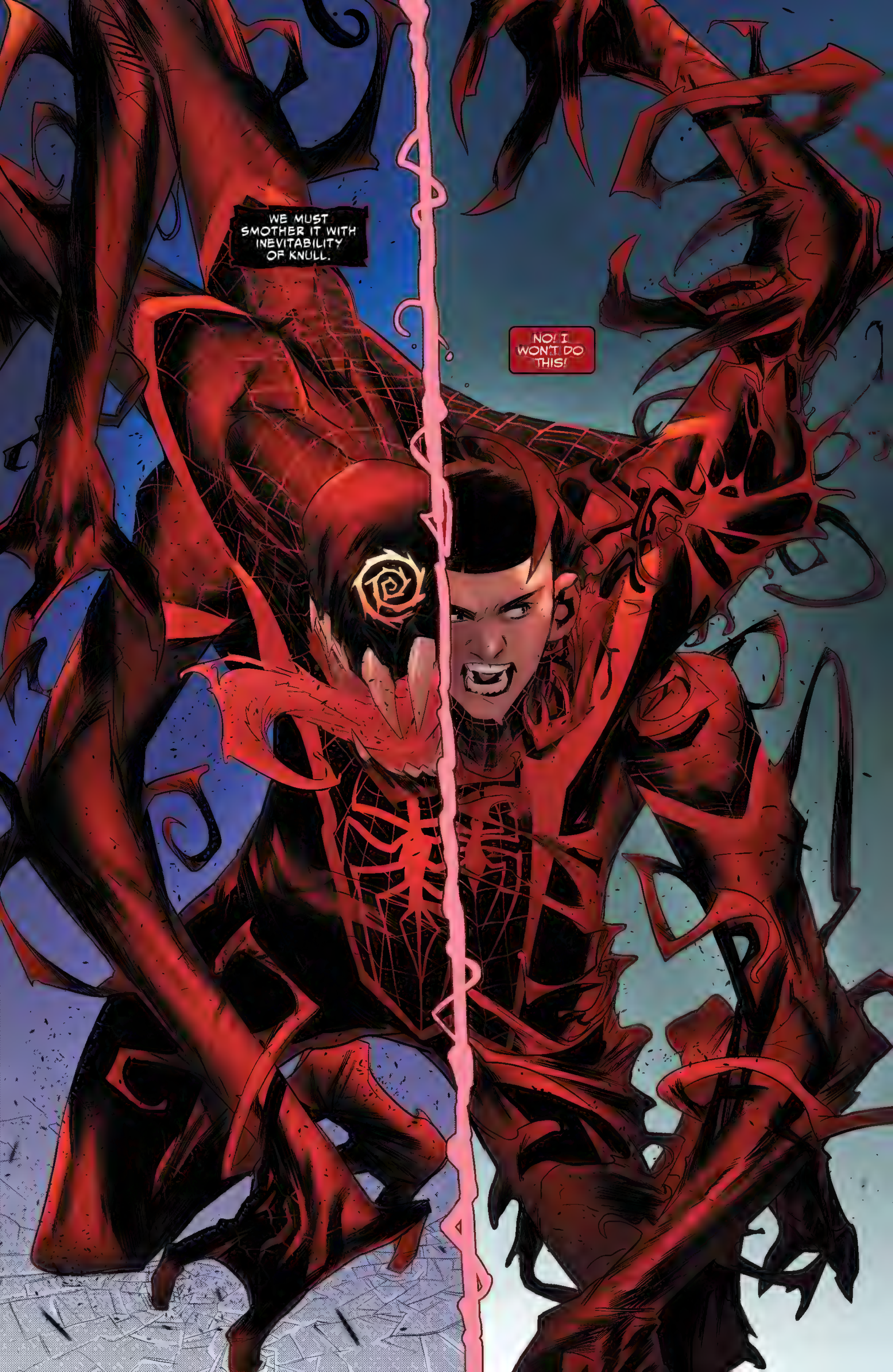

WHAT--
FOR A MOMENT, WE STRUGGLED.
WHAM!
WHAM!
UNNH!
WHAM!
WHAM!
CRUNCH!
FOR A MOMENT, THIS FLESH'S DEAD SPIRIT MADE US WAVER.
NO!
BUT NOW...

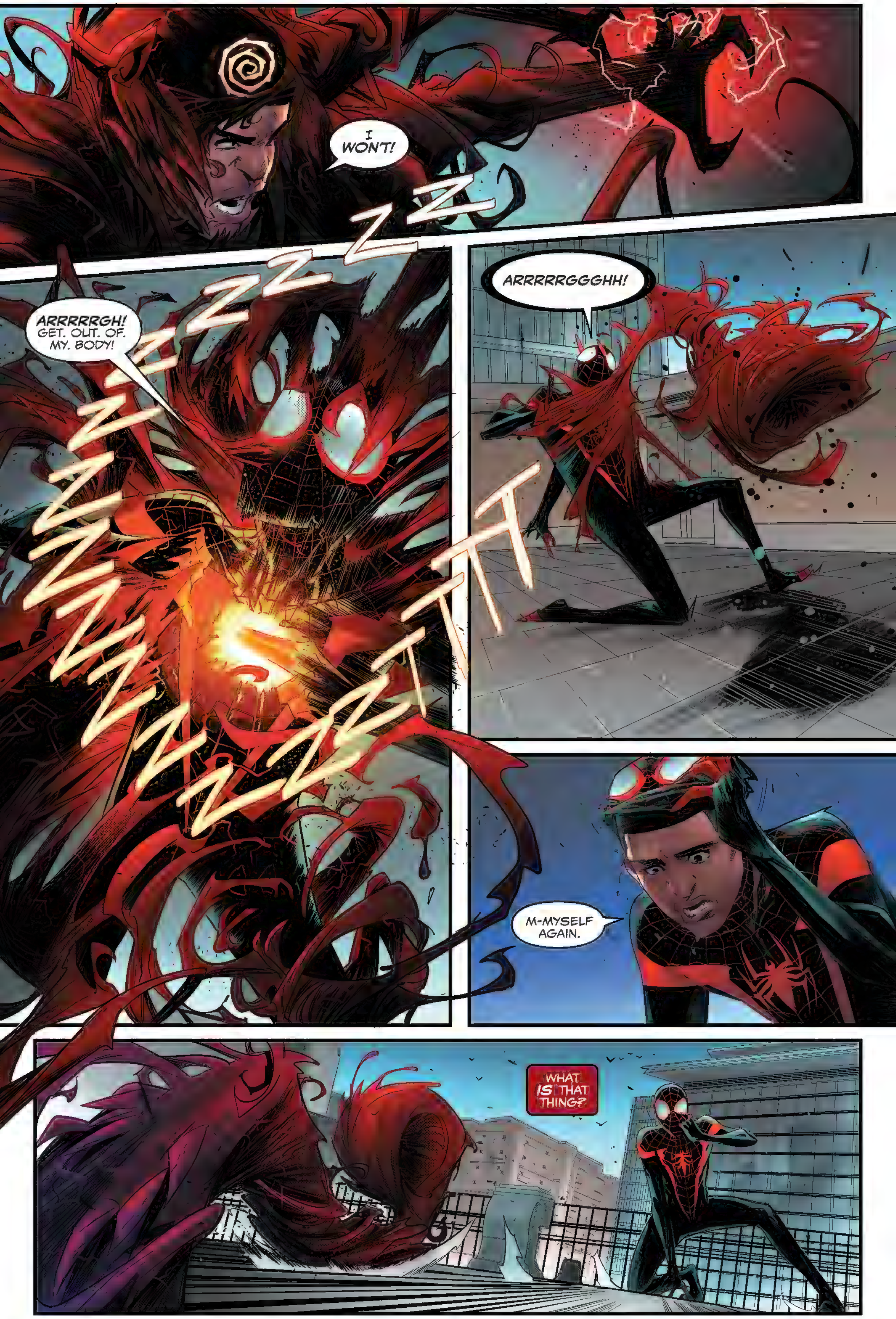

...WE ARE *OURSELVES* AGAIN!
CRUNCH
AAAARRGH!

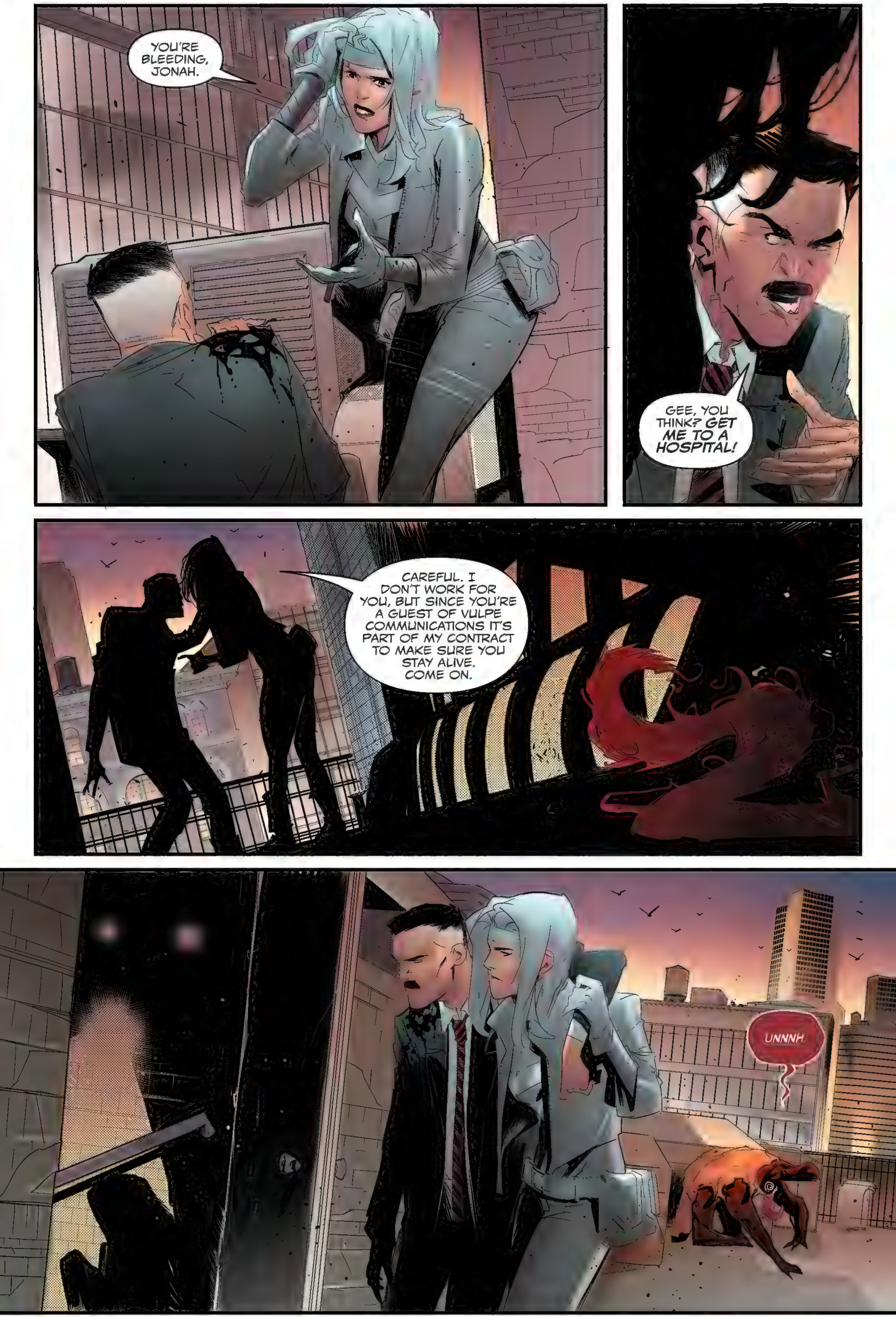
MILES MORALES 3

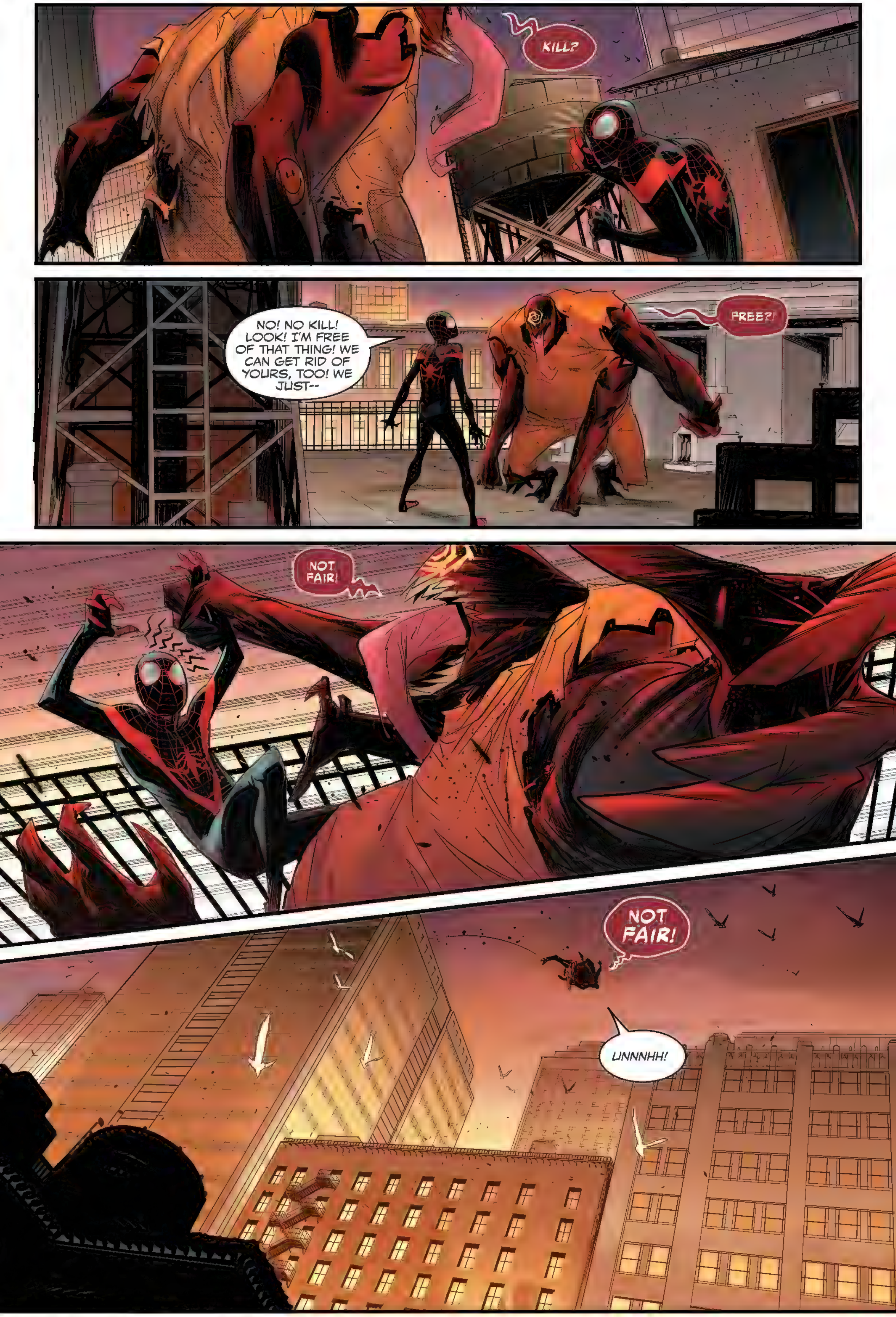

I'M NOT SURE WHO I AM ANYMORE
I'M NOT SURE *WHAT* I AM.
I CAN TASTE BLOOD.
IT'S NOT MINE

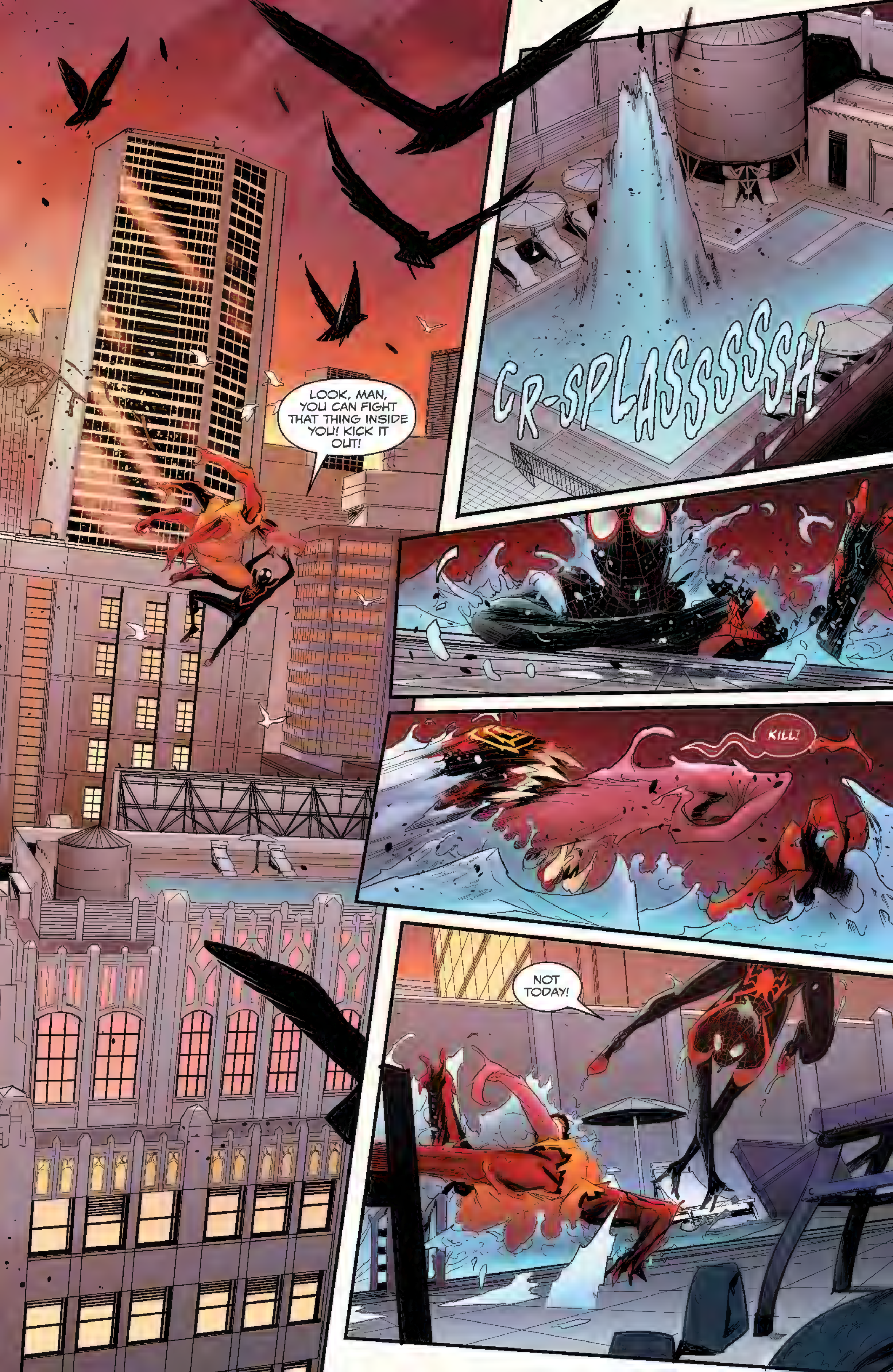

THE WEAK SPIRIT THAT HELD THIS FLESH STILL STRUGGLES.
NO KILL!
IT RECOILS FROM OUR BEAUTIFUL WORK.
Y-YOU'RE STRUGGLING... YOU...D-DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.
THE WEAK SPIRIT LISTENS TO MEWLING LIES.
WE MUST CRUSH IT WITH THE WEIGHT OF OUR FATHER'S TRUTH.

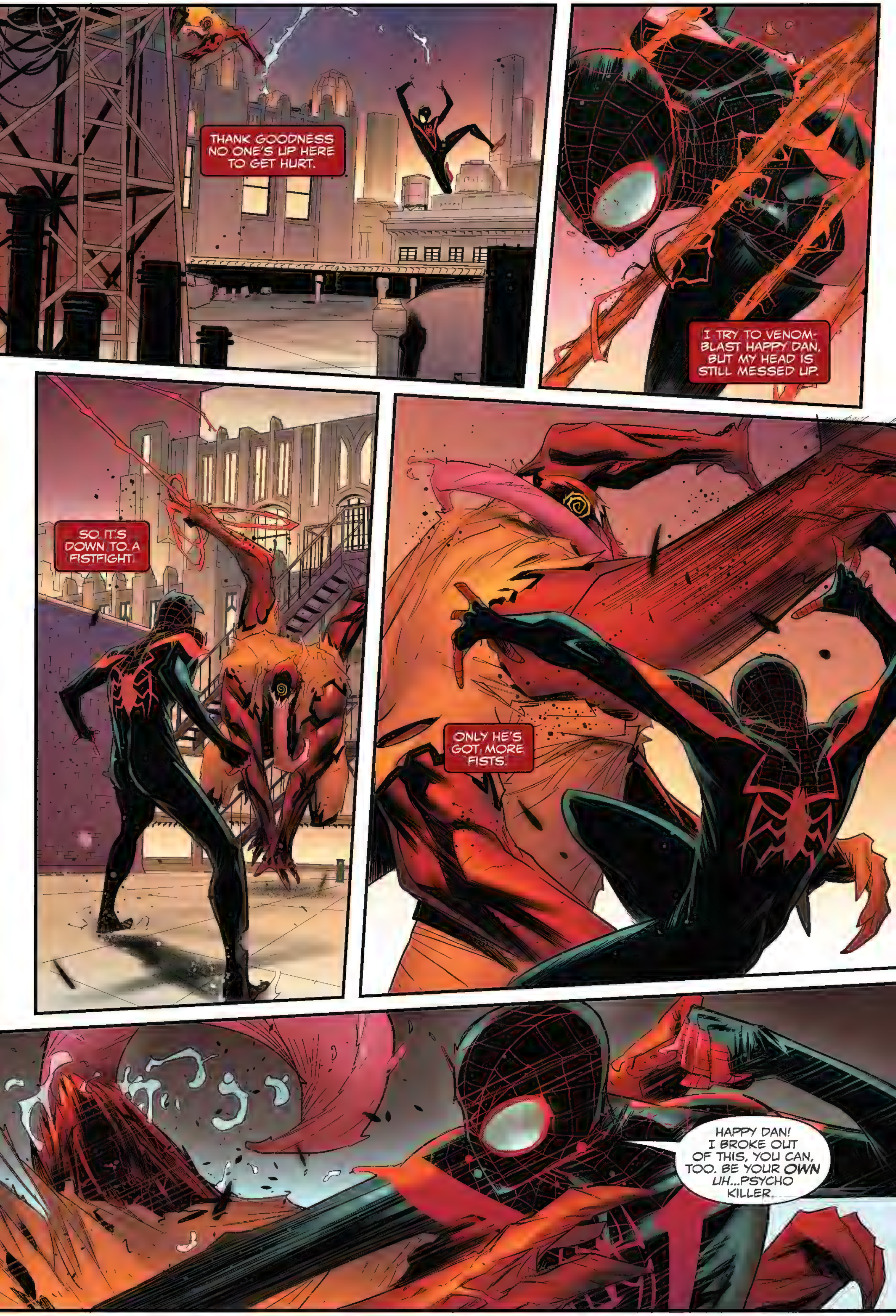

WE MUST SMOTHER IT WITH INEVITABILITY OF KNULL.
NO! I WON'T DO THIS!

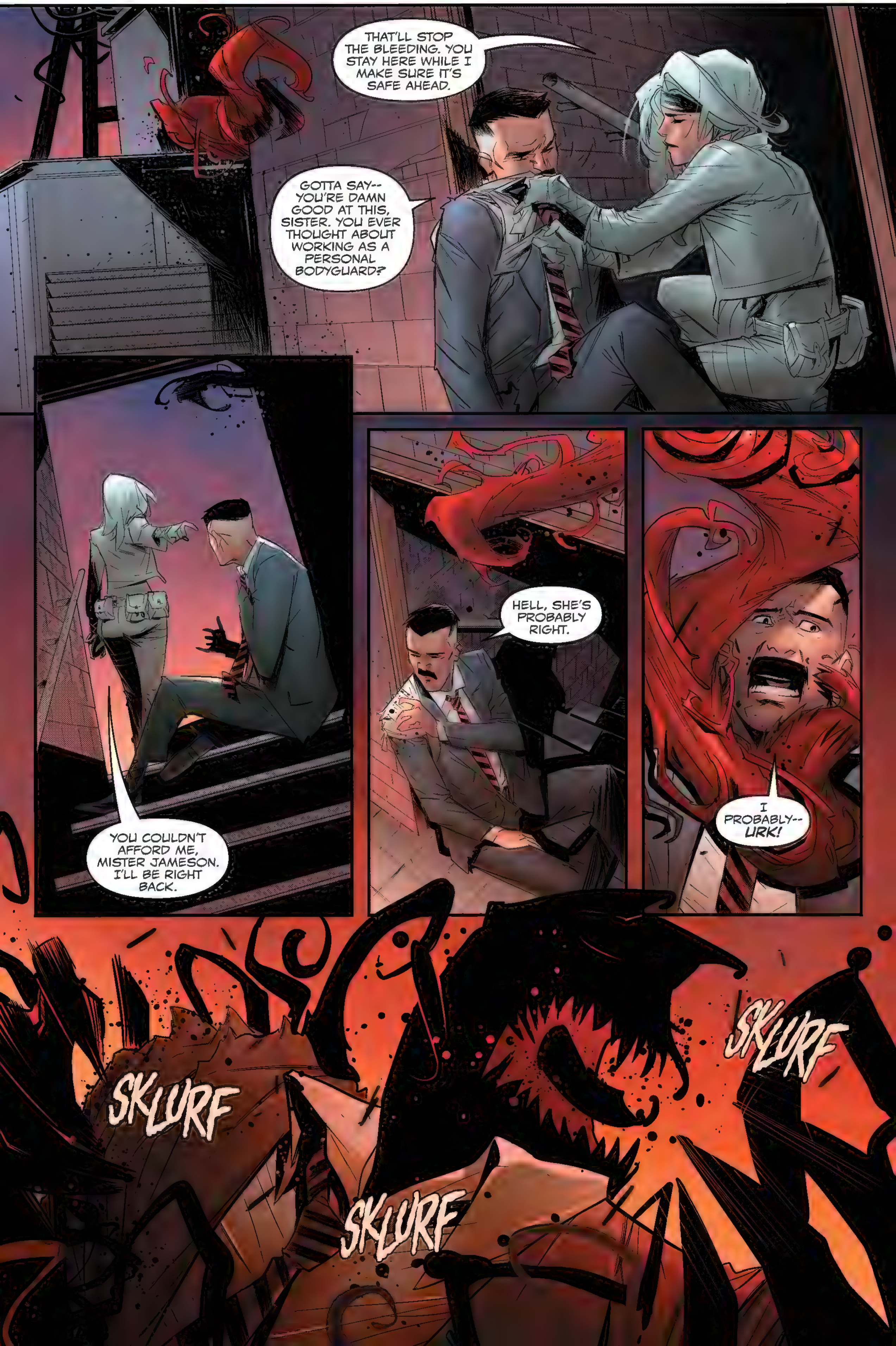

I WON'T!
ARRRRRGH! GET. OUT. OF. MY. BODY!
ARRRRRGGGHH!
M-MYSELF AGAIN.
WHAT *IS* THAT THING?

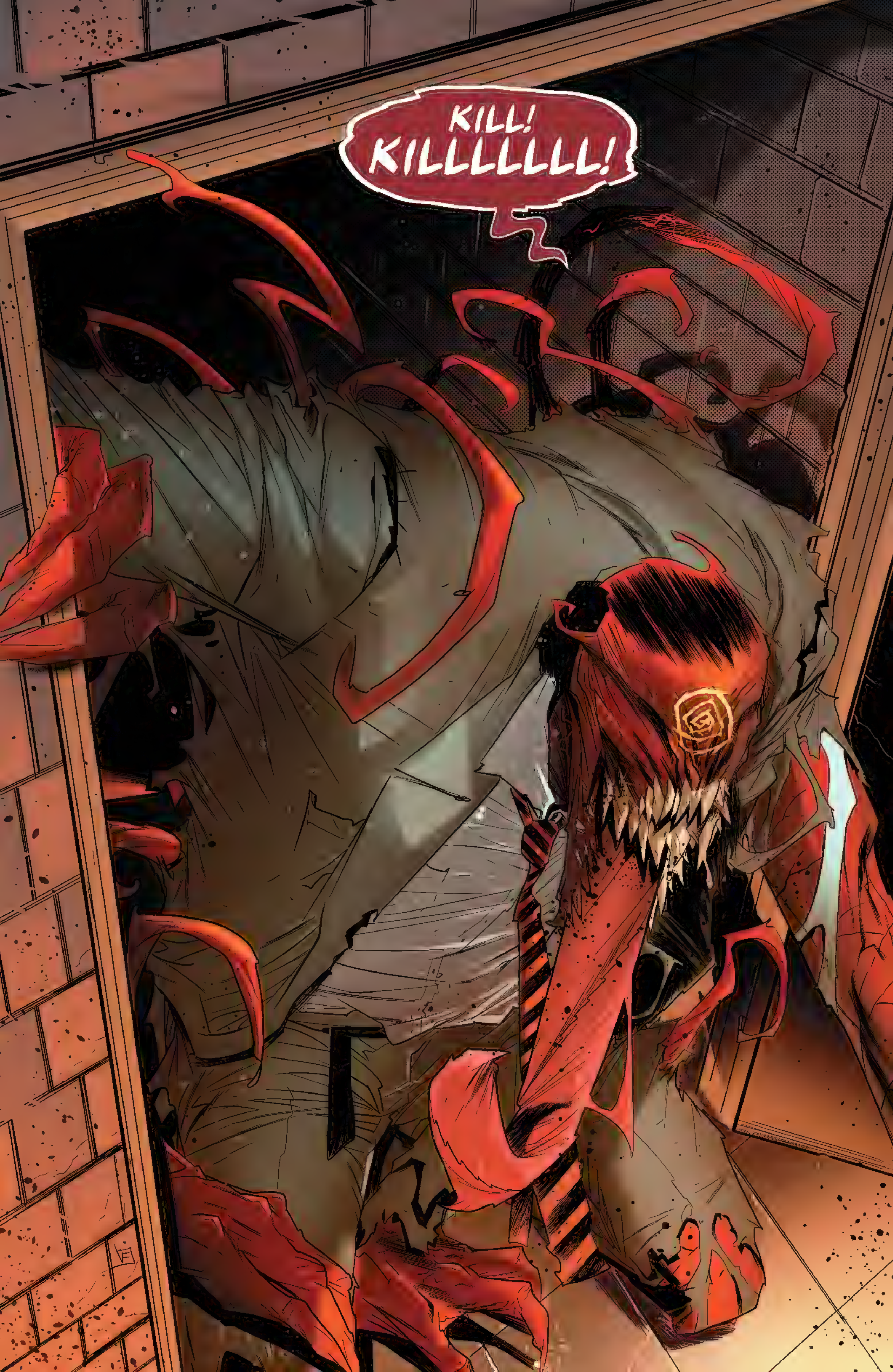

YOU'RE BLEEDING, JONAH.
GEE, YOU THINK? **GET ME TO A HOSPITAL!**
CAREFUL. I DON'T WORK FOR YOU, BUT SINCE YOU'RE A GUEST OF VULPE COMMUNICATIONS IT'S PART OF MY CONTRACT TO MAKE SURE YOU STAY ALIVE. COME ON.
UNNNH

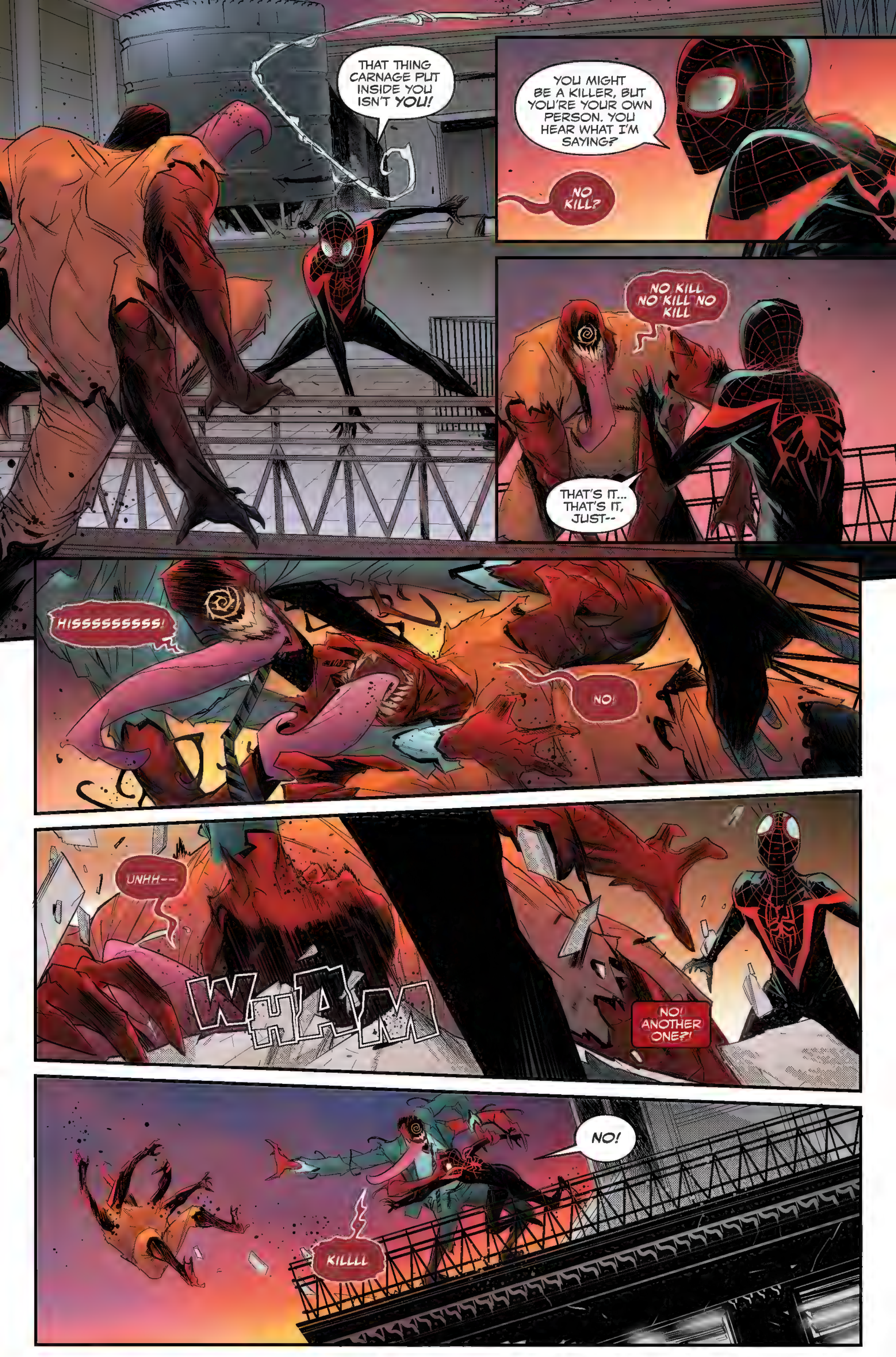

KILL?
NO! NO KILL! LOOK! I'M FREE OF THAT THING! WE CAN GET RID OF YOURS, TOO! WE JUST--
FREE?
NOT FAIR!
NOT FAIR!
UNNNHH!

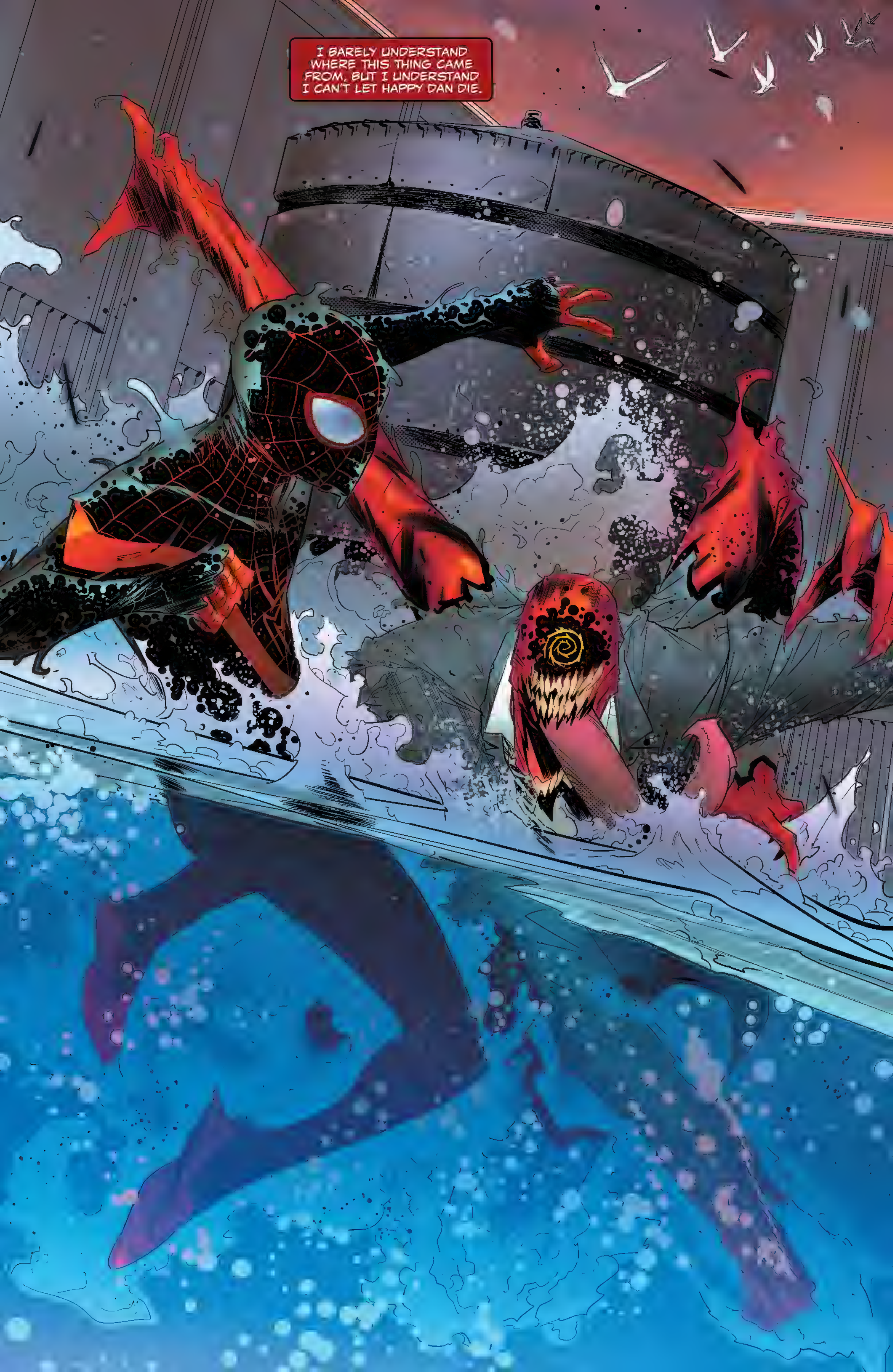

LOOK, MAN, YOU CAN FIGHT THAT THING INSIDE YOU! KICK IT OUT!
CR-SPLASSSSSSH
KILL!
NOT TODAY!

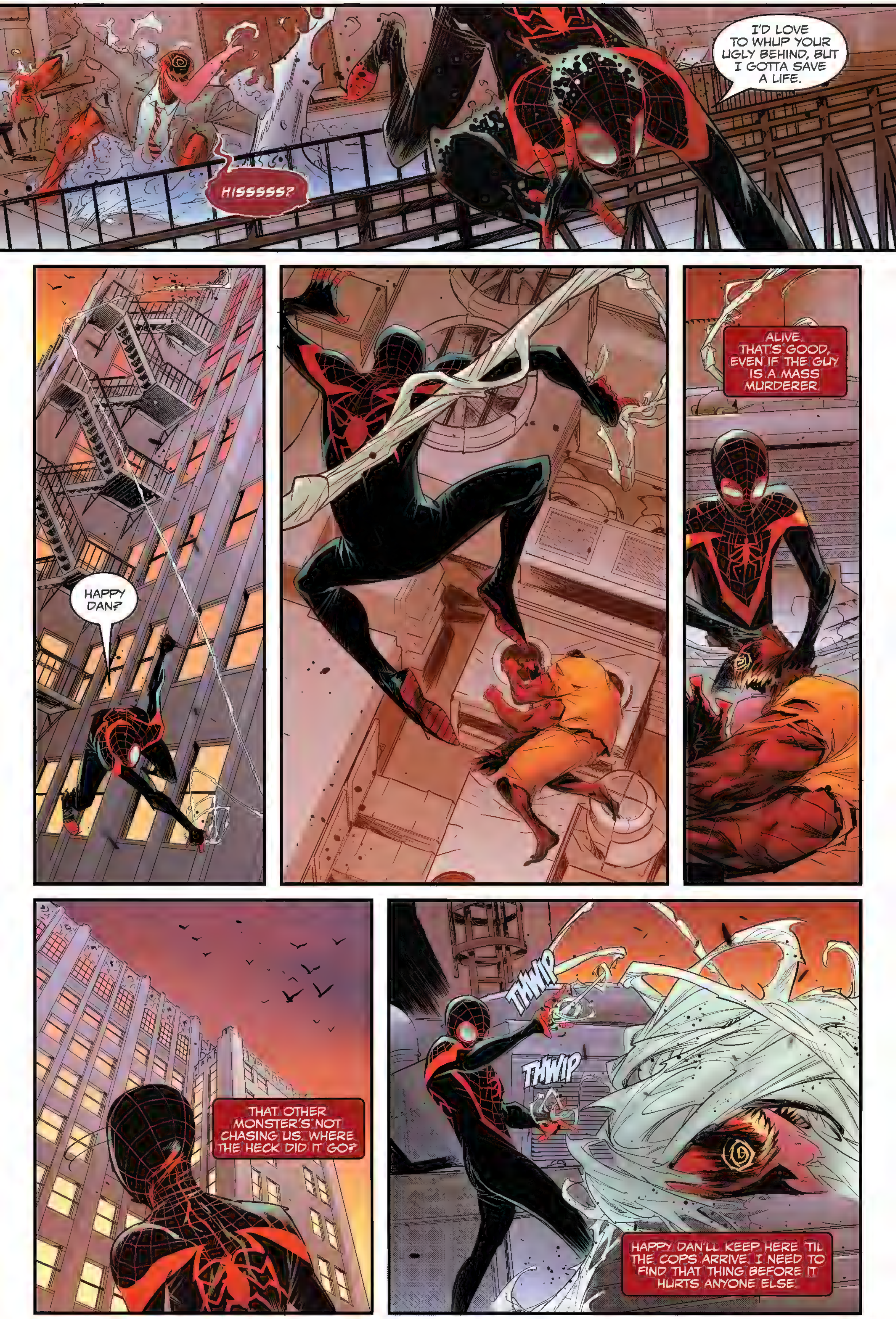

THANK GOODNESS NO ONE'S UP HERE TO GET HURT.
I TRY TO VENOM-BLAST HAPPY DAN, BUT MY HEAD IS STILL MESSED UP.
SO IT'S DOWN TO A FISTFIGHT.
ONLY HE'S GOT MORE FISTS.
HAPPY DAN! I BROKE OUT OF THIS, YOU CAN, TOO. BE YOUR OWN UH...PSYCHO KILLER.

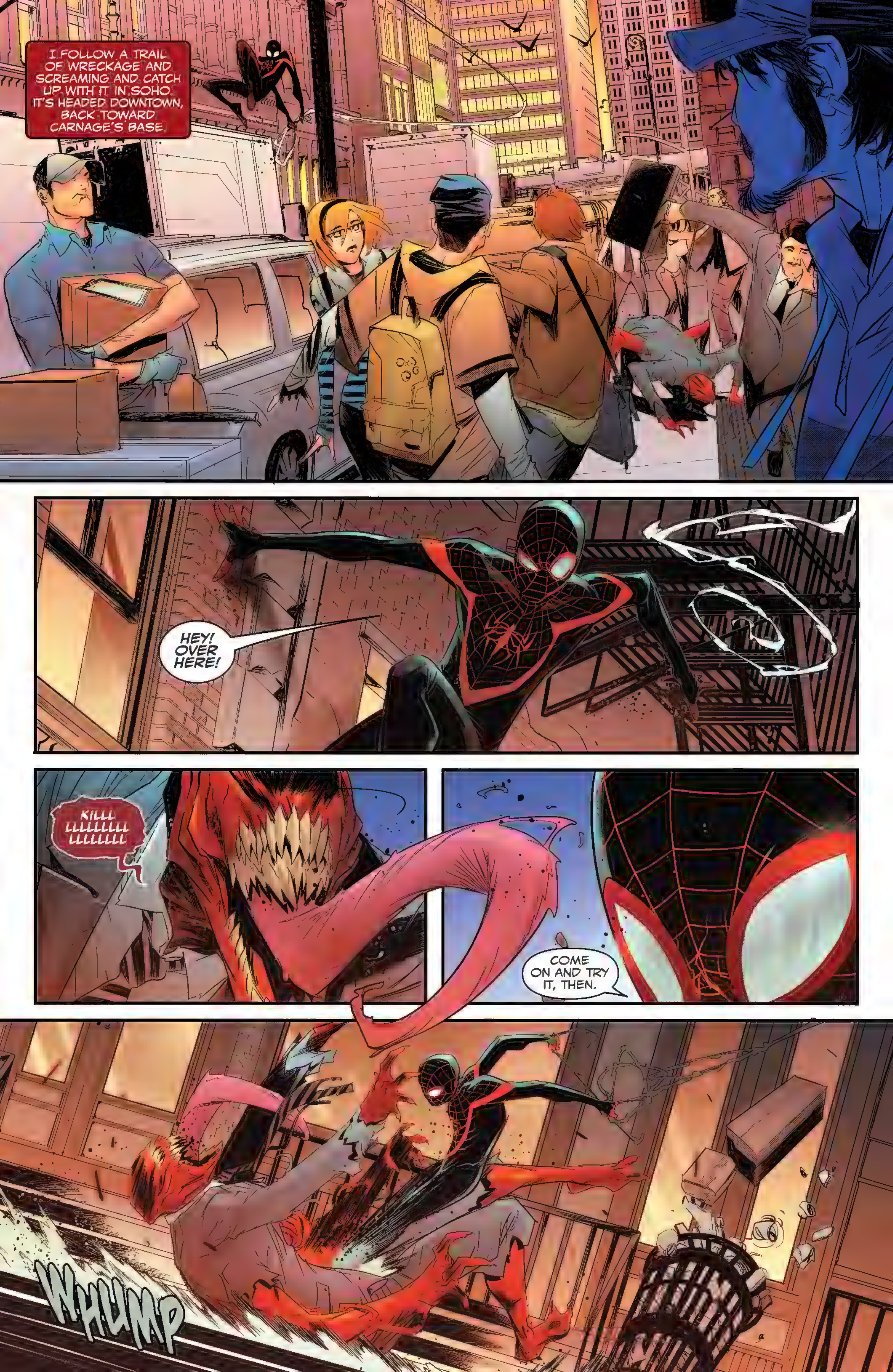

THAT'LL STOP THE BLEEDING. YOU STAY HERE WHILE I MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE AHEAD.
GOTTA SAY-- YOU'RE DAMN GOOD AT THIS, SISTER. YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WORKING AS A PERSONAL BODYGUARD?
YOU COULDN'T AFFORD ME, MISTER JAMESON. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
HELL, SHE'S PROBABLY RIGHT.
I PROBABLY-- URK!
SKLURF
SKLURF
SKLURF

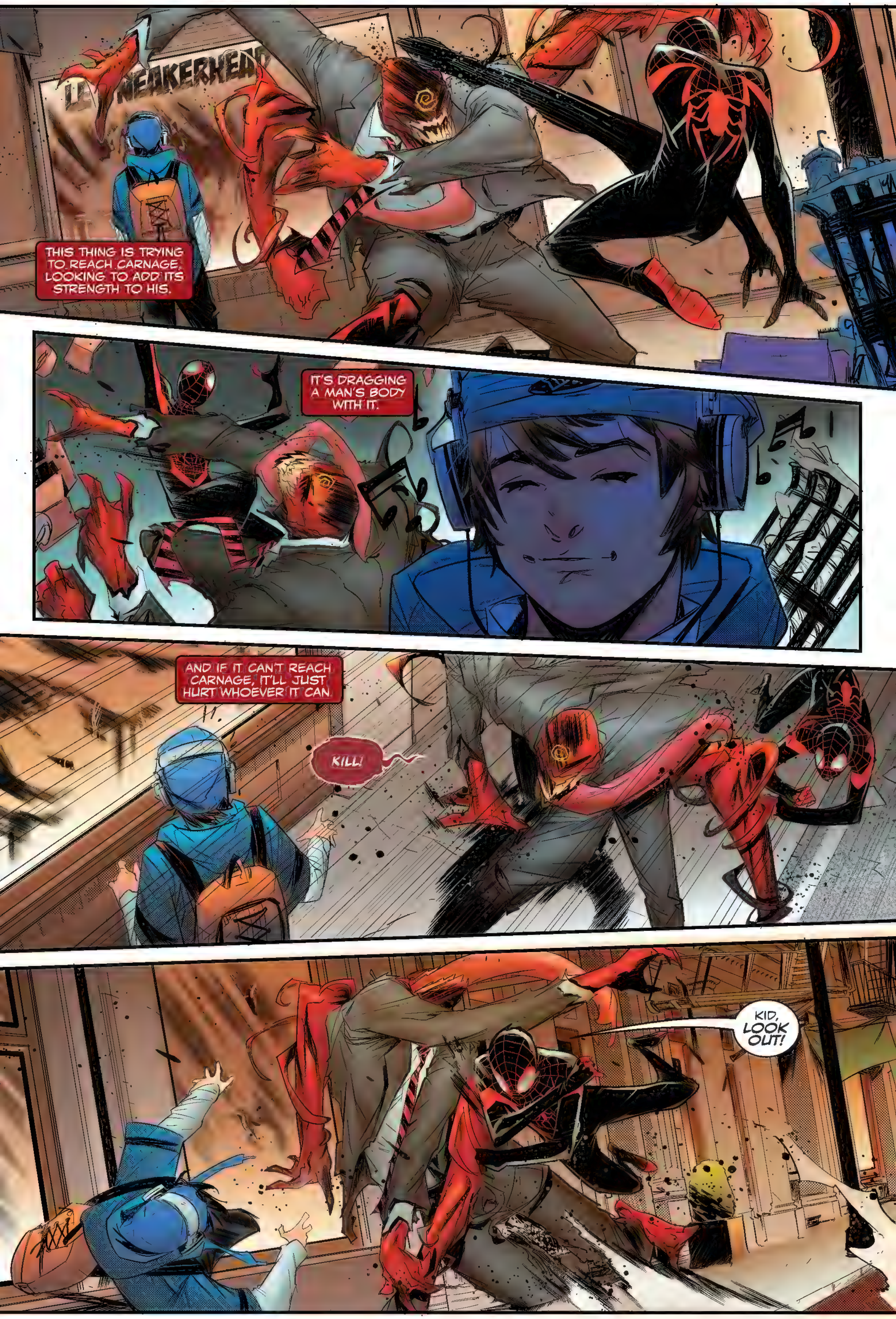

KILL!
KILLLLLLLL!

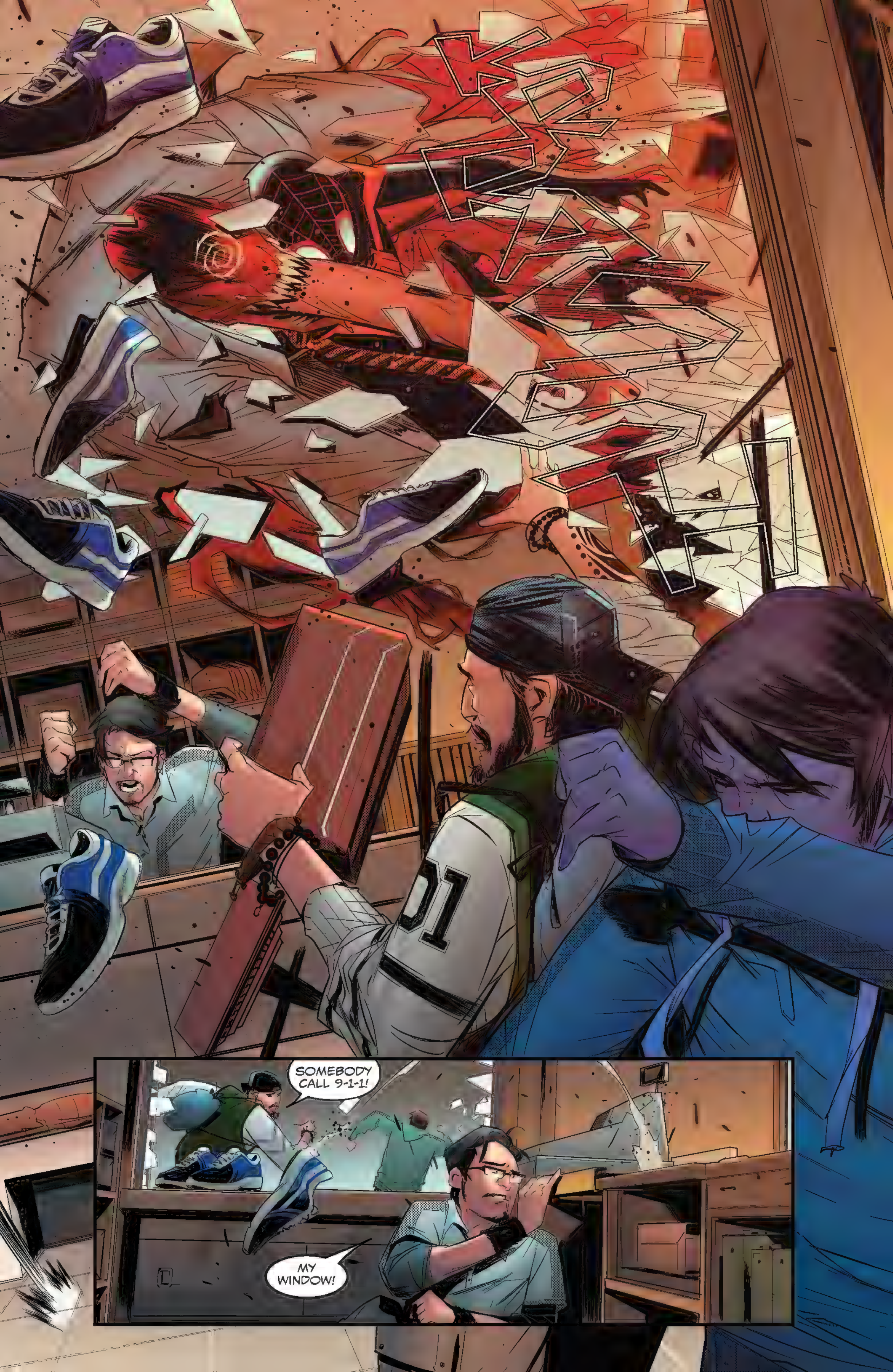

THAT THING CARNAGE PUT INSIDE YOU ISN'T *YOU!*
YOU MIGHT BE A KILLER, BUT YOU'RE YOUR OWN PERSON. YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING?
NO KILL?
NO KILL NO KILL NO KILL
THAT'S IT... THAT'S IT, JUST--
HISSSSSSSSS!
NO!
UNHH--
WHAM
NO! ANOTHER ONE?!
NO!
KILLLL

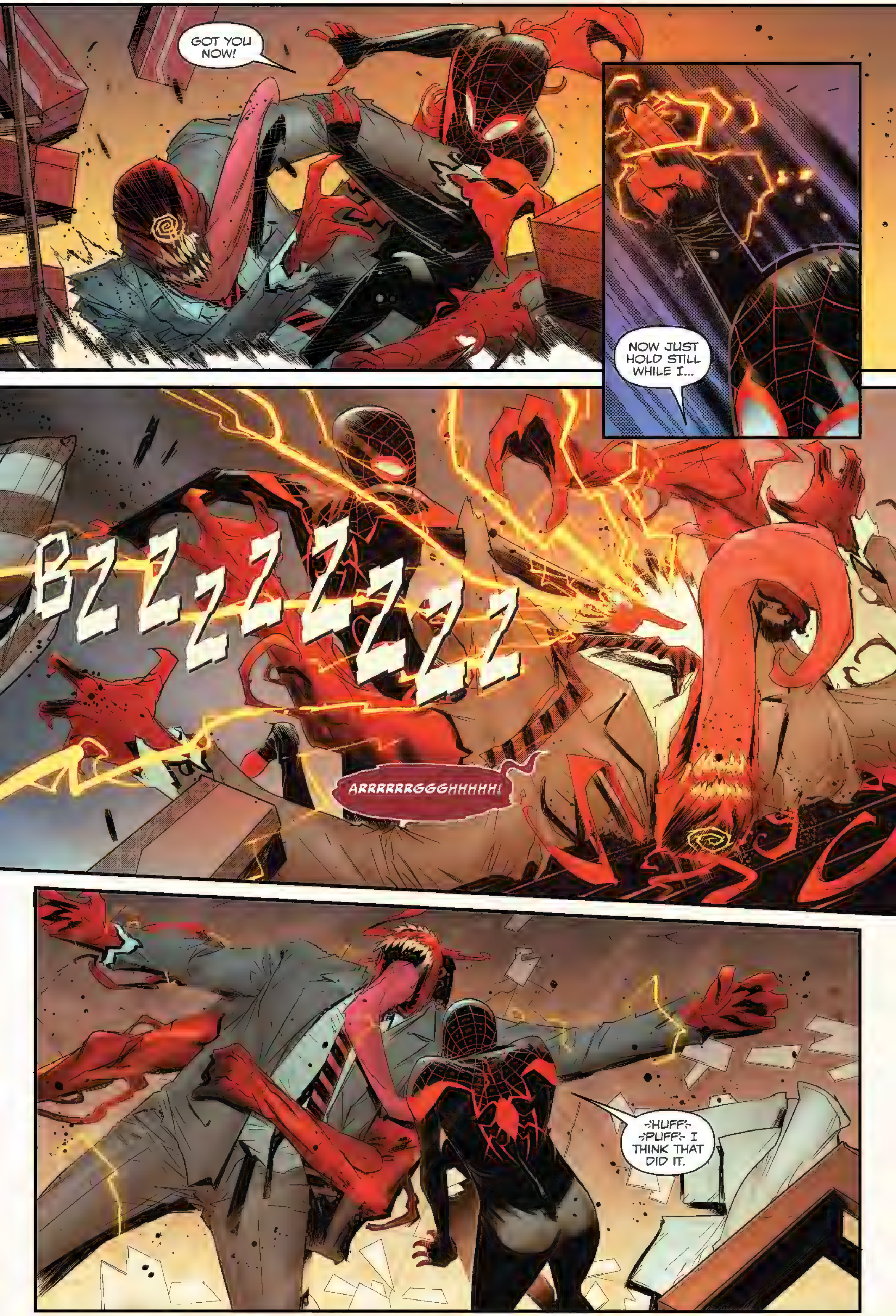

I BARELY UNDERSTAND WHERE THIS THING CAME FROM, BUT I UNDERSTAND I CAN'T LET HAPPY DAN DIE.

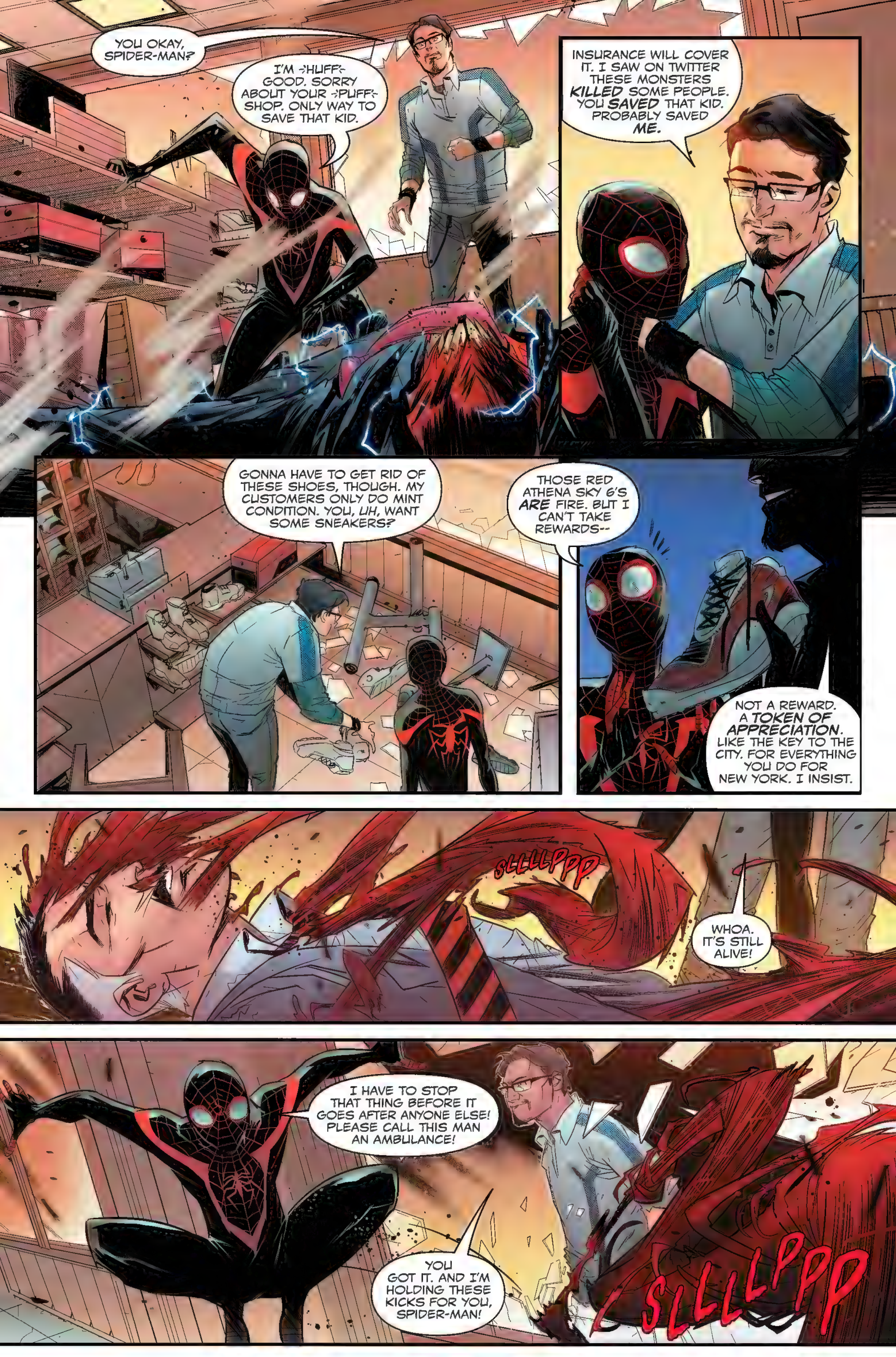

HISSSSS?
I'D LOVE TO WHUP YOUR UGLY BEHIND, BUT I GOTTA SAVE A LIFE.
HAPPY DAN?
ALIVE. THAT'S GOOD, EVEN IF THE GUY IS A MASS MURDERER.
THAT OTHER MONSTER'S NOT CHASING US. WHERE THE HECK DID IT GO?
THWIP
THWIP
HAPPY DAN'LL KEEP HERE 'TIL THE COPS ARRIVE. I NEED TO FIND THAT THING BEFORE IT HURTS ANYONE ELSE.

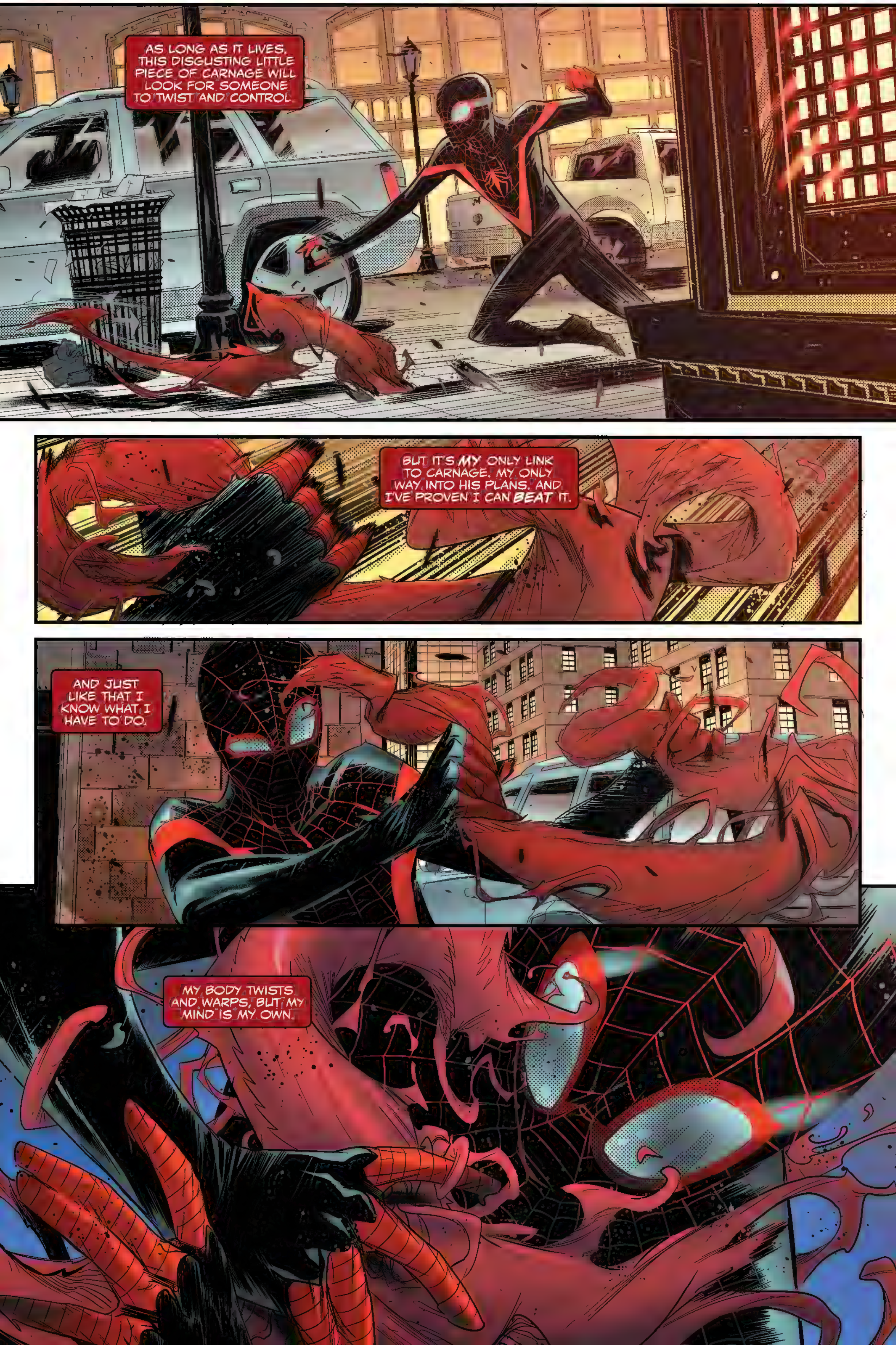

I FOLLOW A TRAIL OF WRECKAGE AND SCREAMING AND CATCH UP WITH IT IN SOHO. IT'S HEADED DOWNTOWN, BACK TOWARD CARNAGE'S BASE.
HEY! OVER HERE!
KILLL LLLLLLLLL LLLLLLLL
COME ON AND TRY IT, THEN.
WHUMP

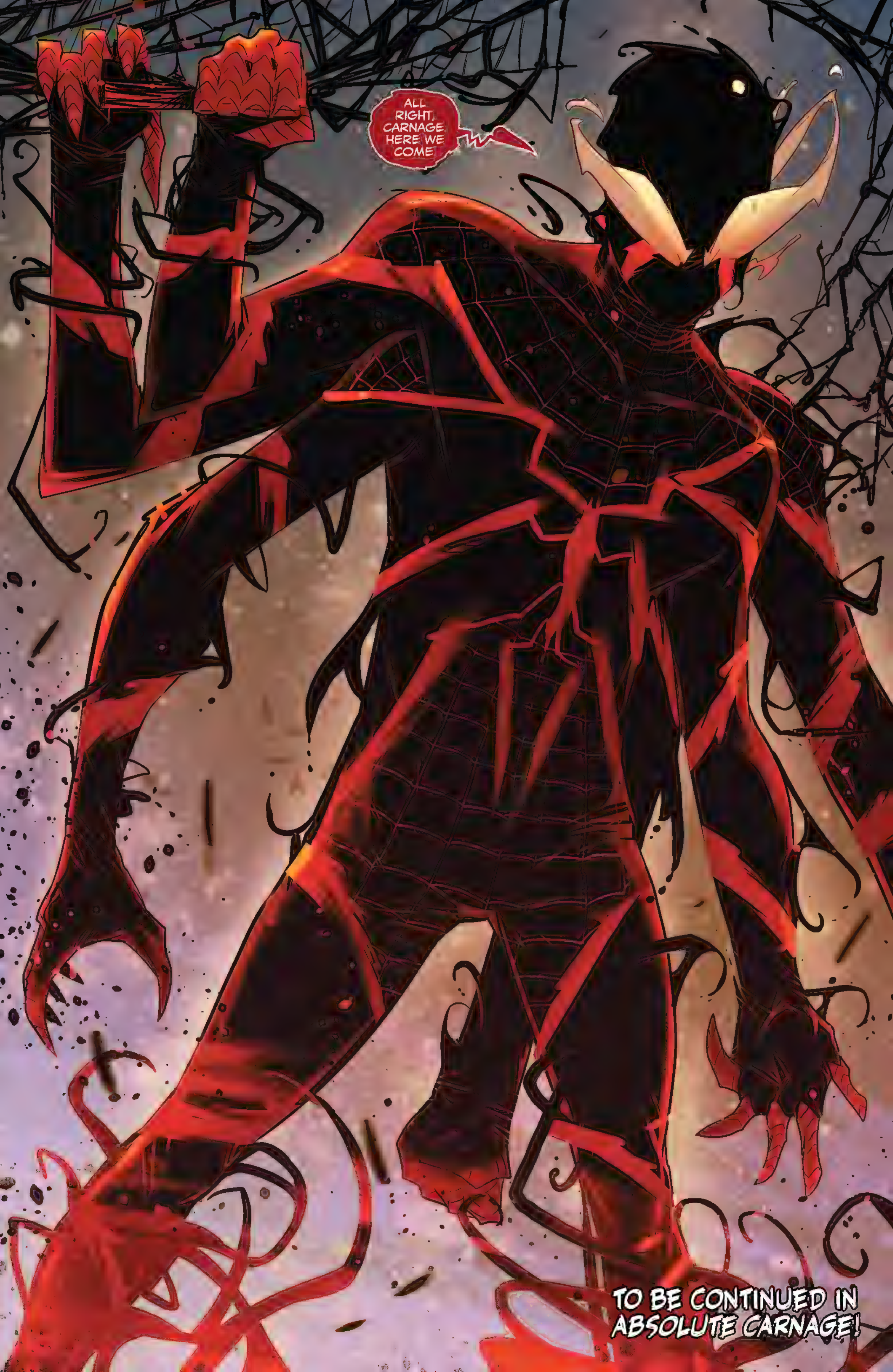

NEAKERHEAD
THIS THING IS TRYING TO REACH CARNAGE, LOOKING TO ADD ITS STRENGTH TO HIS.
IT'S DRAGGING A MAN'S BODY WITH IT.
AND IF IT CAN'T REACH CARNAGE, IT'LL JUST HURT WHOEVER IT CAN.
KILL!
KID, LOOK OUT!


KRASSH
SOMEBODY CALL 9-1-1!
MY WINDOW!

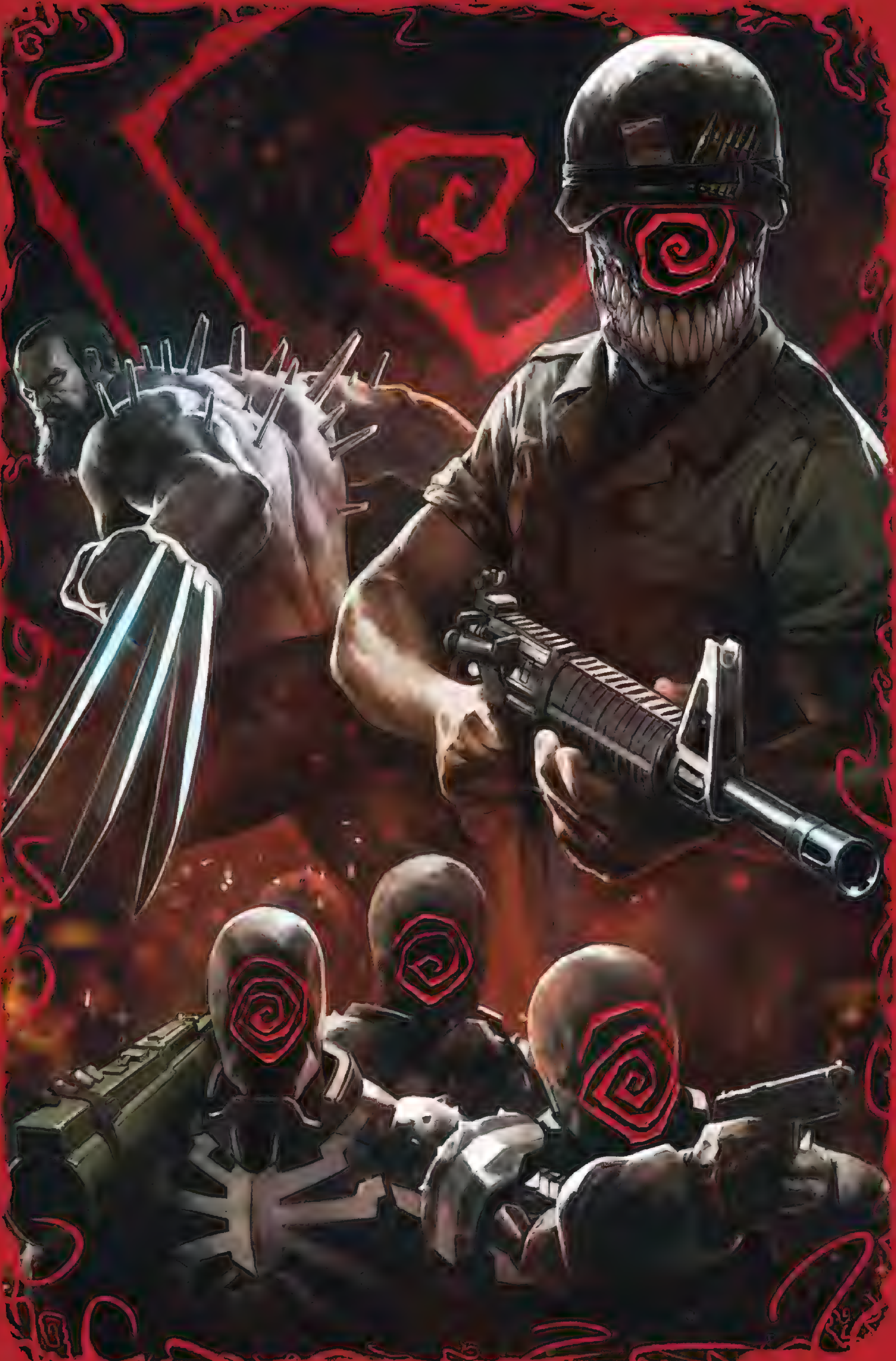

GOT YOU NOW!
NOW JUST HOLD STILL WHILE I...
BZZZZZZZZZ
ARRRRRRGGGHHHHH!
-HUFF- -PUFF- I THINK THAT DID IT.


YOU OKAY, SPIDER-MAN?
I'M -HUFF- GOOD. SORRY ABOUT YOUR -PUFF- SHOP. ONLY WAY TO SAVE THAT KID.
INSURANCE WILL COVER IT. I SAW ON TWITTER THESE MONSTERS KILLED SOME PEOPLE. YOU SAVED THAT KID. PROBABLY SAVED ME.
GONNA HAVE TO GET RID OF THESE SHOES, THOUGH. MY CUSTOMERS ONLY DO MINT CONDITION. YOU, UH, WANT SOME SNEAKERS?
THOSE RED ATHENA SKY 6'S ARE FIRE. BUT I CAN'T TAKE REWARDS--
NOT A REWARD. A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION. LIKE THE KEY TO THE CITY. FOR EVERYTHING YOU DO FOR NEW YORK. I INSIST.
SLLLLPPP
WHOA. IT'S STILL ALIVE!
I HAVE TO STOP THAT THING BEFORE IT GOES AFTER ANYONE ELSE! PLEASE CALL THIS MAN AN AMBULANCE!
YOU GOT IT. AND I'M HOLDING THESE KICKS FOR YOU, SPIDER-MAN!
SLLLLPPP


AS LONG AS IT LIVES, THIS DISGUSTING LITTLE PIECE OF CARNAGE WILL LOOK FOR SOMEONE TO TWIST AND CONTROL.
BUT IT'S *MY* ONLY LINK TO CARNAGE. MY ONLY WAY INTO HIS PLANS. AND I'VE PROVEN I CAN *BEAT* IT.
AND JUST LIKE THAT I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
MY BODY TWISTS AND WARPS, BUT MY MIND IS MY OWN.


ALL RIGHT, CARNAGE, HERE WE COME!

TO BE CONTINUED IN ABSOLUTE CARNAGE!

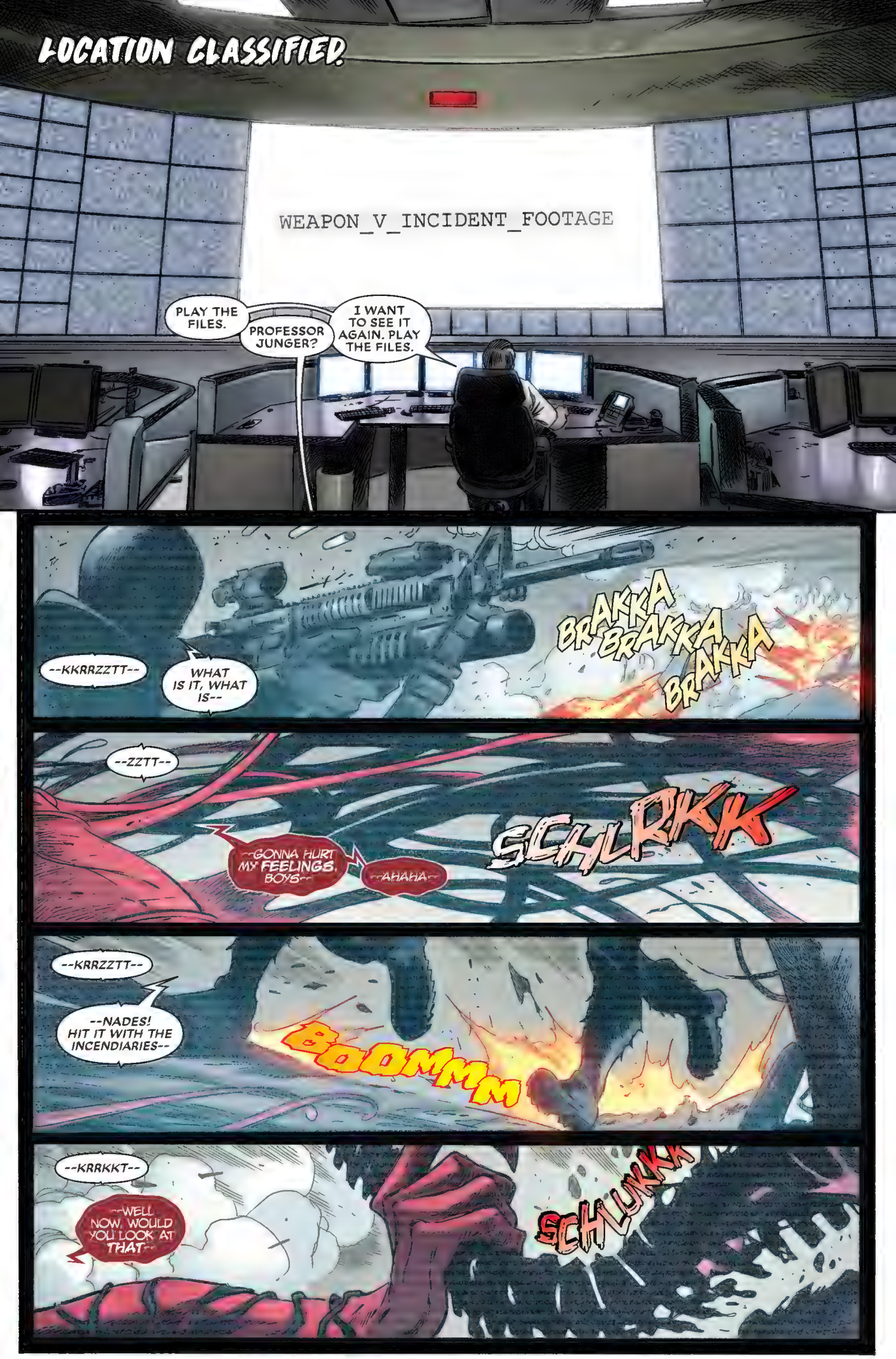


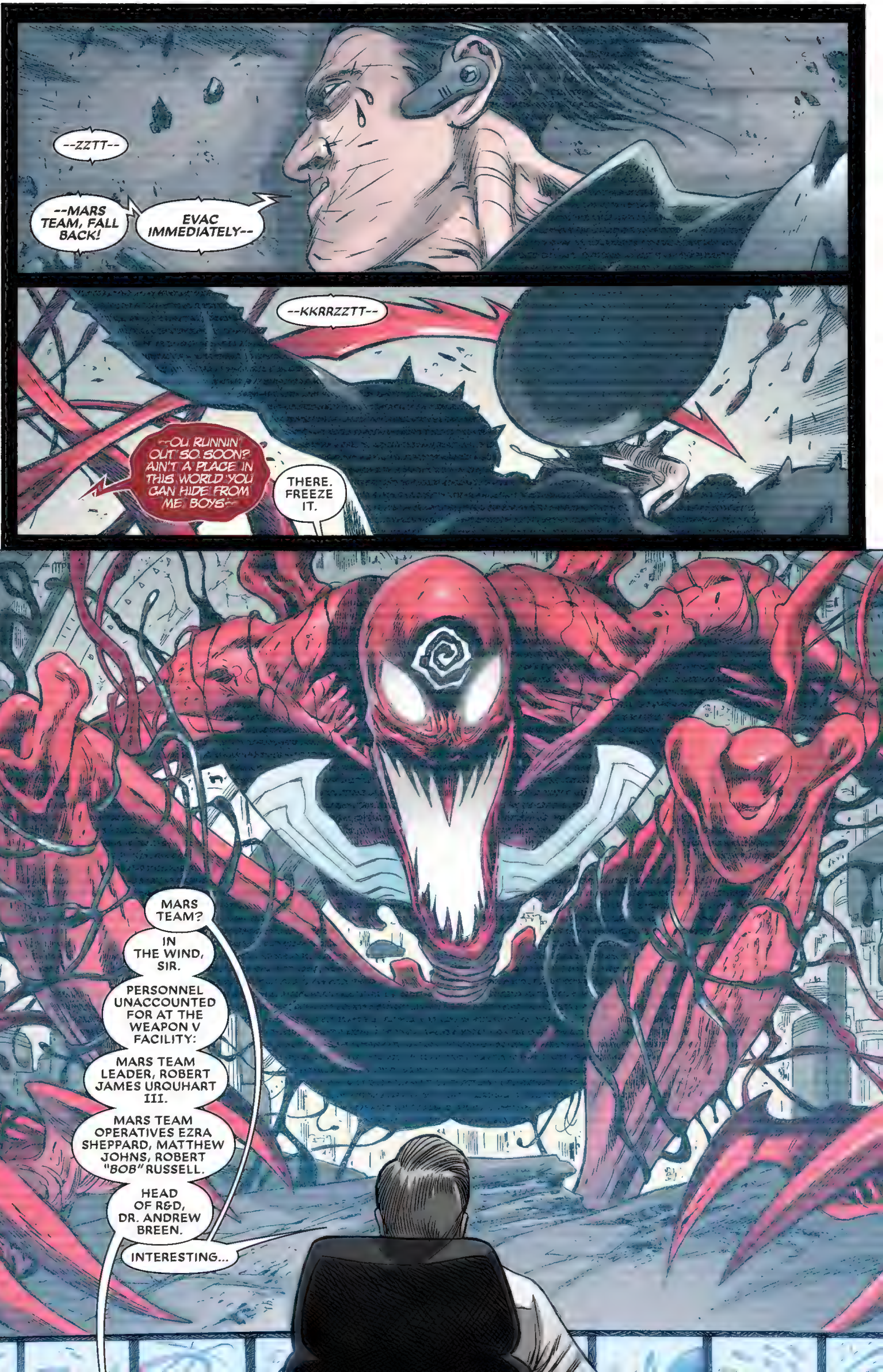
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: WEAPON PLUS

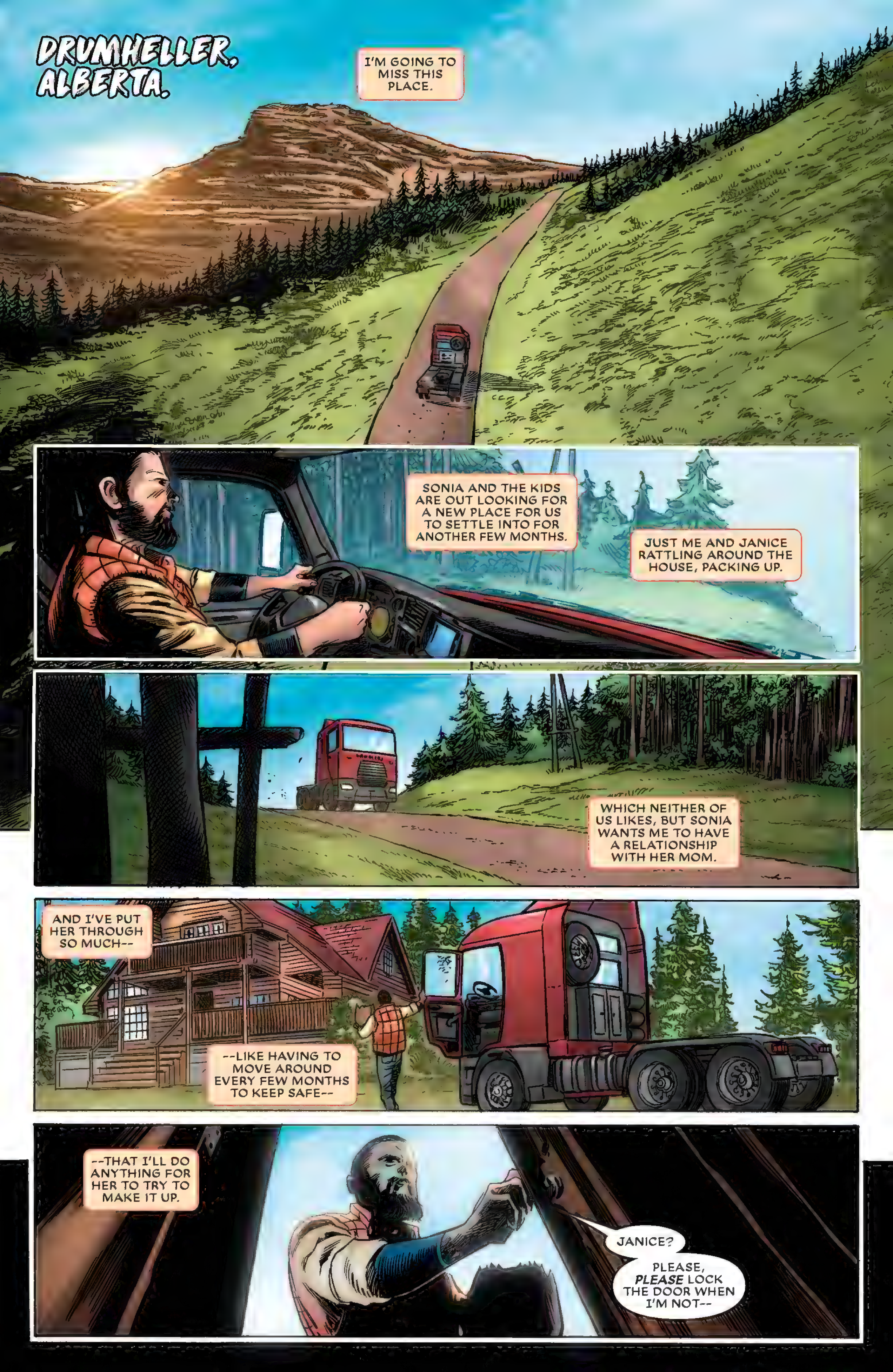
# WEAPON PLUS

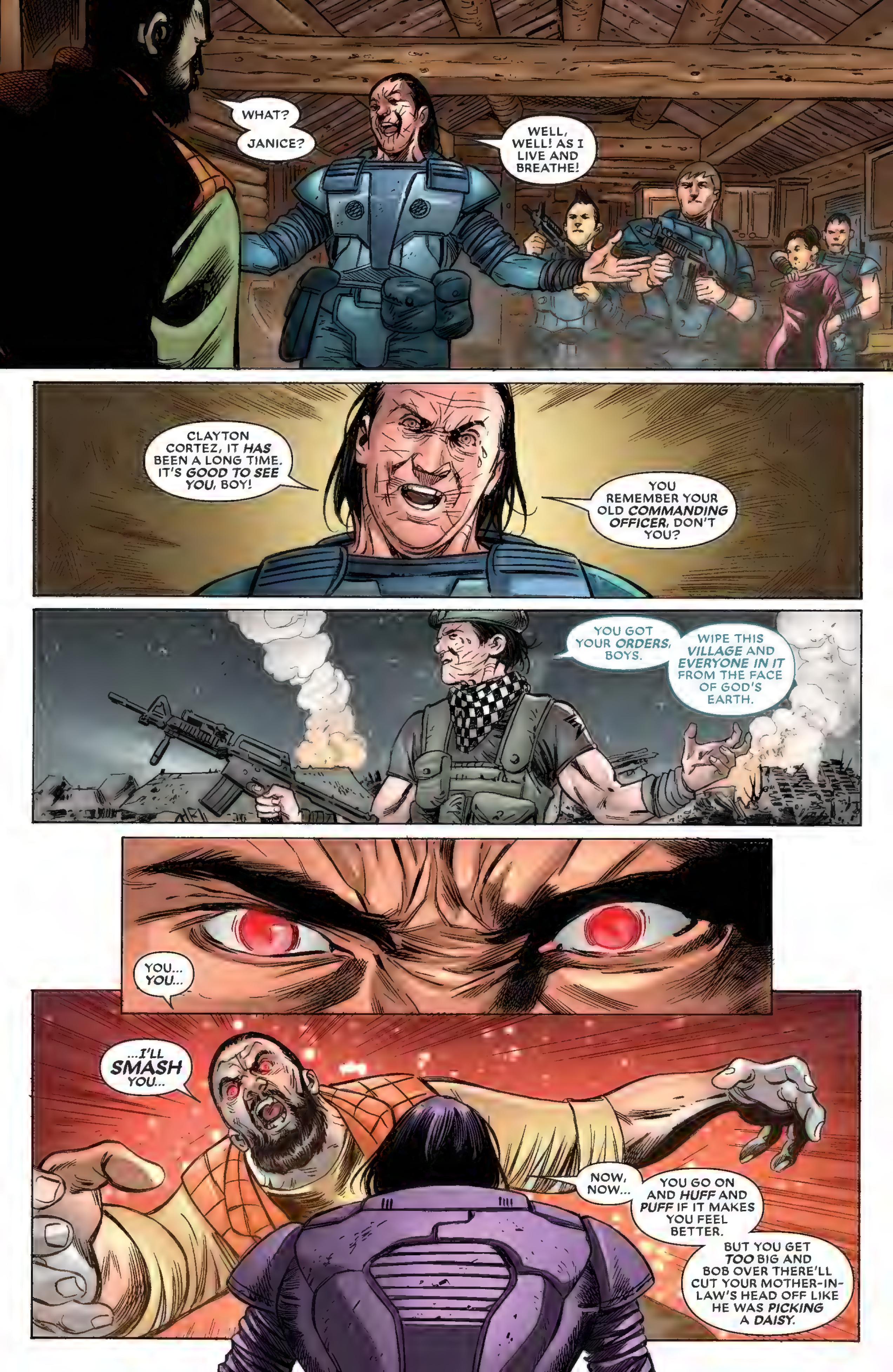
During World War II, the U.S. government created the first Super-Soldier and inadvertently kicked off a biological arms race that spread across the globe. In time, an international clandestine organization called **WEAPON PLUS** arose to amass and allocate the world's Super-Soldier research in the form of siloed programs. Each program was given a Roman numeral designation and research specially. One such branch developed weapons based on extraterrestrial parasites called symbiotes.

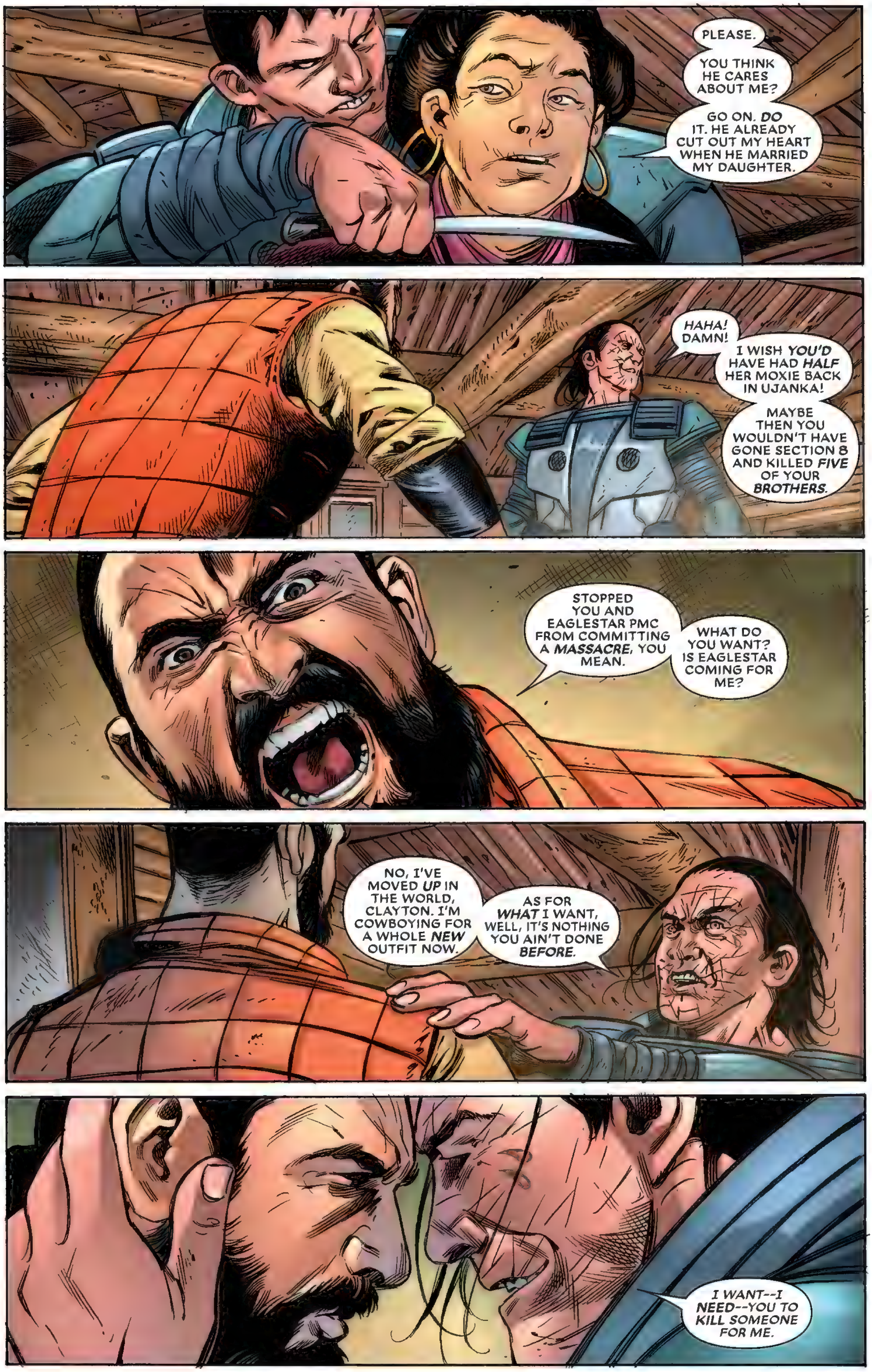
Now a bloodthirsty symbiote known as **Carnage** is hunting all who have bonded with symbiotes to assemble leftover genetic markers (codices) and create a conduit to the symbiote god, Knull!

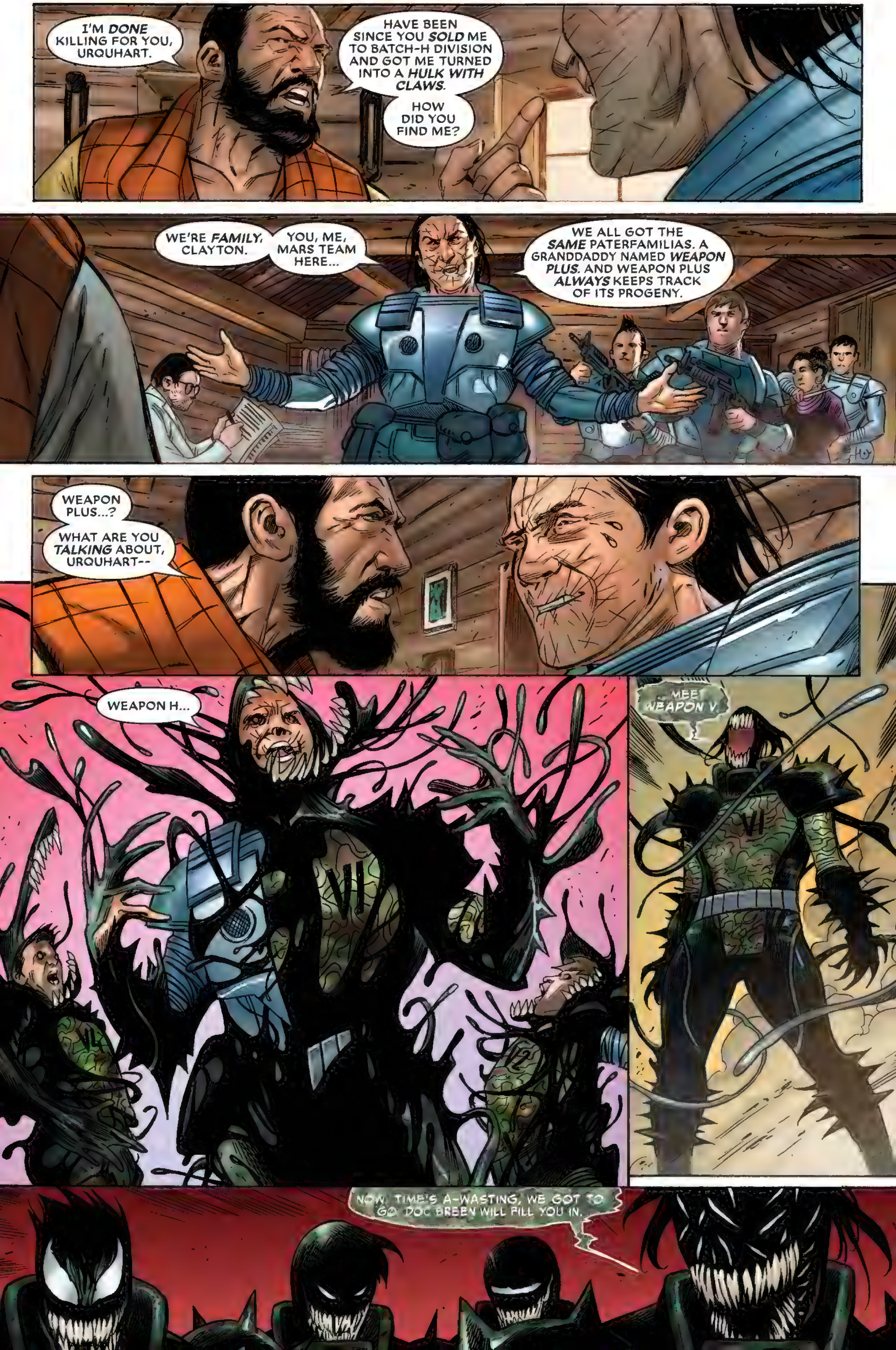

LOCATION CLASSIFIED.
WEAPON_V_INCIDENT_FOOTAGE
PLAY THE FILES.
PROFESSOR JUNGER?
I WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN. PLAY THE FILES.
--KKRRZZTT--
WHAT IS IT, WHAT IS--
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
--ZZTT--
--GONNA HURT MY FEELINGS, BOYS--
--AHAHA--
SCHLRKK
--KRRZZTT--
--NADES! HIT IT WITH THE INCENDIARIES--
BOOMMM
--KRRKKT--
--WELL NOW, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT--
SCHLUKKK

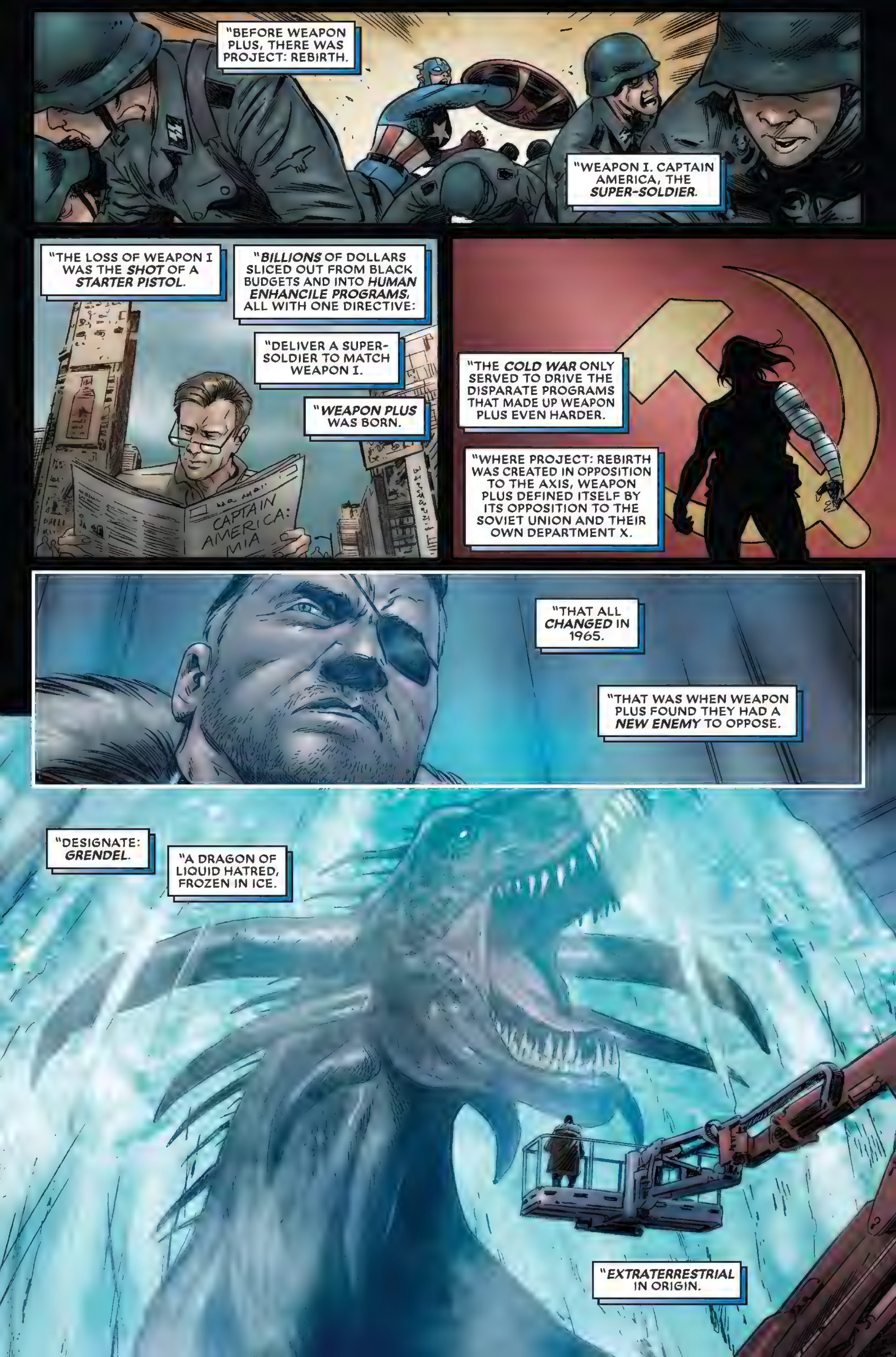

--ZZTT--
--MARS TEAM, FALL BACK!
EVAC IMMEDIATELY--
--KKRRZZTT--
--OU RUNNIN' OUT SO SOON? AIN'T A PLACE IN THIS WORLD YOU CAN HIDE FROM ME, BOYS--
THERE. FREEZE IT.
MARS TEAM?
IN THE WIND, SIR.
PERSONNEL UNACCOUNTED FOR AT THE WEAPON V FACILITY:
MARS TEAM LEADER, ROBERT JAMES URQUHART III.
MARS TEAM OPERATIVES EZRA SHEPPARD, MATTHEW JOHNS, ROBERT "BOB" RUSSELL.
HEAD OF R&D, DR. ANDREW BREEN.
INTERESTING...

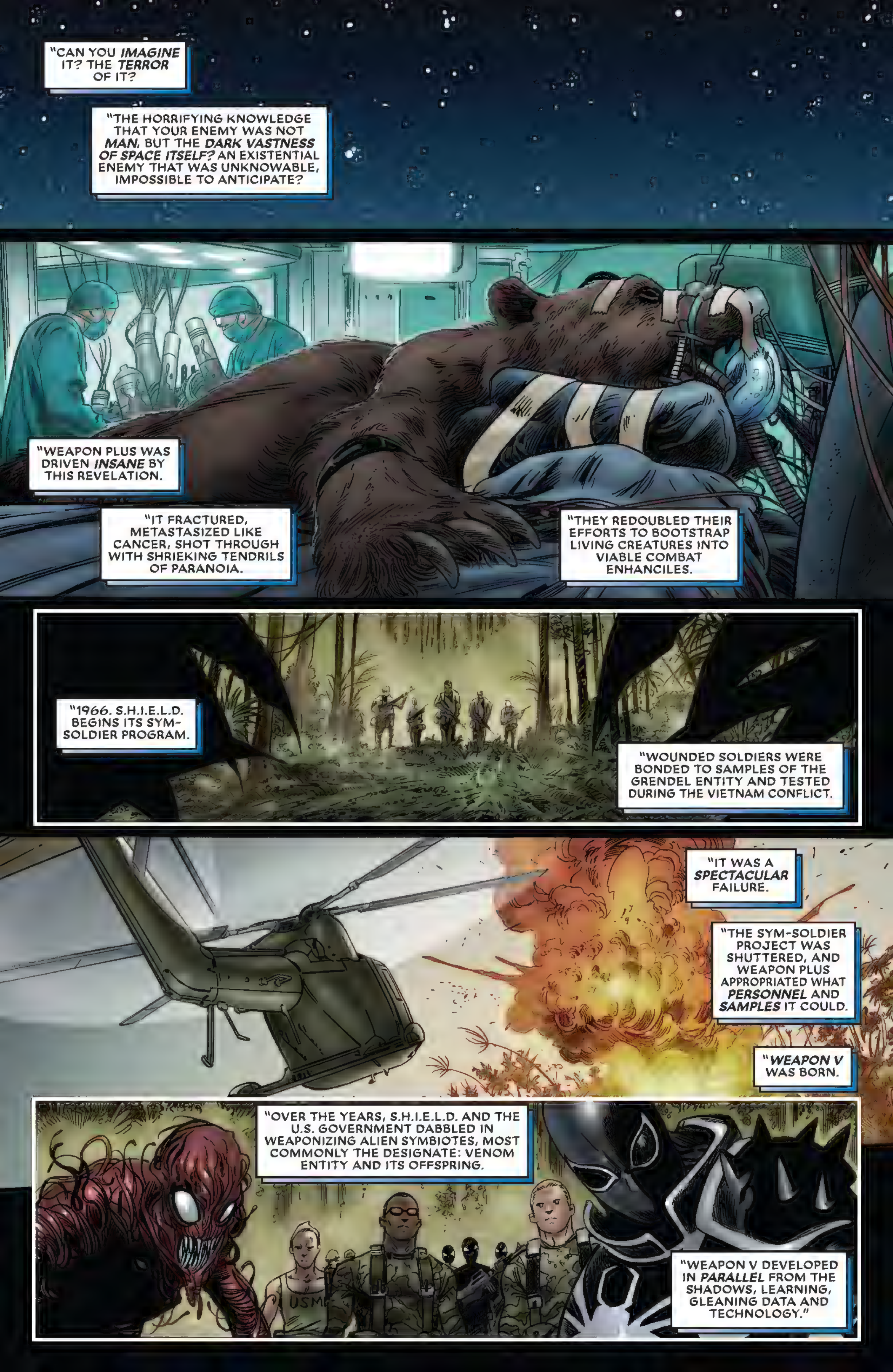

DRUMHELLER, ALBERTA.
I'M GOING TO MISS THIS PLACE.
SONIA AND THE KIDS ARE OUT LOOKING FOR A NEW PLACE FOR US TO SETTLE INTO FOR ANOTHER FEW MONTHS.
JUST ME AND JANICE RATTLING AROUND THE HOUSE, PACKING UP.
WHICH NEITHER OF US LIKES, BUT SONIA WANTS ME TO HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH HER MOM.
AND I'VE PUT HER THROUGH SO MUCH--
--LIKE HAVING TO MOVE AROUND EVERY FEW MONTHS TO KEEP SAFE--
--THAT I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR HER TO TRY TO MAKE IT UP.
JANICE?
PLEASE, *PLEASE* LOCK THE DOOR WHEN I'M NOT--

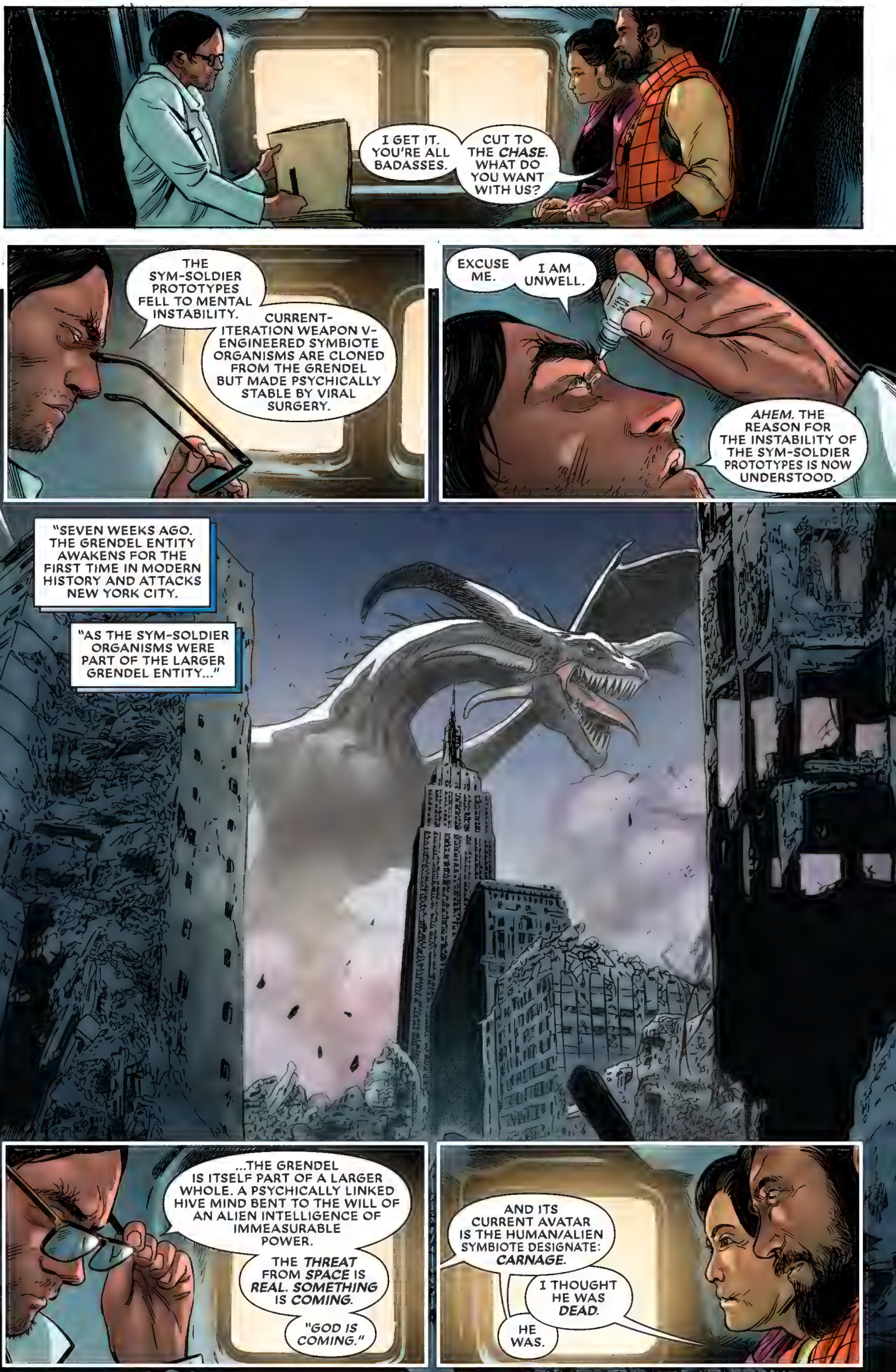

WHAT?
JANICE?
WELL, WELL! AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!
CLAYTON CORTEZ, IT *HAS* BEEN A LONG TIME. IT'S *GOOD TO SEE YOU*, BOY!
YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD *COMMANDING OFFICER*, DON'T YOU?
YOU GOT YOUR *ORDERS*, BOYS.
WIPE THIS *VILLAGE* AND *EVERYONE IN IT* FROM THE FACE OF GOD'S EARTH.
YOU... YOU...
...I'LL **SMASH** YOU...
NOW, NOW...
YOU GO ON AND *HUFF* AND *PUFF* IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.
BUT YOU GET *TOO* BIG AND BOB OVER THERE'LL CUT YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW'S HEAD OFF LIKE HE WAS *PICKING* A *DAISY*.

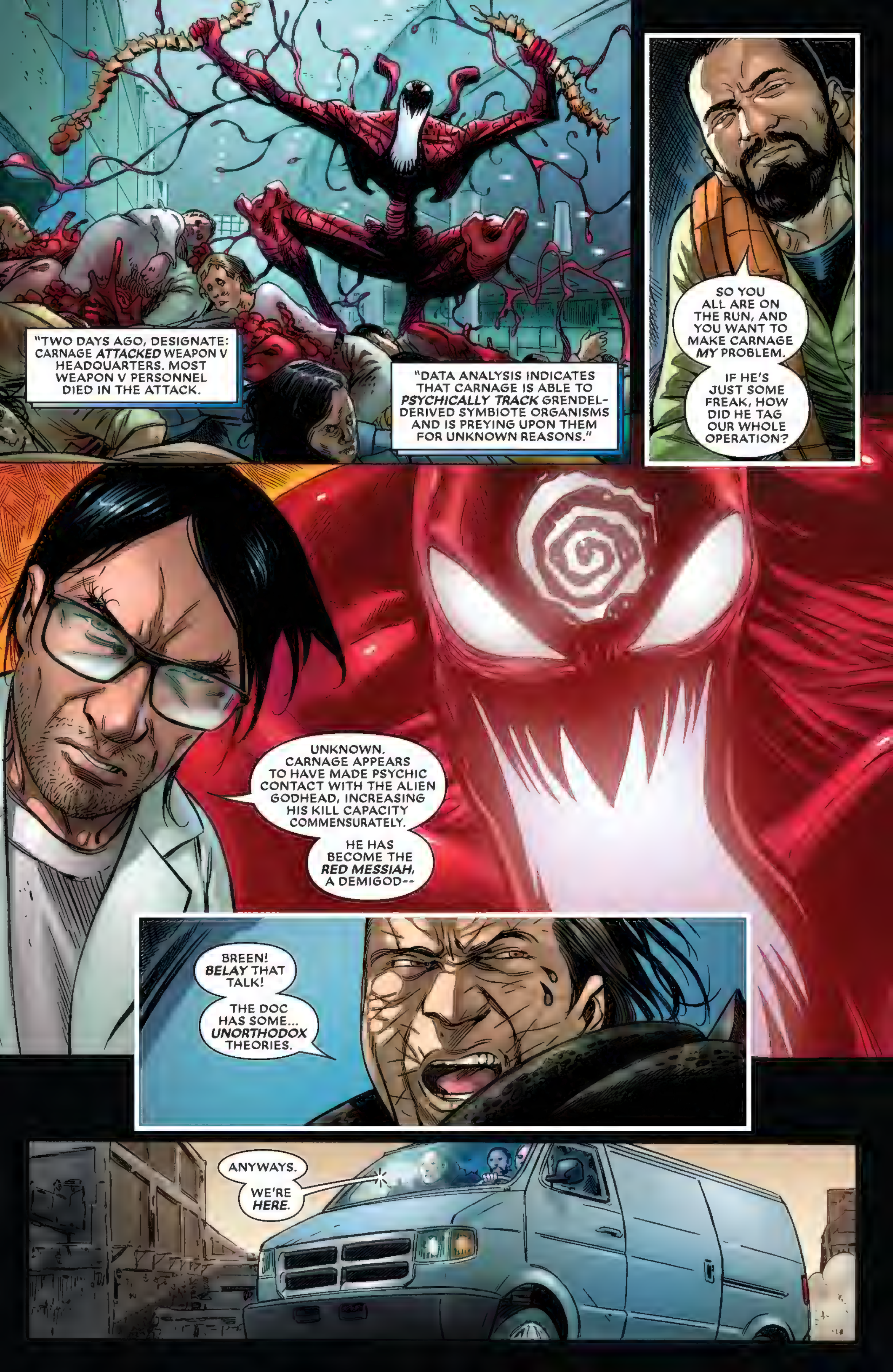

PLEASE.
YOU THINK HE CARES ABOUT ME?
GO ON. *DO* IT. HE ALREADY CUT OUT MY HEART WHEN HE MARRIED MY DAUGHTER.
*HAHA!* DAMN!
I WISH *YOU'D* HAVE HAD *HALF* HER MOXIE BACK IN UJANKA!
MAYBE THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GONE SECTION 8 AND KILLED *FIVE* OF YOUR *BROTHERS*.
STOPPED YOU AND EAGLESTAR PMC FROM COMMITTING A *MASSACRE*, YOU MEAN.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? IS EAGLESTAR COMING FOR ME?
NO, I'VE MOVED *UP* IN THE WORLD, CLAYTON. I'M COWBOYING FOR A WHOLE *NEW* OUTFIT NOW.
AS FOR *WHAT* I WANT, WELL, IT'S NOTHING YOU AIN'T DONE *BEFORE*.
*I WANT--I NEED--YOU TO KILL SOMEONE FOR ME.*

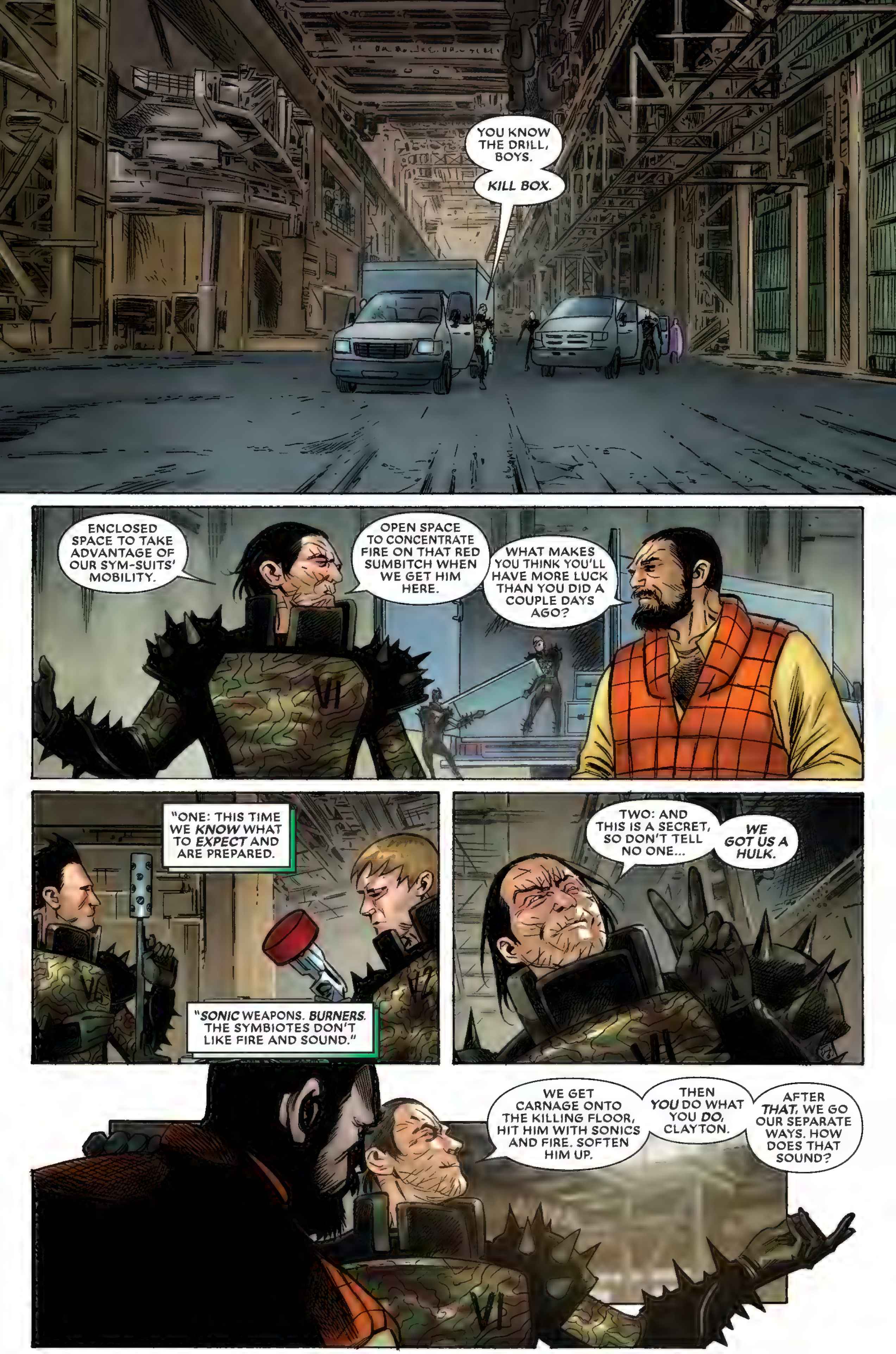

I'M DONE KILLING FOR YOU, URQUHART.
HAVE BEEN SINCE YOU SOLD ME TO BATCH-H DIVISION AND GOT ME TURNED INTO A HULK WITH CLAWS.
HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
WE'RE FAMILY, CLAYTON.
YOU, ME, MARS TEAM HERE...
WE ALL GOT THE SAME PATERFAMILIAS. A GRANDDADDY NAMED WEAPON PLUS. AND WEAPON PLUS ALWAYS KEEPS TRACK OF ITS PROGENY.
WEAPON PLUS...?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, URQUHART--
WEAPON H...
MEET WEAPON V.
VI
NOW. TIME'S A-WASTING. WE GOT TO GO. DOC BREEN WILL FILL YOU IN.

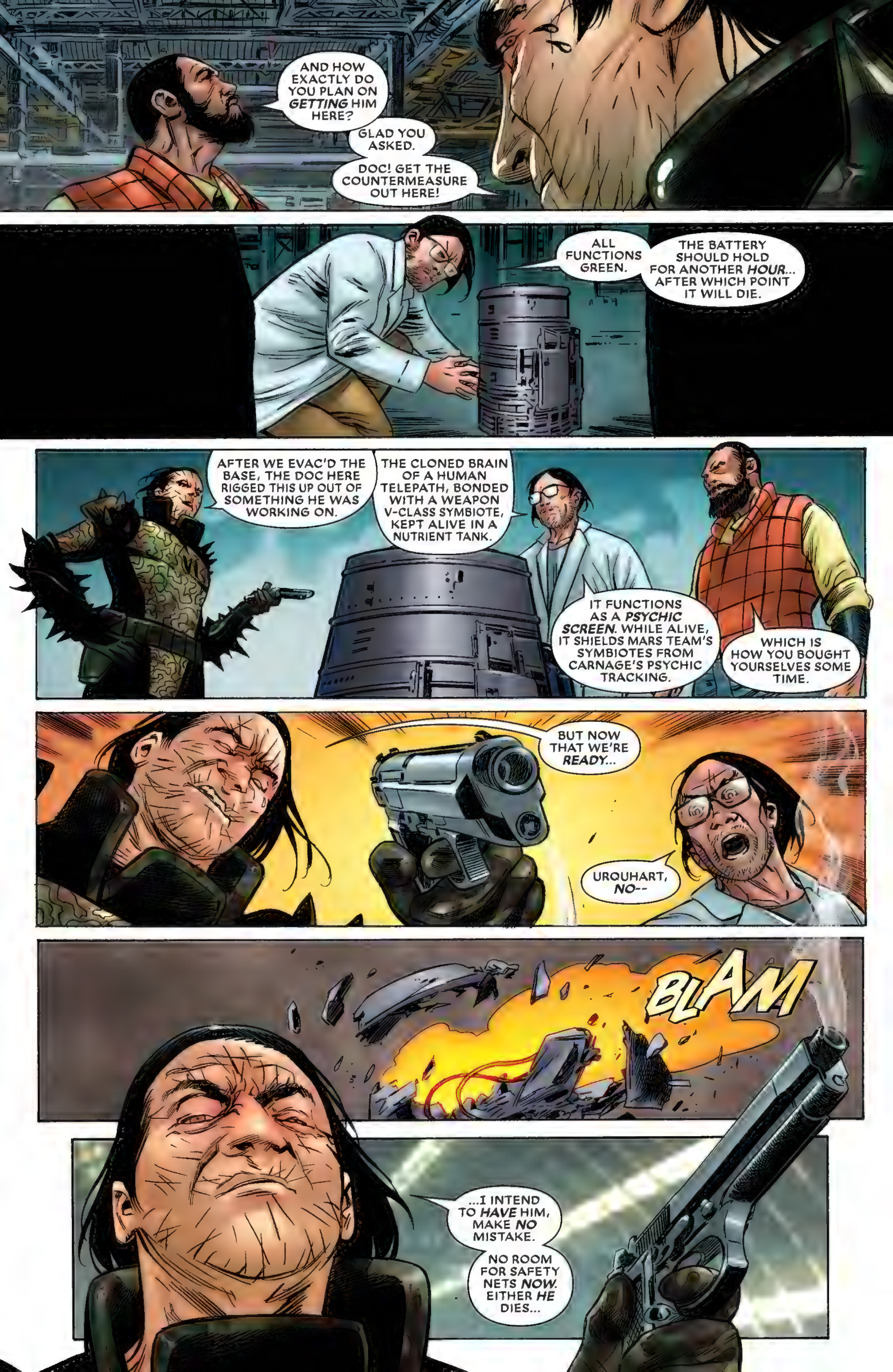

"BEFORE WEAPON PLUS, THERE WAS PROJECT: REBIRTH.
"WEAPON I. CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE ***SUPER-SOLDIER.***
"THE LOSS OF WEAPON I WAS THE ***SHOT*** OF A ***STARTER PISTOL.***
"***BILLIONS*** OF DOLLARS SLICED OUT FROM BLACK BUDGETS AND INTO ***HUMAN ENHANCILE PROGRAMS,*** ALL WITH ONE DIRECTIVE:
"DELIVER A SUPER-SOLDIER TO MATCH WEAPON I.
"***WEAPON PLUS*** WAS BORN.
CAPTAIN AMERICA: MIA
"THE ***COLD WAR*** ONLY SERVED TO DRIVE THE DISPARATE PROGRAMS THAT MADE UP WEAPON PLUS EVEN HARDER.
"WHERE PROJECT: REBIRTH WAS CREATED IN OPPOSITION TO THE AXIS, WEAPON PLUS DEFINED ITSELF BY ITS OPPOSITION TO THE SOVIET UNION AND THEIR OWN DEPARTMENT X.
"THAT ALL ***CHANGED*** IN 1965.
"THAT WAS WHEN WEAPON PLUS FOUND THEY HAD A ***NEW ENEMY*** TO OPPOSE.
"DESIGNATE: ***GRENDEL.***
"A DRAGON OF LIQUID HATRED, FROZEN IN ICE.
"***EXTRATERRESTRIAL*** IN ORIGIN.

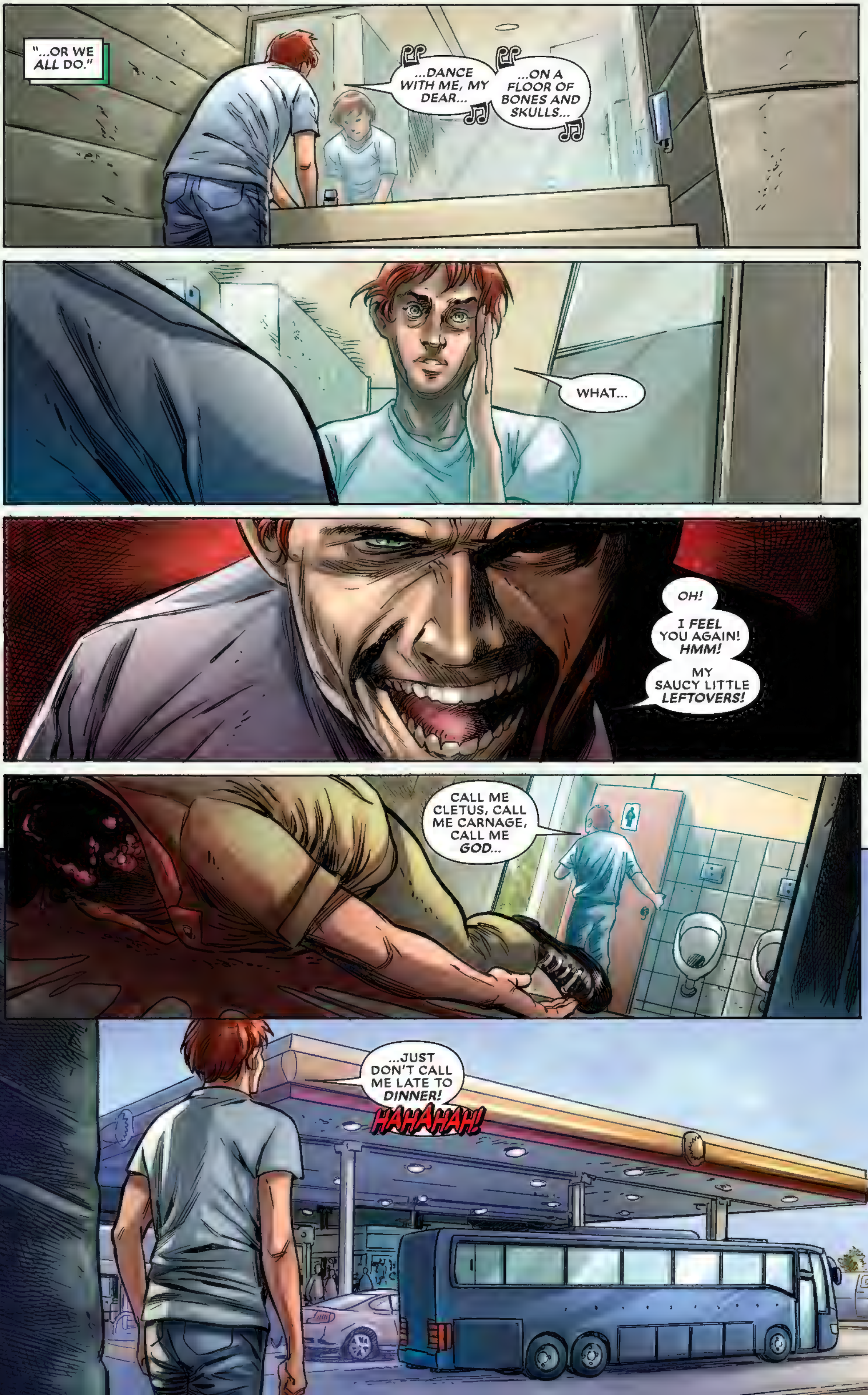

"CAN YOU *IMAGINE* IT? THE *TERROR* OF IT?
"THE HORRIFYING KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR ENEMY WAS NOT *MAN*, BUT THE *DARK VASTNESS OF SPACE ITSELF?* AN EXISTENTIAL ENEMY THAT WAS UNKNOWABLE, IMPOSSIBLE TO ANTICIPATE?
"WEAPON PLUS WAS DRIVEN *INSANE* BY THIS REVELATION.
"IT FRACTURED, METASTASIZED LIKE CANCER, SHOT THROUGH WITH SHRIEKING TENDRILS OF PARANOIA.
"THEY REDOUBLED THEIR EFFORTS TO BOOTSTRAP LIVING CREATURES INTO VIABLE COMBAT ENHANCILES.
"*1966*. S.H.I.E.L.D. BEGINS ITS SYM-SOLDIER PROGRAM.
"WOUNDED SOLDIERS WERE BONDED TO SAMPLES OF THE GRENDEL ENTITY AND TESTED DURING THE VIETNAM CONFLICT.
"IT WAS A *SPECTACULAR* FAILURE.
"THE SYM-SOLDIER PROJECT WAS SHUTTERED, AND WEAPON PLUS APPROPRIATED WHAT *PERSONNEL* AND *SAMPLES* IT COULD.
"*WEAPON V* WAS BORN.
"OVER THE YEARS, S.H.I.E.L.D. AND THE U.S. GOVERNMENT DABBLED IN WEAPONIZING ALIEN SYMBIOTES, MOST COMMONLY THE DESIGNATE: VENOM ENTITY AND ITS OFFSPRING.
USM
"WEAPON V DEVELOPED IN *PARALLEL* FROM THE SHADOWS, LEARNING, GLEANING DATA AND TECHNOLOGY."

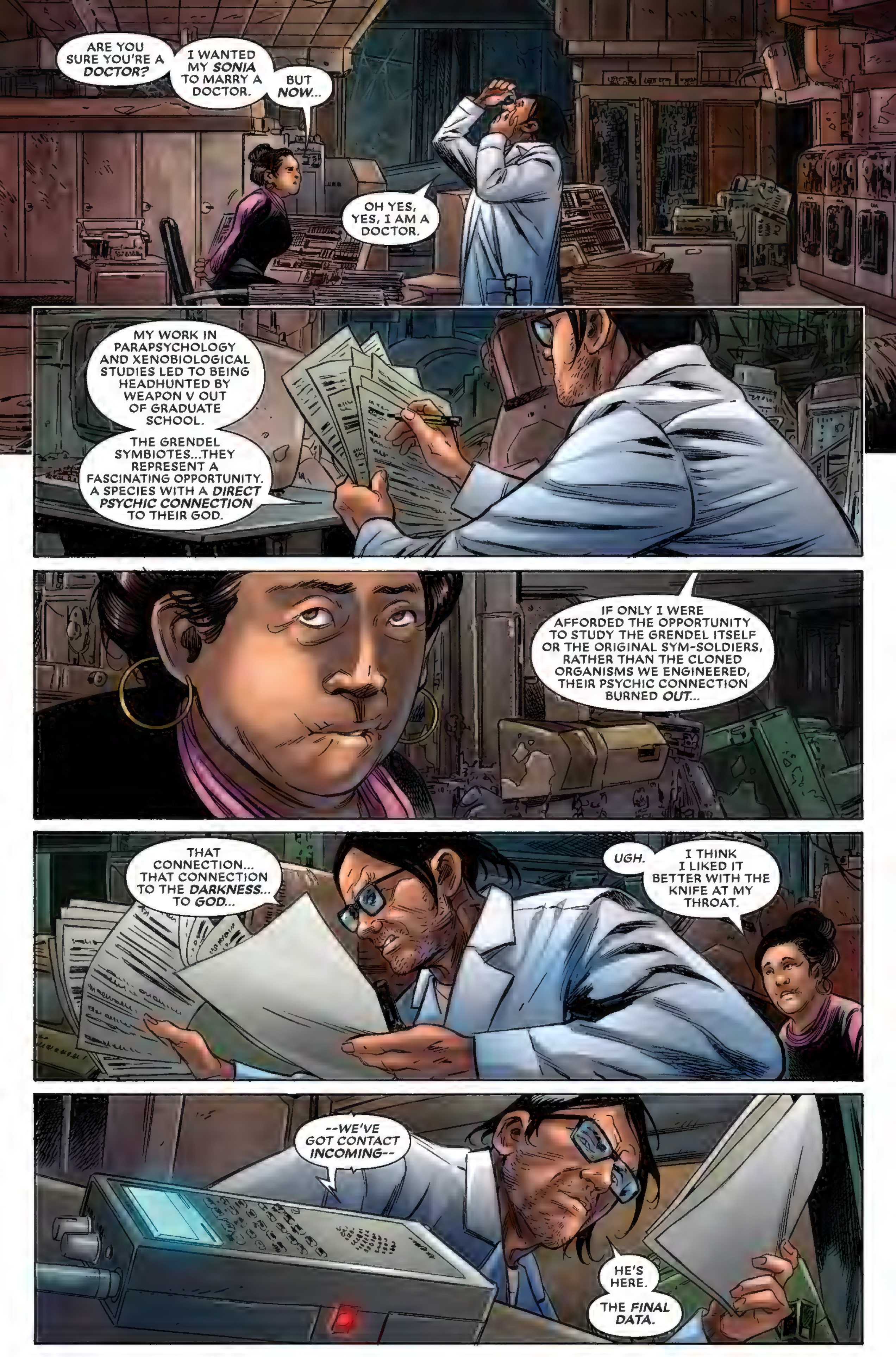

CUT TO THE *CHASE*. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?
I GET IT. YOU'RE ALL BADASSES.
THE SYM-SOLDIER PROTOTYPES FELL TO MENTAL INSTABILITY.
CURRENT-ITERATION WEAPON V-ENGINEERED SYMBIOTE ORGANISMS ARE CLONED FROM THE GRENDEL BUT MADE PSYCHICALLY STABLE BY VIRAL SURGERY.
EXCUSE ME.
I AM UNWELL.
*AHEM.* THE REASON FOR THE INSTABILITY OF THE SYM-SOLDIER PROTOTYPES IS NOW UNDERSTOOD.
"SEVEN WEEKS AGO. THE GRENDEL ENTITY AWAKENS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MODERN HISTORY AND ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY.
"AS THE SYM-SOLDIER ORGANISMS WERE PART OF THE LARGER GRENDEL ENTITY..."
...THE GRENDEL IS ITSELF PART OF A LARGER WHOLE. A PSYCHICALLY LINKED HIVE MIND BENT TO THE WILL OF AN ALIEN INTELLIGENCE OF IMMEASURABLE POWER.
THE *THREAT* FROM *SPACE* IS *REAL. SOMETHING* IS *COMING.*
*"GOD IS COMING."*
AND ITS CURRENT AVATAR IS THE HUMAN/ALIEN SYMBIOTE DESIGNATE: *CARNAGE.*
I THOUGHT HE WAS *DEAD.*
HE WAS.

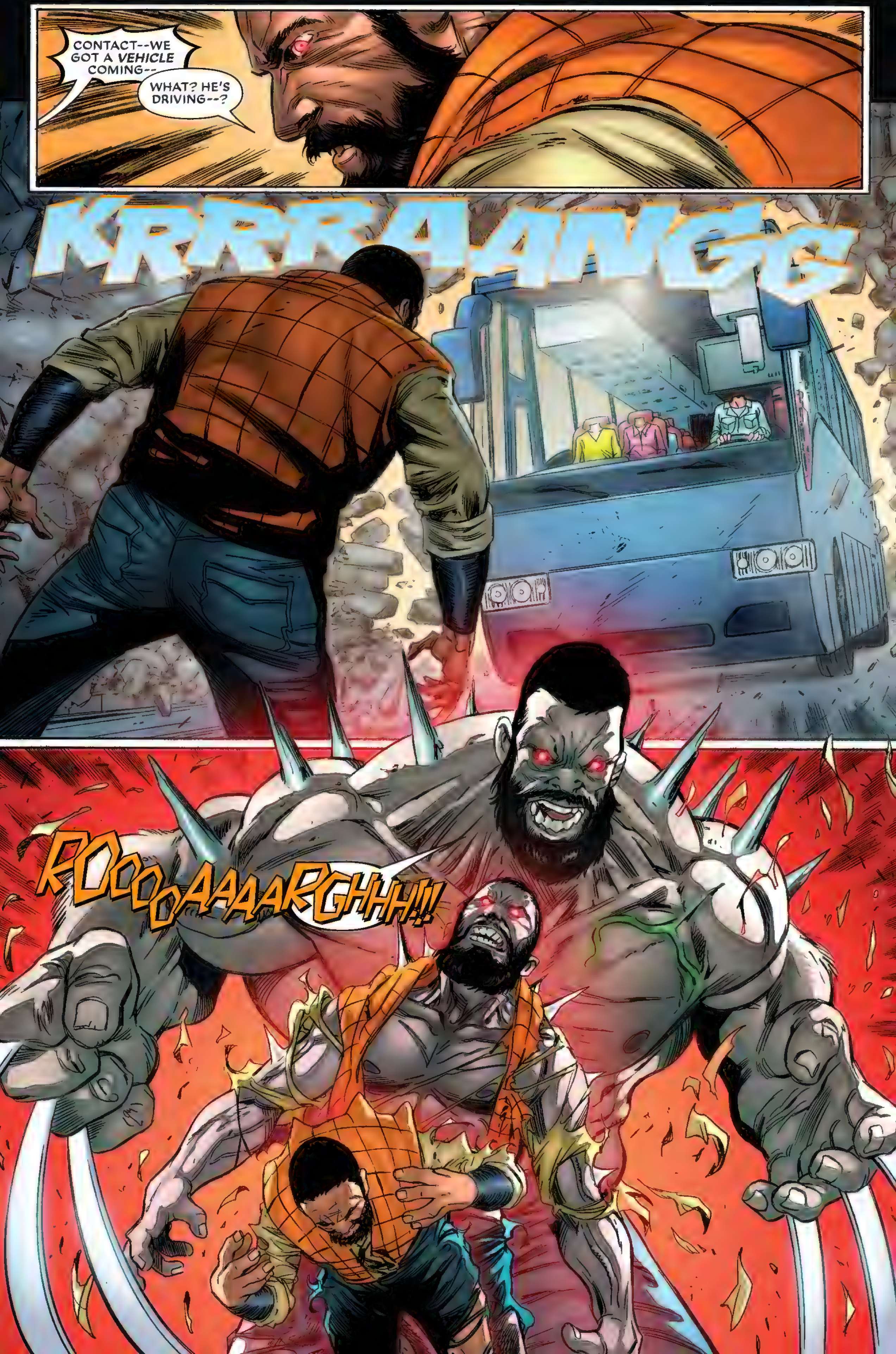

"TWO DAYS AGO, DESIGNATE: CARNAGE *ATTACKED* WEAPON V HEADQUARTERS. MOST WEAPON V PERSONNEL DIED IN THE ATTACK.
"DATA ANALYSIS INDICATES THAT CARNAGE IS ABLE TO *PSYCHICALLY TRACK* GRENDEL-DERIVED SYMBIOTE ORGANISMS AND IS PREYING UPON THEM FOR UNKNOWN REASONS."
SO YOU ALL ARE ON THE RUN, AND YOU WANT TO MAKE CARNAGE *MY* PROBLEM.
IF HE'S JUST SOME FREAK, HOW DID HE TAG OUR WHOLE OPERATION?
UNKNOWN. CARNAGE APPEARS TO HAVE MADE PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH THE ALIEN GODHEAD, INCREASING HIS KILL CAPACITY COMMENSURATELY.
HE HAS BECOME THE *RED MESSIAH*, A DEMIGOD--
BREEN! *BELAY* THAT TALK!
THE DOC HAS SOME... *UNORTHODOX* THEORIES.
ANYWAYS.
WE'RE *HERE*.

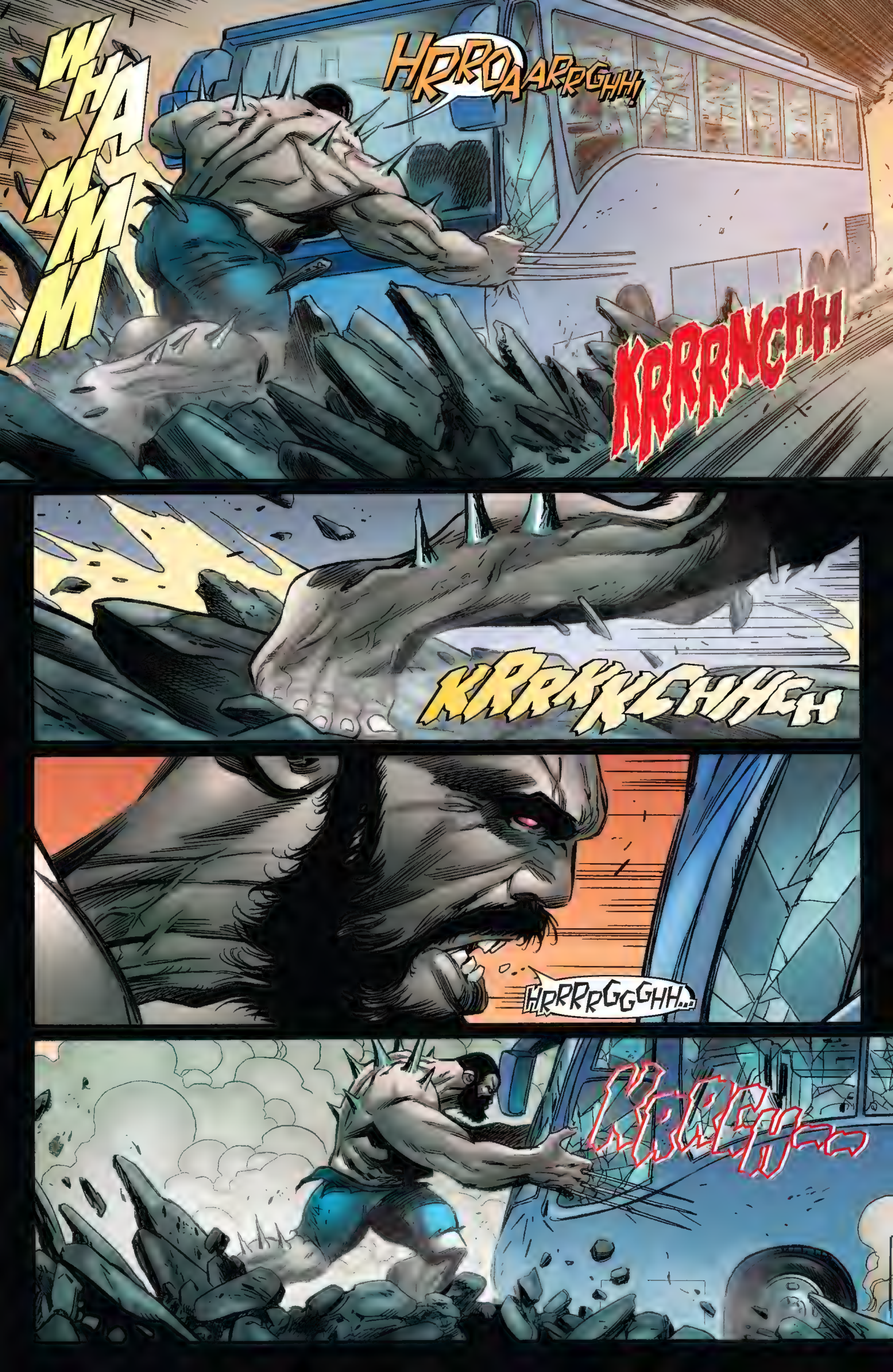

YOU KNOW THE DRILL, BOYS.
*KILL BOX.*
ENCLOSED SPACE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SYM-SUITS' MOBILITY.
OPEN SPACE TO CONCENTRATE FIRE ON THAT RED SUMBITCH WHEN WE GET HIM HERE.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL HAVE MORE LUCK THAN YOU DID A COUPLE DAYS AGO?
"ONE: THIS TIME WE *KNOW* WHAT TO *EXPECT* AND ARE PREPARED.
"*SONIC* WEAPONS. *BURNERS.* THE SYMBIOTES DON'T LIKE FIRE AND SOUND."
TWO: AND THIS IS A SECRET, SO DON'T TELL NO ONE...
*WE GOT US A HULK.*
WE GET CARNAGE ONTO THE KILLING FLOOR, HIT HIM WITH SONICS AND FIRE. SOFTEN HIM UP.
THEN *YOU* DO WHAT YOU *DO,* CLAYTON.
AFTER *THAT,* WE GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS. HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

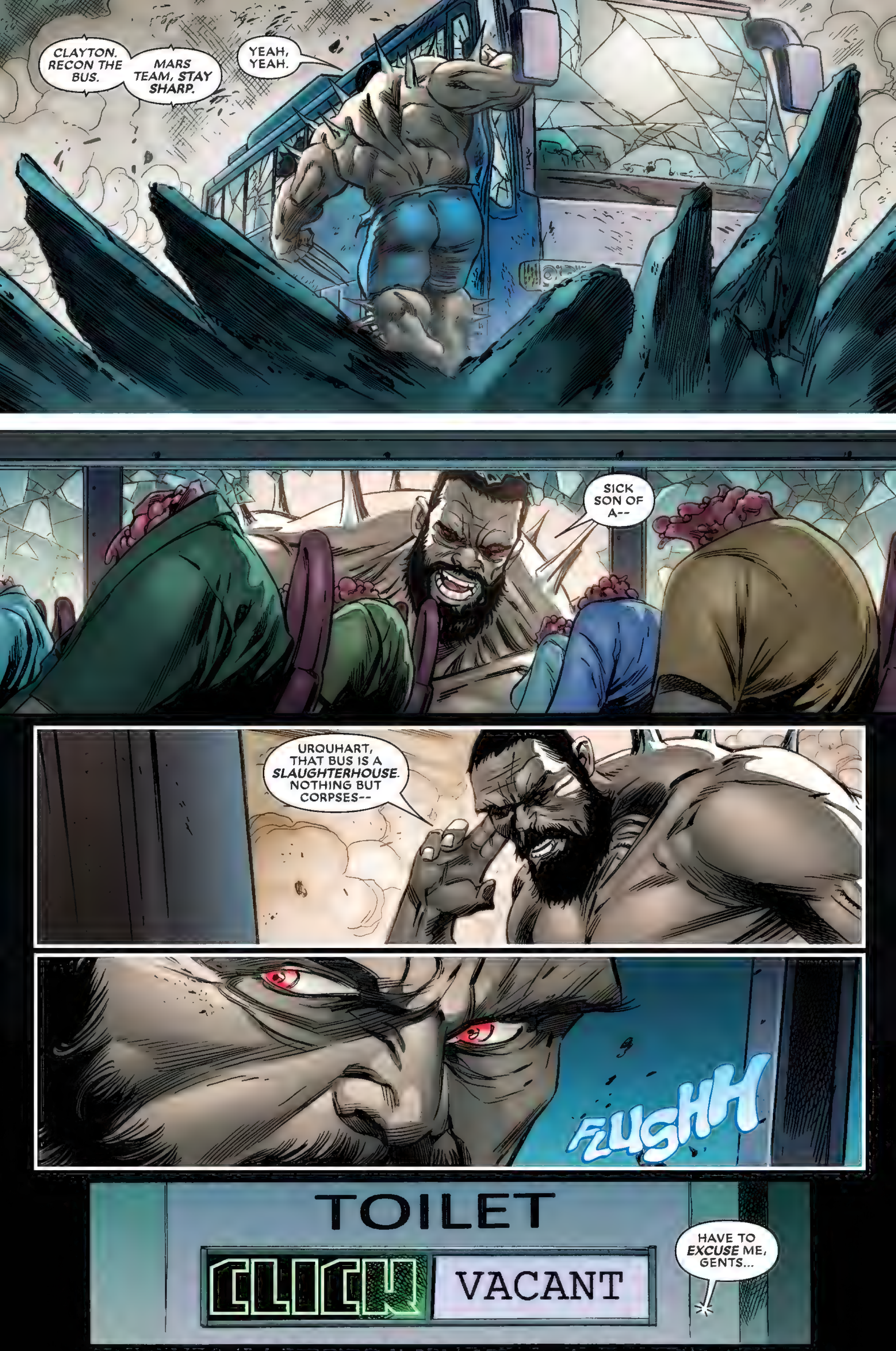

AND HOW EXACTLY DO YOU PLAN ON *GETTING* HIM HERE?
GLAD YOU ASKED.
DOC! GET THE COUNTERMEASURE OUT HERE!
ALL FUNCTIONS GREEN.
THE BATTERY SHOULD HOLD FOR ANOTHER *HOUR*... AFTER WHICH POINT IT WILL DIE.
AFTER WE EVAC'D THE BASE, THE DOC HERE RIGGED THIS UP OUT OF SOMETHING HE WAS WORKING ON.
THE CLONED BRAIN OF A HUMAN TELEPATH, BONDED WITH A WEAPON V-CLASS SYMBIOTE, KEPT ALIVE IN A NUTRIENT TANK.
IT FUNCTIONS AS A *PSYCHIC SCREEN*. WHILE ALIVE, IT SHIELDS MARS TEAM'S SYMBIOTES FROM CARNAGE'S PSYCHIC TRACKING.
WHICH IS HOW YOU BOUGHT YOURSELVES SOME TIME.
BUT NOW THAT WE'RE *READY*...
URQUHART, *NO*--
BLAM
...I INTEND TO *HAVE* HIM, MAKE *NO* MISTAKE.
NO ROOM FOR SAFETY NETS *NOW*. EITHER *HE* DIES...

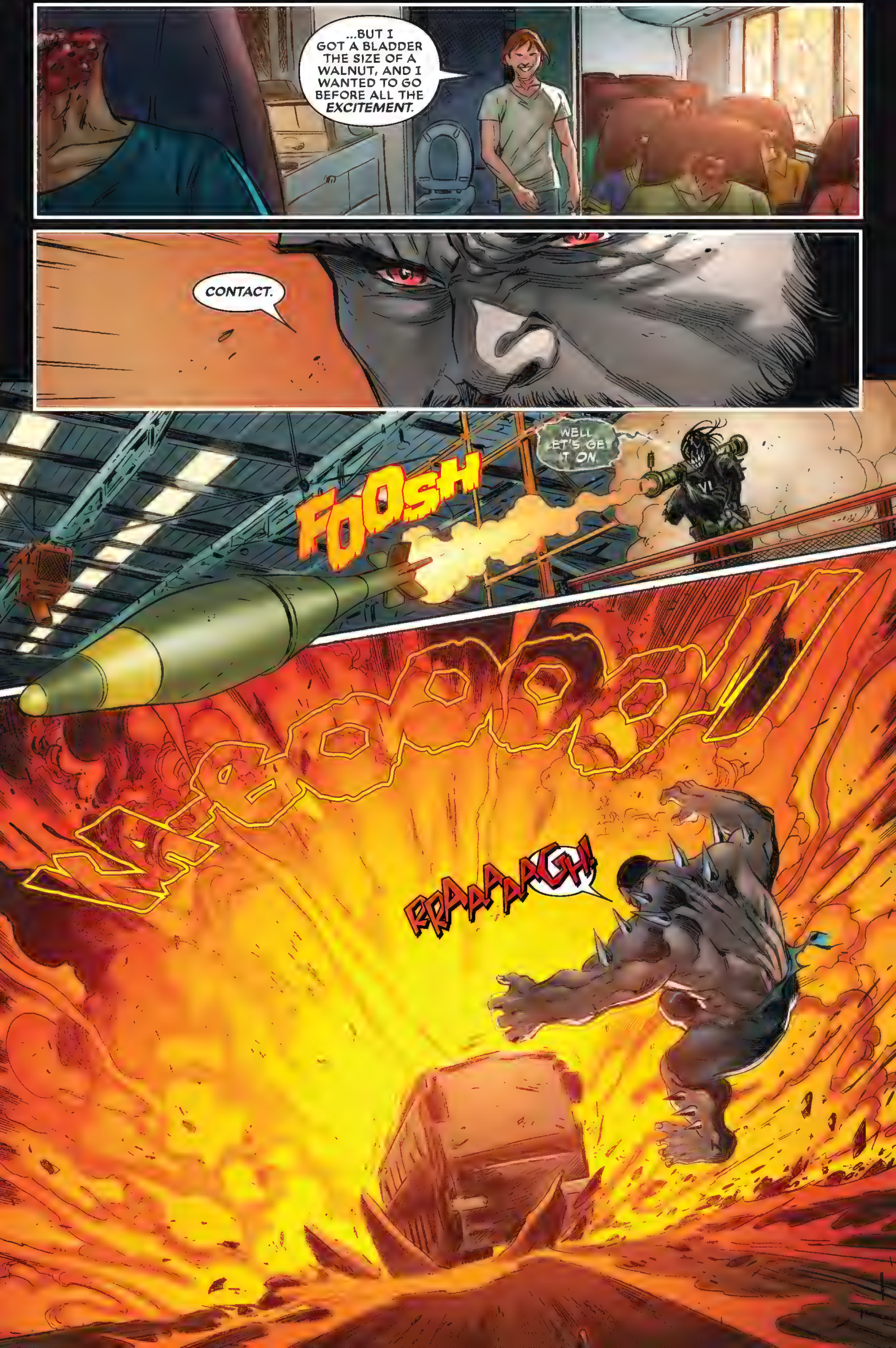

"...OR WE *ALL* DO."
...DANCE WITH ME, MY DEAR...
...ON A FLOOR OF BONES AND SKULLS...
WHAT...
OH!
I *FEEL* YOU AGAIN! *HMM!*
MY SAUCY LITTLE *LEFTOVERS!*
CALL ME CLETUS, CALL ME CARNAGE, CALL ME *GOD*...
...JUST DON'T CALL ME LATE TO *DINNER!*
HAHAHAH!

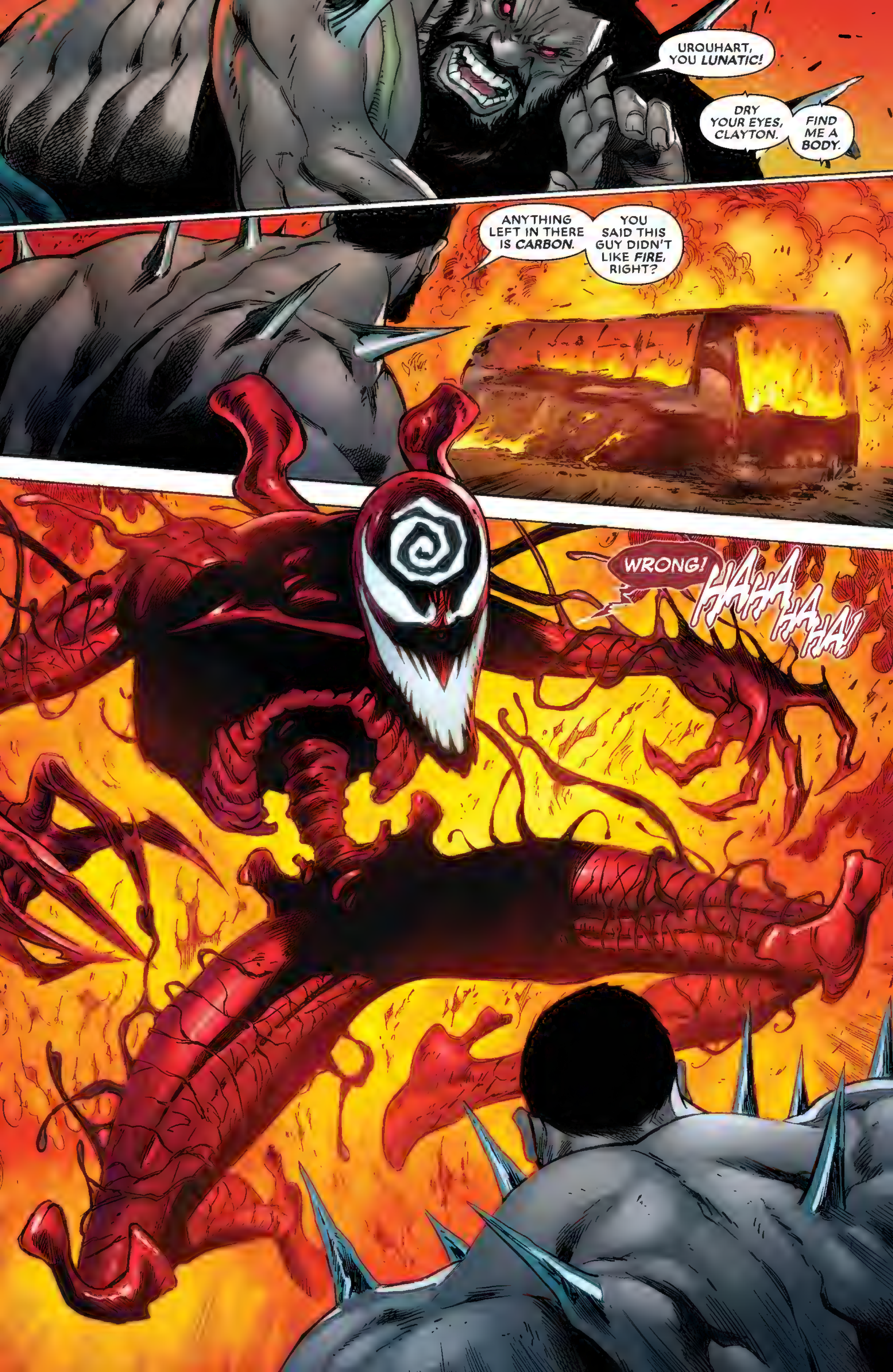

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE A *DOCTOR?*
I WANTED MY *SONIA* TO MARRY A DOCTOR.
BUT *NOW...*
OH YES, YES, I AM A DOCTOR.
MY WORK IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND XENOBIOLOGICAL STUDIES LED TO BEING HEADHUNTED BY WEAPON V OUT OF GRADUATE SCHOOL.
THE GRENDEL SYMBIOTES...THEY REPRESENT A FASCINATING OPPORTUNITY. A SPECIES WITH A *DIRECT PSYCHIC CONNECTION* TO THEIR GOD.
IF ONLY I WERE AFFORDED THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE GRENDEL ITSELF OR THE ORIGINAL SYM-SOLDIERS, RATHER THAN THE CLONED ORGANISMS WE ENGINEERED, THEIR PSYCHIC CONNECTION BURNED *OUT...*
THAT CONNECTION... THAT CONNECTION TO THE *DARKNESS...* TO *GOD...*
*UGH.*
I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER WITH THE KNIFE AT MY THROAT.
*--WE'VE GOT CONTACT INCOMING--*
HE'S HERE.
THE *FINAL DATA.*

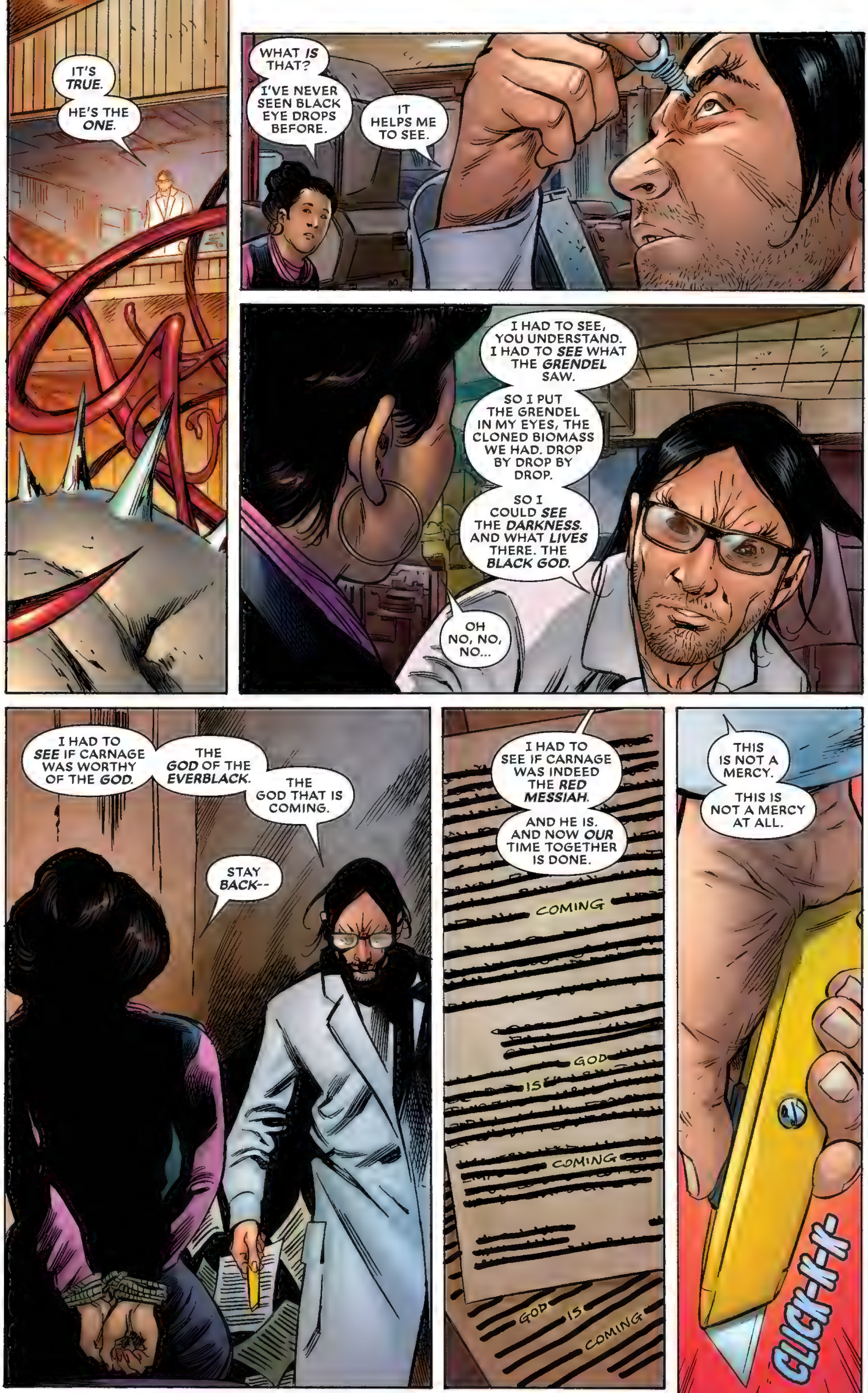

CONTACT--WE GOT A *VEHICLE* COMING--
WHAT? HE'S DRIVING--?
KRRRAANGG
ROOOOAAAARGHHH!!!

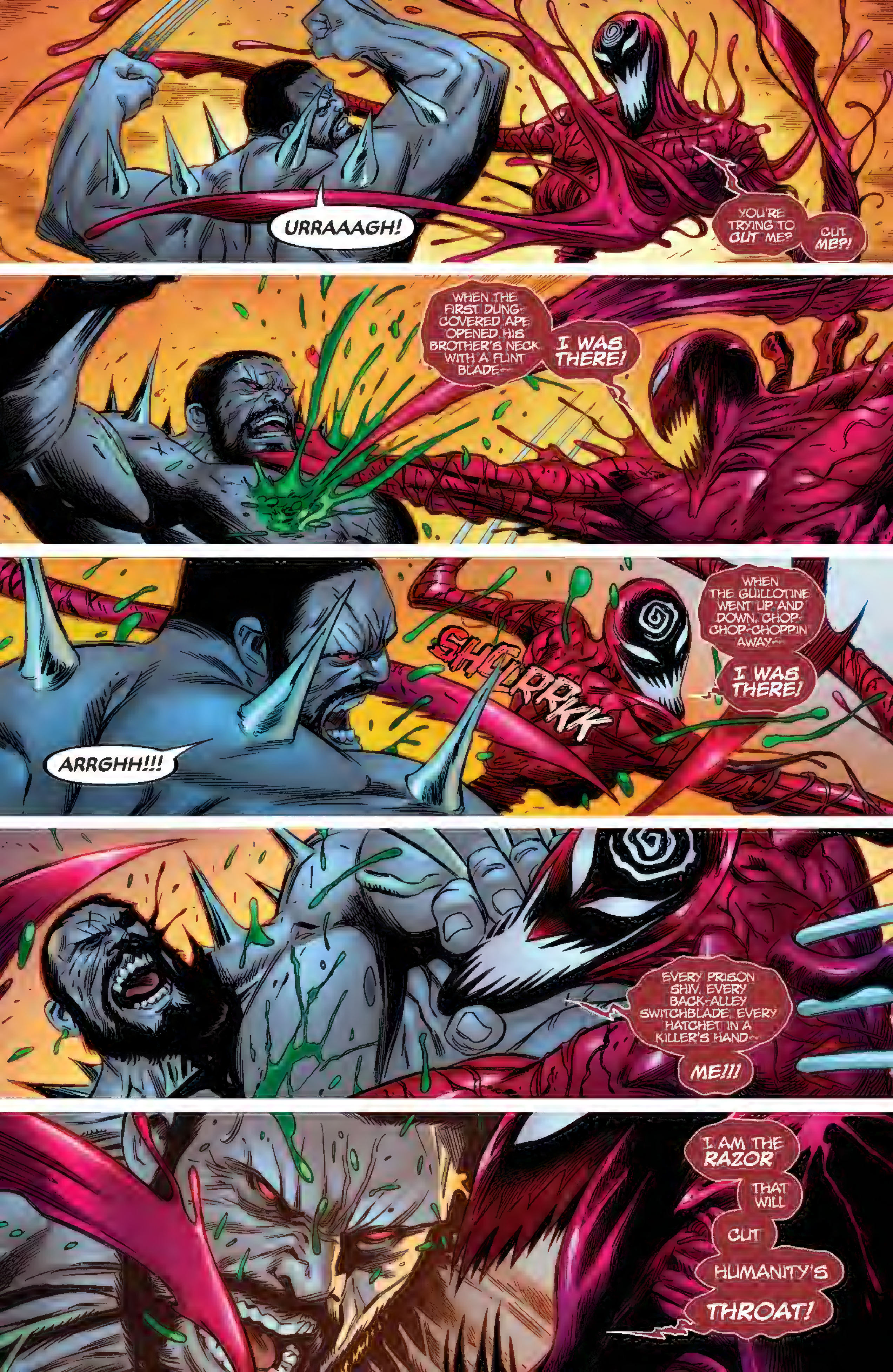

WHAMMM
HRROAARRRGHH!
KRRRNCHH
KRRRKKCHHCH
HRRRRGGGHH...
KRRCH...

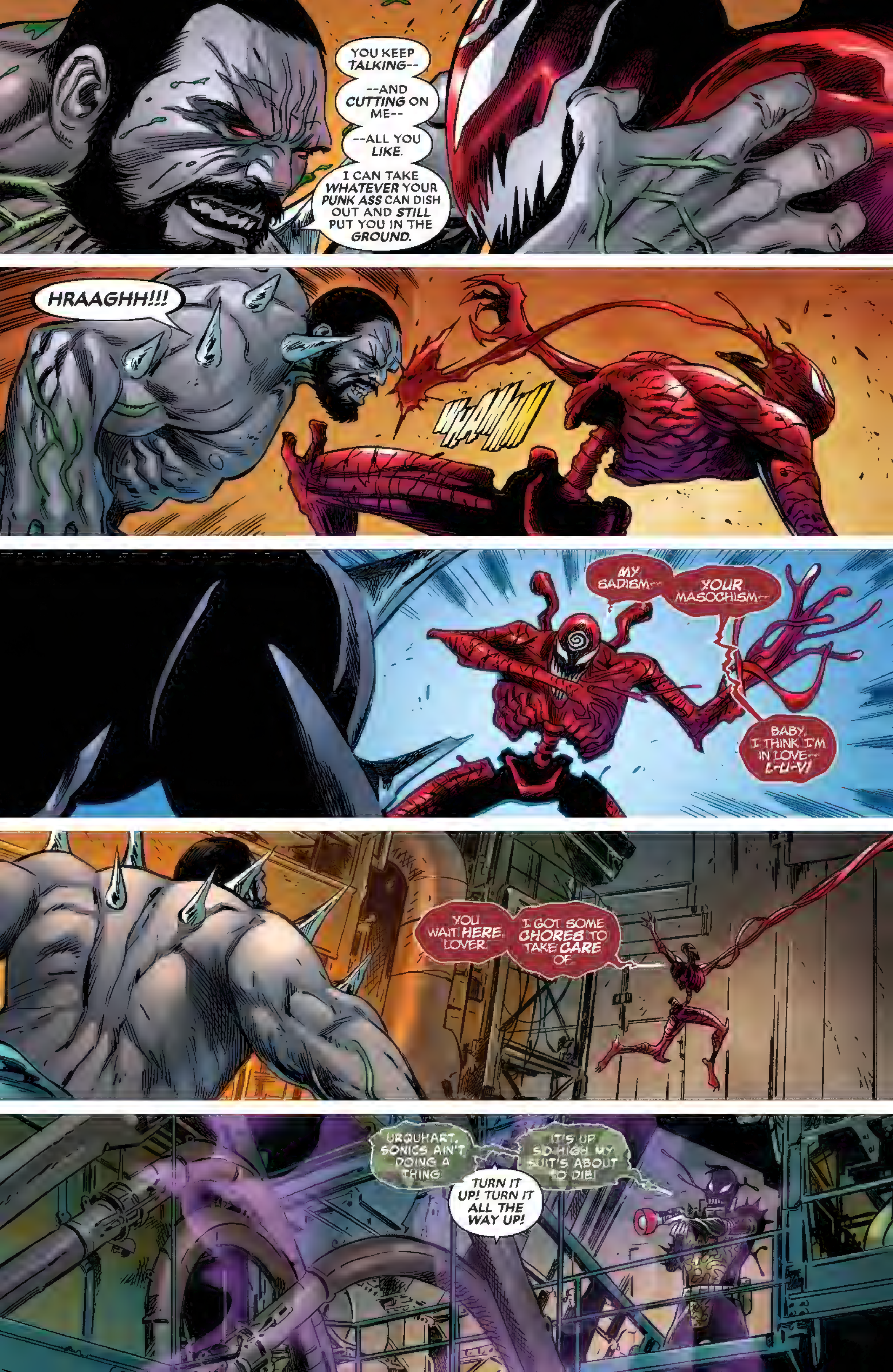

CLAYTON. RECON THE BUS.
MARS TEAM, STAY SHARP.
YEAH, YEAH.
SICK SON OF A--
URQUHART, THAT BUS IS A *SLAUGHTERHOUSE.* NOTHING BUT CORPSES--
FLUSHH
TOILET
CLICK
VACANT
HAVE TO *EXCUSE* ME, GENTS...

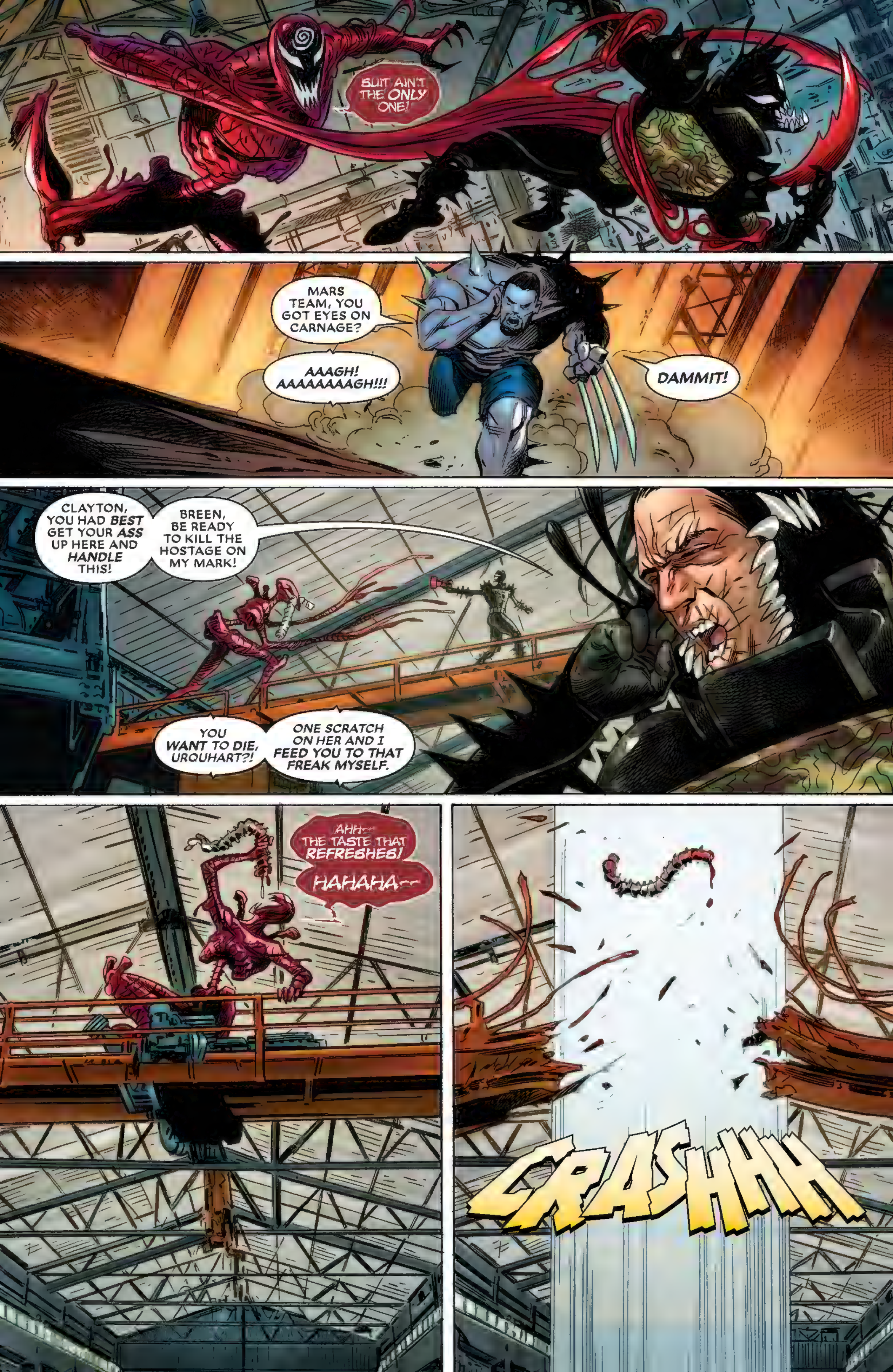

...BUT I GOT A BLADDER THE SIZE OF A WALNUT, AND I WANTED TO GO BEFORE ALL THE *EXCITEMENT*.
CONTACT.
FOOSH
WELL LET'S GET IT ON.
KA-BOOOOM!
RRAAAAAGH!

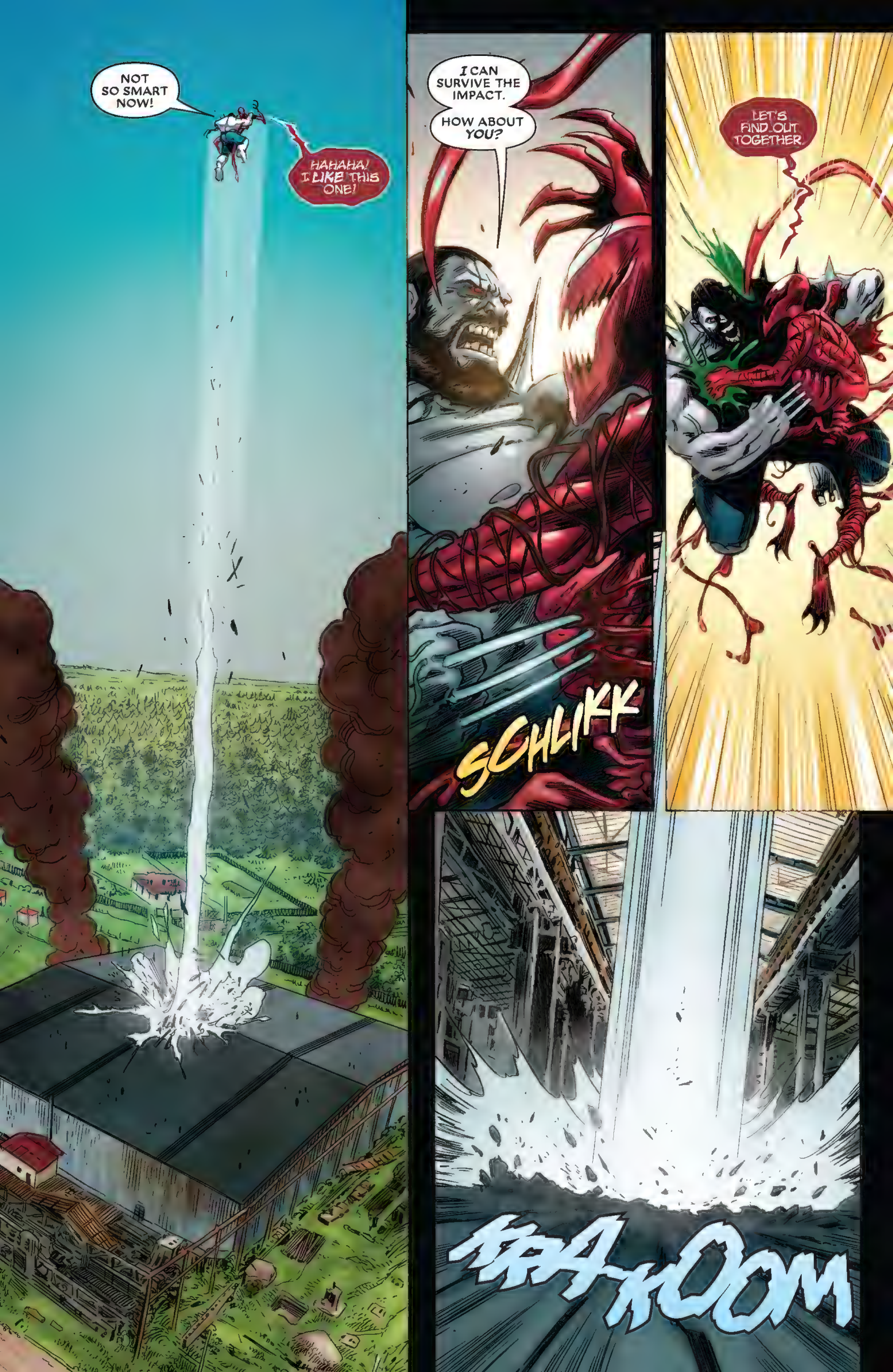

URQUHART, YOU *LUNATIC!*
DRY YOUR EYES, CLAYTON.
FIND ME A *BODY.*
ANYTHING LEFT IN THERE IS *CARBON.*
YOU SAID THIS GUY DIDN'T LIKE *FIRE,* RIGHT?
WRONG!
HAHAHA HAHA!

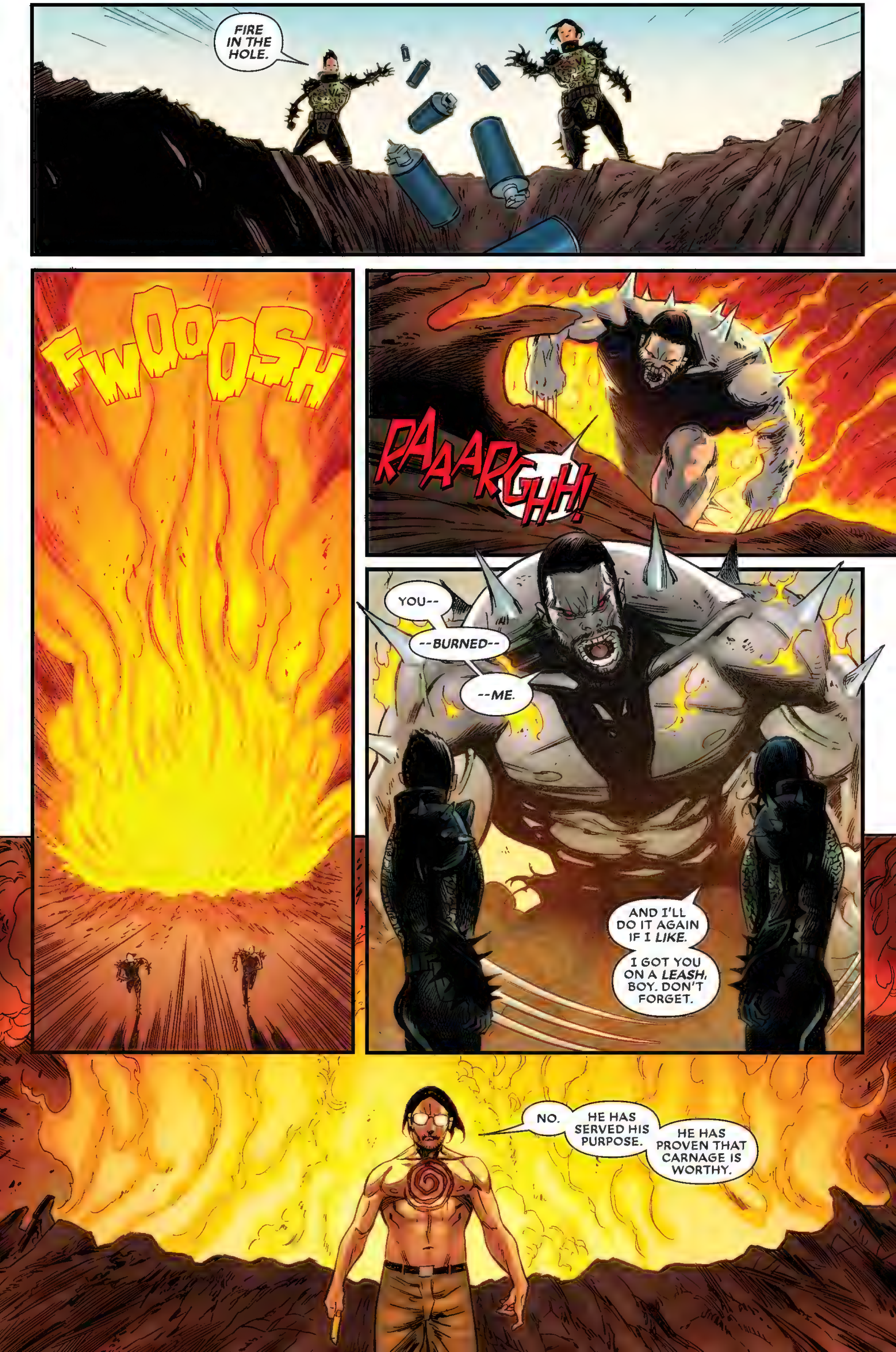

IT'S *TRUE*.
HE'S THE *ONE*.
WHAT *IS* THAT?
I'VE NEVER SEEN BLACK EYE DROPS BEFORE.
IT HELPS ME TO SEE.
I HAD TO SEE, YOU UNDERSTAND. I HAD TO *SEE* WHAT THE *GRENDEL* SAW.
SO I PUT THE GRENDEL IN MY EYES, THE CLONED BIOMASS WE HAD. DROP BY DROP BY DROP.
SO I COULD *SEE* THE *DARKNESS*. AND WHAT *LIVES* THERE. THE *BLACK GOD*.
OH NO, NO, NO...
I HAD TO *SEE* IF CARNAGE WAS WORTHY OF THE *GOD*.
THE *GOD* OF THE *EVERBLACK*.
THE GOD THAT IS COMING.
STAY *BACK*--
I HAD TO SEE IF CARNAGE WAS INDEED THE *RED MESSIAH*.
AND HE IS. AND NOW *OUR* TIME TOGETHER IS DONE.
COMING
GOD
IS
COMING
GOD IS COMING
THIS IS NOT A MERCY.
THIS IS NOT A MERCY AT ALL.
CLICK-K-K

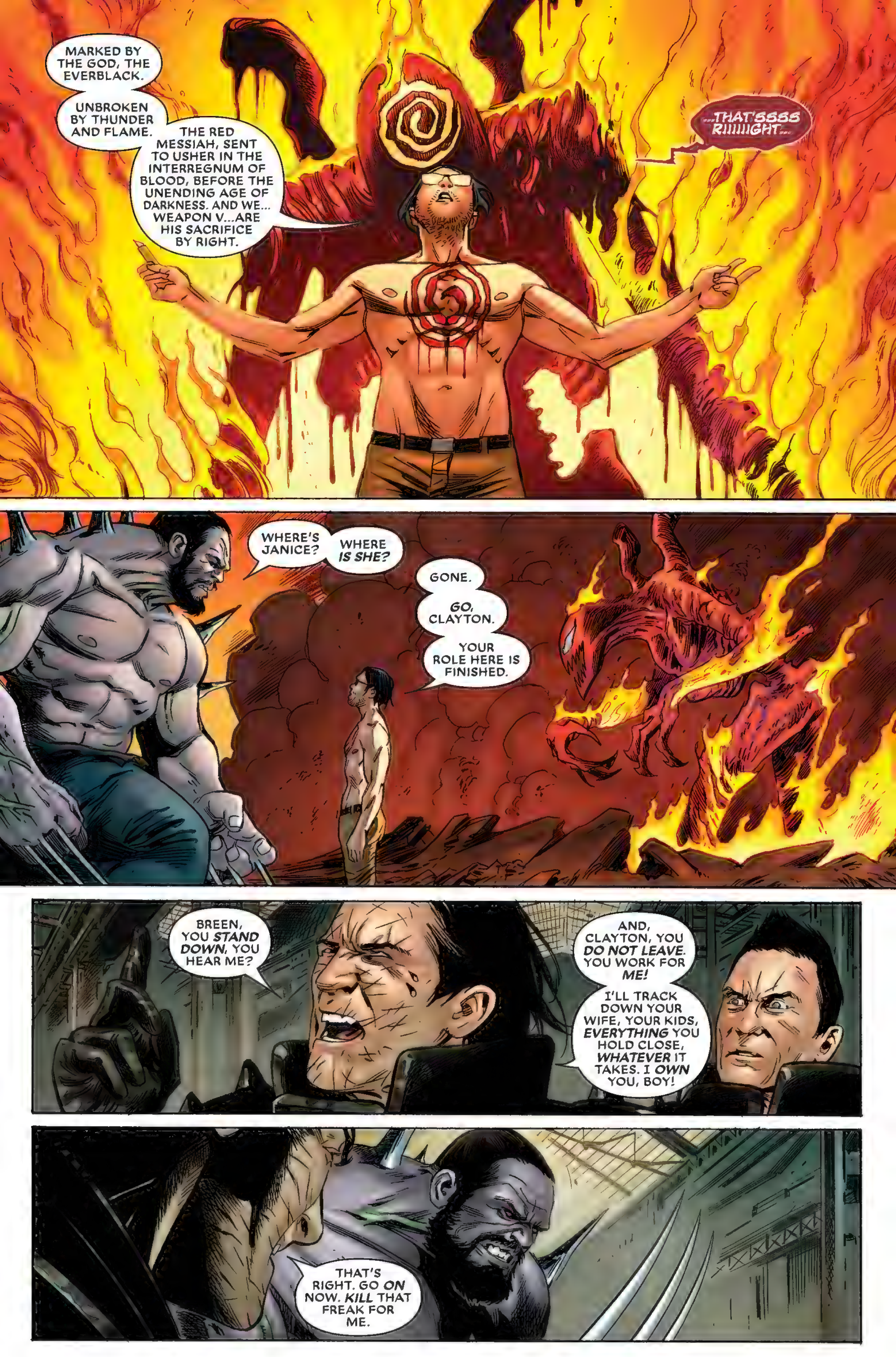

URRAAAGH!
YOU'RE TRYING TO CUT ME?
CUT ME?!
WHEN THE FIRST DUNG-COVERED APE OPENED HIS BROTHER'S NECK WITH A FLINT BLADE--
I WAS THERE!
SHLRRKK
WHEN THE GUILLOTINE WENT UP AND DOWN, CHOP-CHOP-CHOPPIN AWAY--
I WAS THERE!
ARRGHH!!!
EVERY PRISON SHIV, EVERY BACK-ALLEY SWITCHBLADE, EVERY HATCHET IN A KILLER'S HAND--
ME!!!
I AM THE RAZOR
THAT WILL
CUT
HUMANITY'S
THROAT!

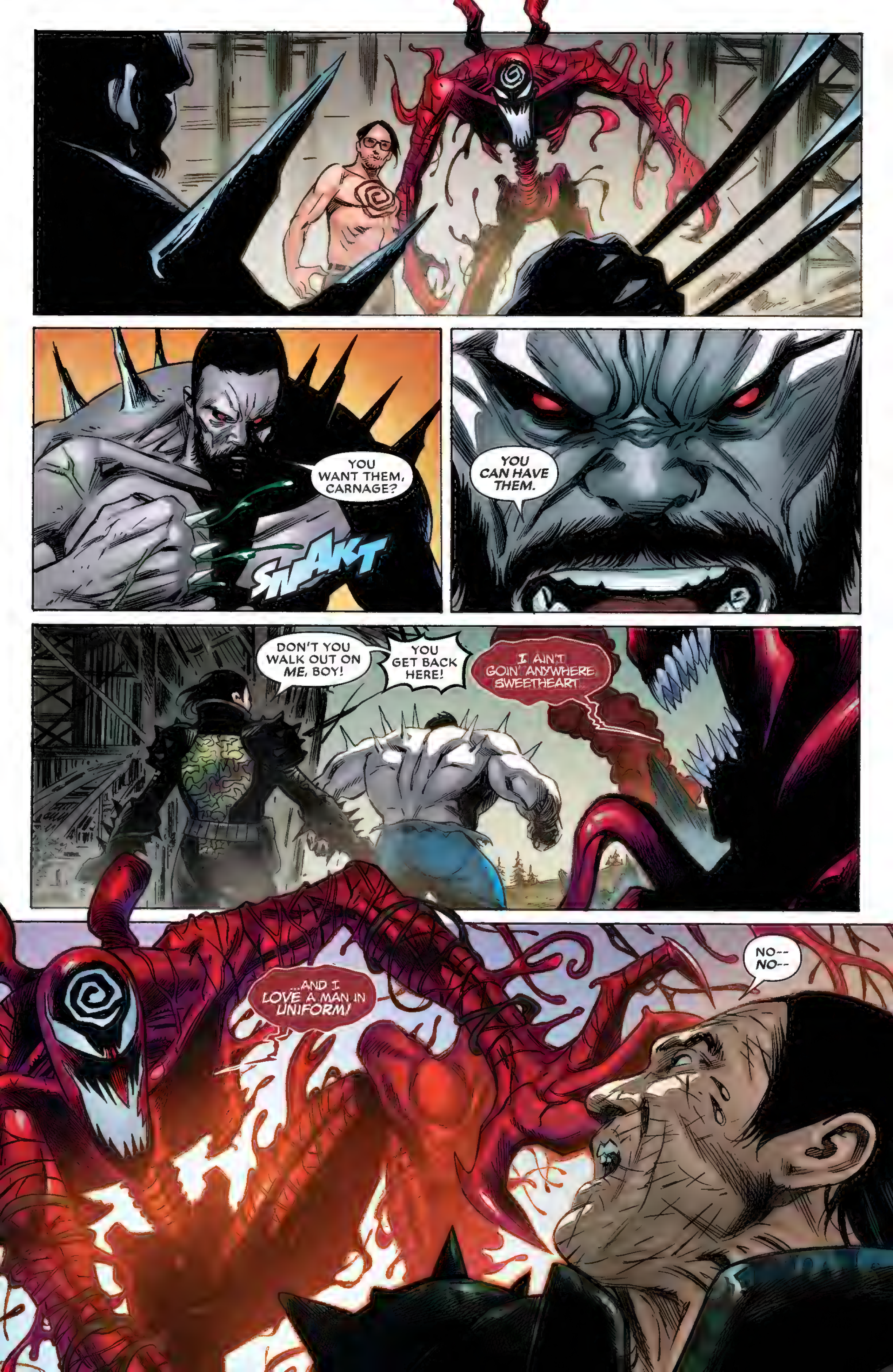

YOU KEEP TALKING--
--AND CUTTING ON ME--
--ALL YOU LIKE.
I CAN TAKE WHATEVER YOUR PUNK ASS CAN DISH OUT AND STILL PUT YOU IN THE GROUND.
HRAAGHH!!!
WHAMM
MY SADISM--
YOUR MASOCHISM--
BABY, I THINK I'M IN LOVE--L-U-V!
YOU WAIT HERE, LOVER.
I GOT SOME CHORES TO TAKE CARE OF.
URQUHART, SONICS AIN'T DOING A THING.
IT'S UP SO HIGH MY SUIT'S ABOUT TO DIE!
TURN IT UP! TURN IT ALL THE WAY UP!

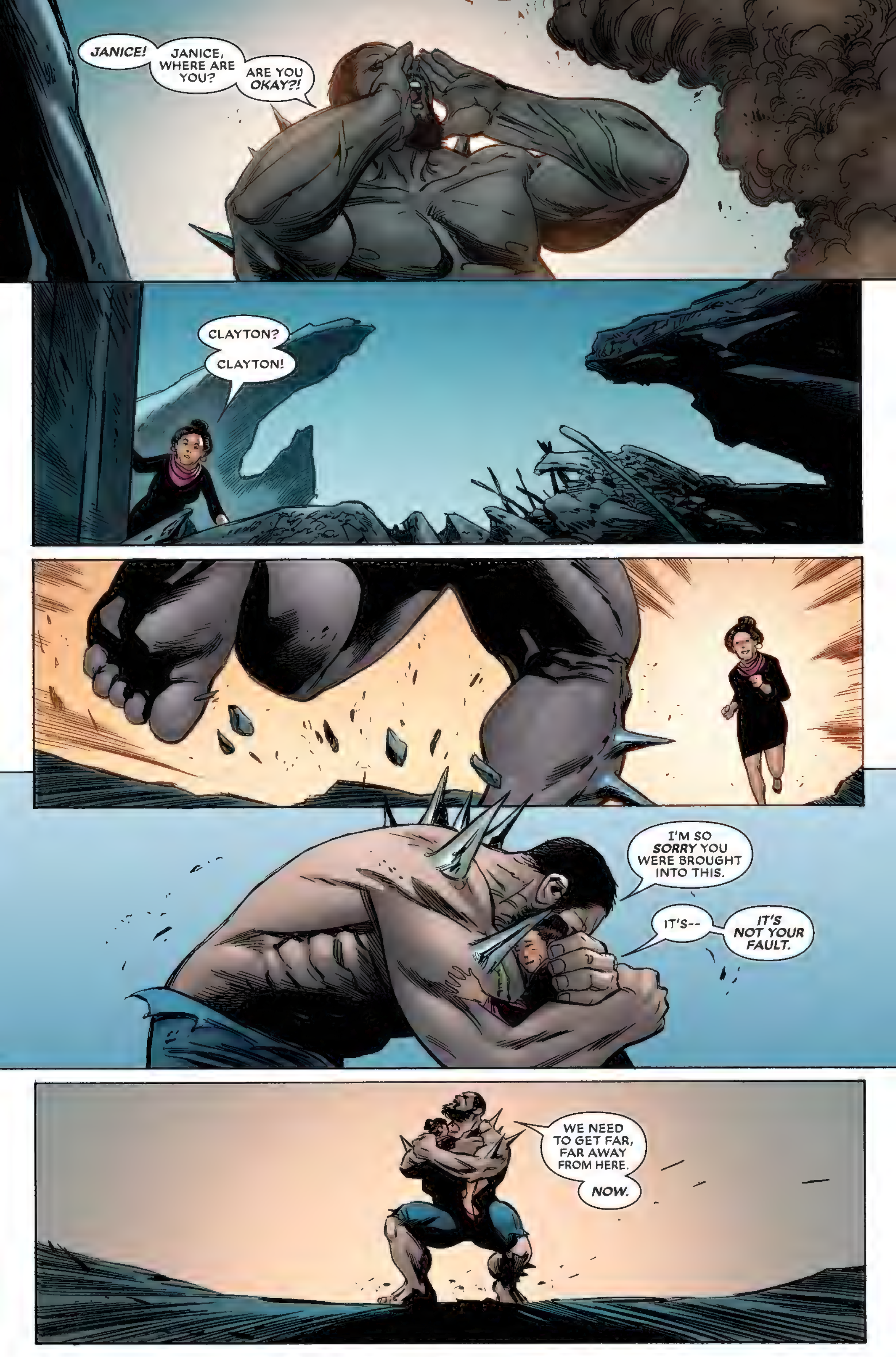

SUIT AIN'T THE **ONLY** ONE!
MARS TEAM, YOU GOT EYES ON CARNAGE?
AAAGH! AAAAAAAAGH!!!
DAMMIT!
CLAYTON, YOU HAD **BEST** GET YOUR **ASS** UP HERE AND **HANDLE** THIS!
BREEN, BE READY TO KILL THE HOSTAGE ON MY MARK!
YOU WANT TO **DIE**, URQUHART?!
ONE SCRATCH ON HER AND I FEED YOU TO THAT FREAK MYSELF.
AHH-- THE TASTE THAT **REFRESHES!**
HAHAHA--
CRASHHH

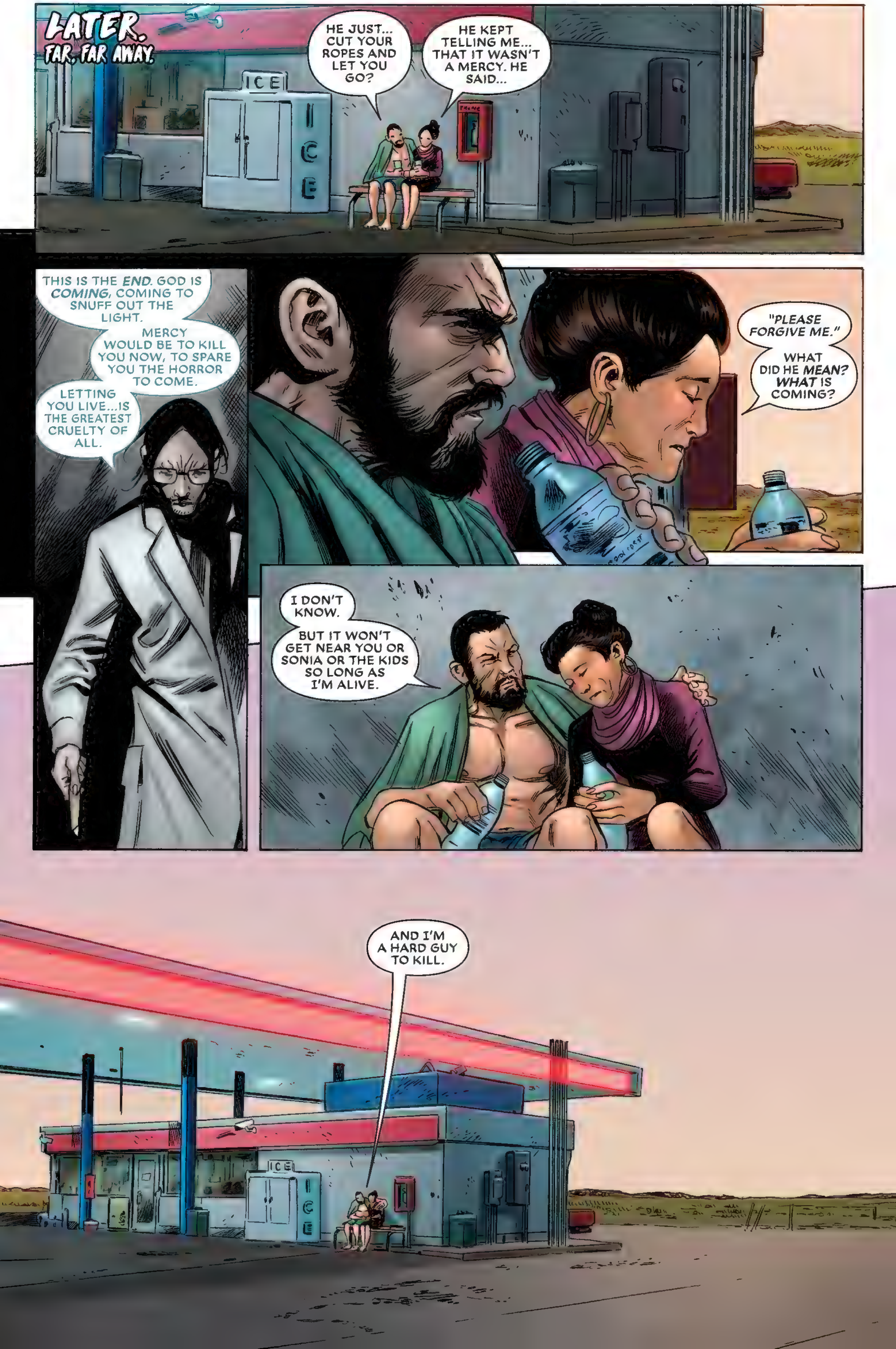

NOT SO SMART NOW!
HAHAHA! I LIKE THIS ONE!
I CAN SURVIVE THE IMPACT.
HOW ABOUT YOU?
SCHLIKK
LET'S FIND OUT TOGETHER.
KRAKOOM

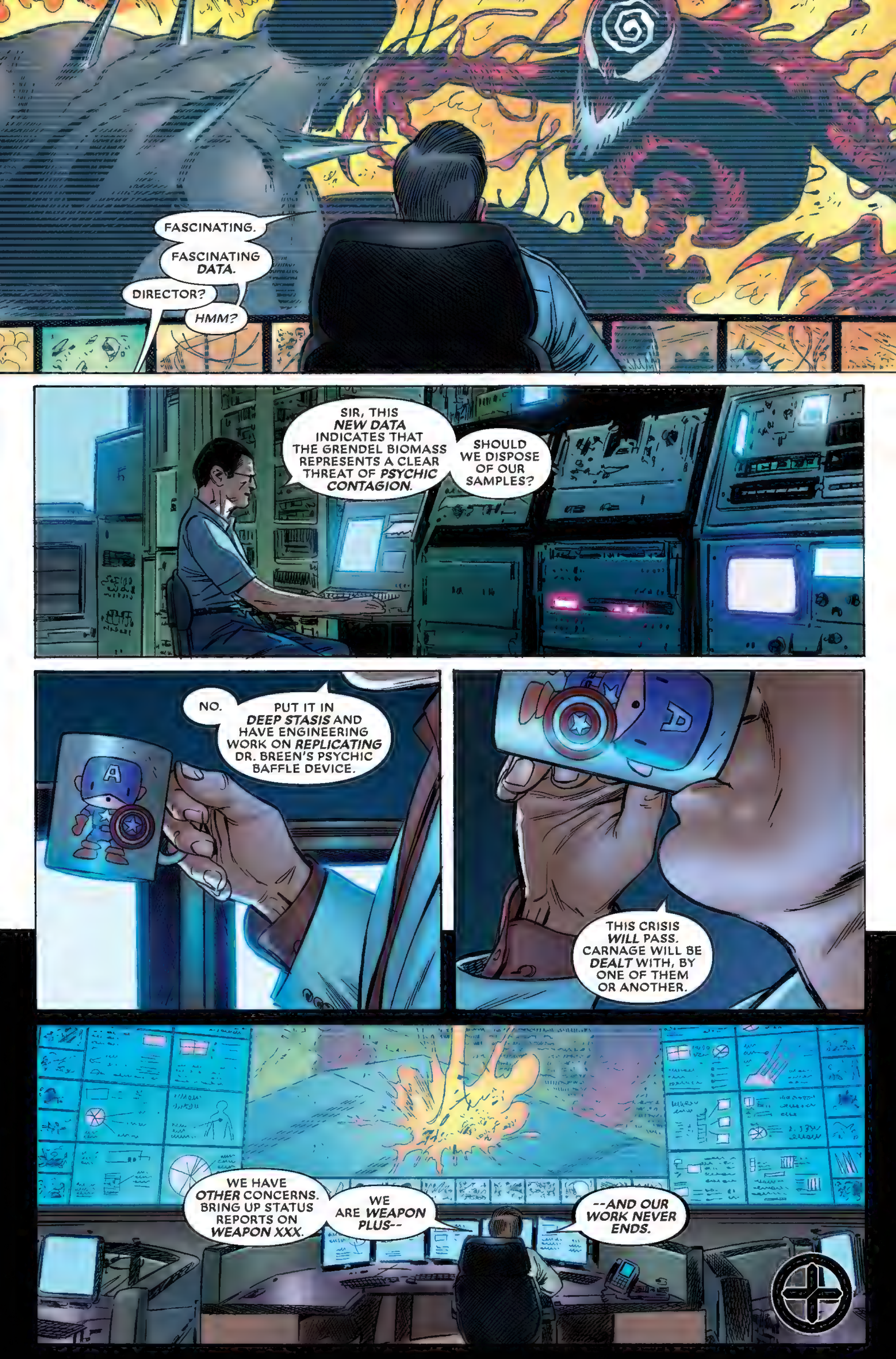

FIRE IN THE HOLE.
FWOOOSH
RAAARGHH!
YOU--
--BURNED--
--ME.
AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN IF I *LIKE*.
I GOT YOU ON A *LEASH*, BOY. DON'T FORGET.
NO.
HE HAS SERVED HIS PURPOSE.
HE HAS PROVEN THAT CARNAGE IS WORTHY.

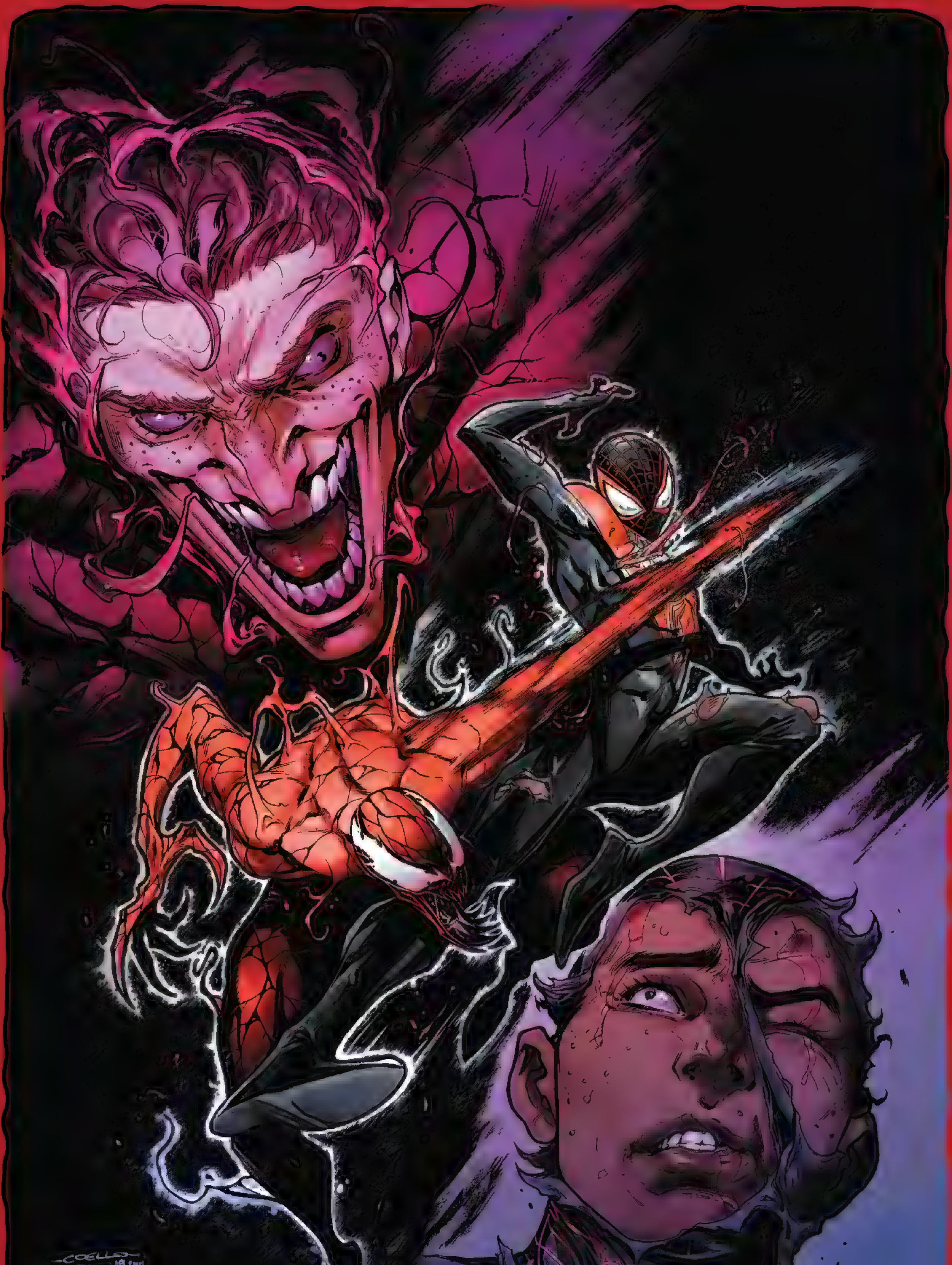

MARKED BY THE GOD, THE EVERBLACK.
UNBROKEN BY THUNDER AND FLAME.
THE RED MESSIAH, SENT TO USHER IN THE INTERREGNUM OF BLOOD, BEFORE THE UNENDING AGE OF DARKNESS. AND WE... WEAPON V...ARE HIS SACRIFICE BY RIGHT.
...THAT'SSSS RIIIIIGHT...
WHERE'S JANICE?
WHERE *IS SHE?*
GONE.
*GO,* CLAYTON.
YOUR ROLE HERE IS FINISHED.
BREEN, YOU *STAND DOWN,* YOU HEAR ME?
AND, CLAYTON, YOU *DO NOT LEAVE.* YOU WORK FOR *ME!*
I'LL TRACK DOWN YOUR WIFE, YOUR KIDS, *EVERYTHING* YOU HOLD CLOSE, *WHATEVER* IT TAKES. I *OWN* YOU, BOY!
THAT'S RIGHT. GO *ON* NOW. *KILL* THAT FREAK FOR ME.


YOU WANT THEM, CARNAGE?
SNAKT
YOU CAN HAVE THEM.
DON'T YOU WALK OUT ON *ME*, BOY!
YOU GET BACK HERE!
I AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE SWEETHEART...
...AND I *LOVE* A MAN IN *UNIFORM!*
NO-- NO--


JANICE!
JANICE, WHERE ARE YOU?
ARE YOU *OKAY?!*
CLAYTON?
CLAYTON!
I'M SO *SORRY* YOU WERE BROUGHT INTO THIS.
IT'S--
*IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.*
WE NEED TO GET FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE.
*NOW.*

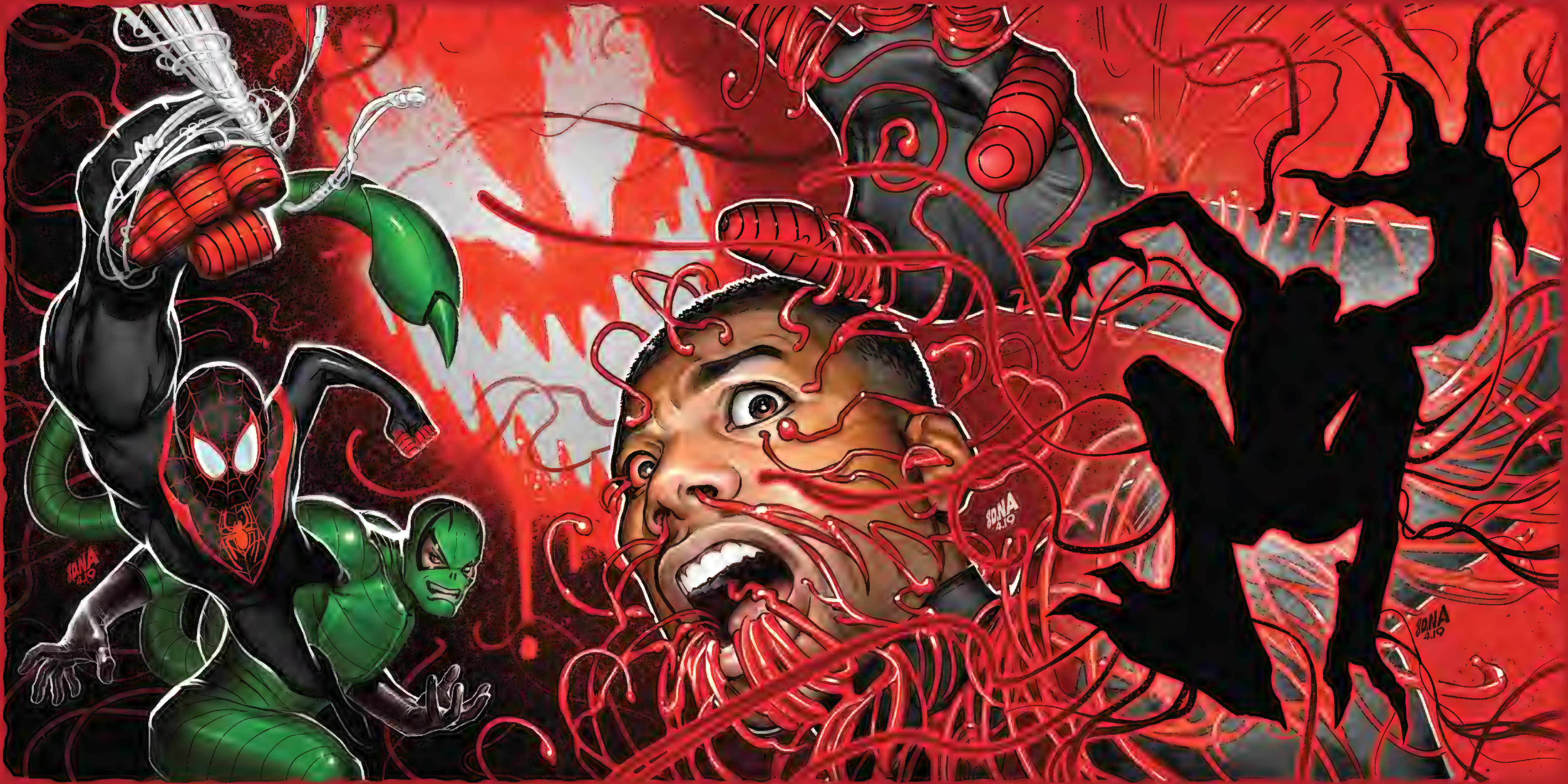

LATER.
FAR, FAR AWAY.
HE JUST... CUT YOUR ROPES AND LET YOU GO?
HE KEPT TELLING ME... THAT IT WASN'T A MERCY. HE SAID...
ICE
ICE
THIS IS THE *END*. GOD IS *COMING*, COMING TO SNUFF OUT THE LIGHT.
MERCY WOULD BE TO KILL YOU NOW, TO SPARE YOU THE HORROR TO COME.
LETTING YOU LIVE...IS THE GREATEST CRUELTY OF ALL.
*"PLEASE FORGIVE ME."*
WHAT DID HE *MEAN*? *WHAT* IS COMING?
I DON'T KNOW.
BUT IT WON'T GET NEAR YOU OR SONIA OR THE KIDS SO LONG AS I'M ALIVE.
AND I'M A HARD GUY TO KILL.
ICE
ICE


FASCINATING.
FASCINATING *DATA.*
DIRECTOR?
*HMM?*
SIR, THIS *NEW DATA* INDICATES THAT THE GRENDEL BIOMASS REPRESENTS A CLEAR THREAT OF *PSYCHIC CONTAGION.*
SHOULD WE DISPOSE OF OUR SAMPLES?
NO.
PUT IT IN *DEEP STASIS* AND HAVE ENGINEERING WORK ON *REPLICATING* DR. BREEN'S PSYCHIC BAFFLE DEVICE.
THIS CRISIS *WILL* PASS. CARNAGE WILL BE *DEALT* WITH, BY ONE OF THEM OR ANOTHER.
WE HAVE *OTHER* CONCERNS. BRING UP STATUS REPORTS ON *WEAPON XXX.*
WE ARE *WEAPON PLUS--*
*--AND OUR WORK NEVER ENDS.*

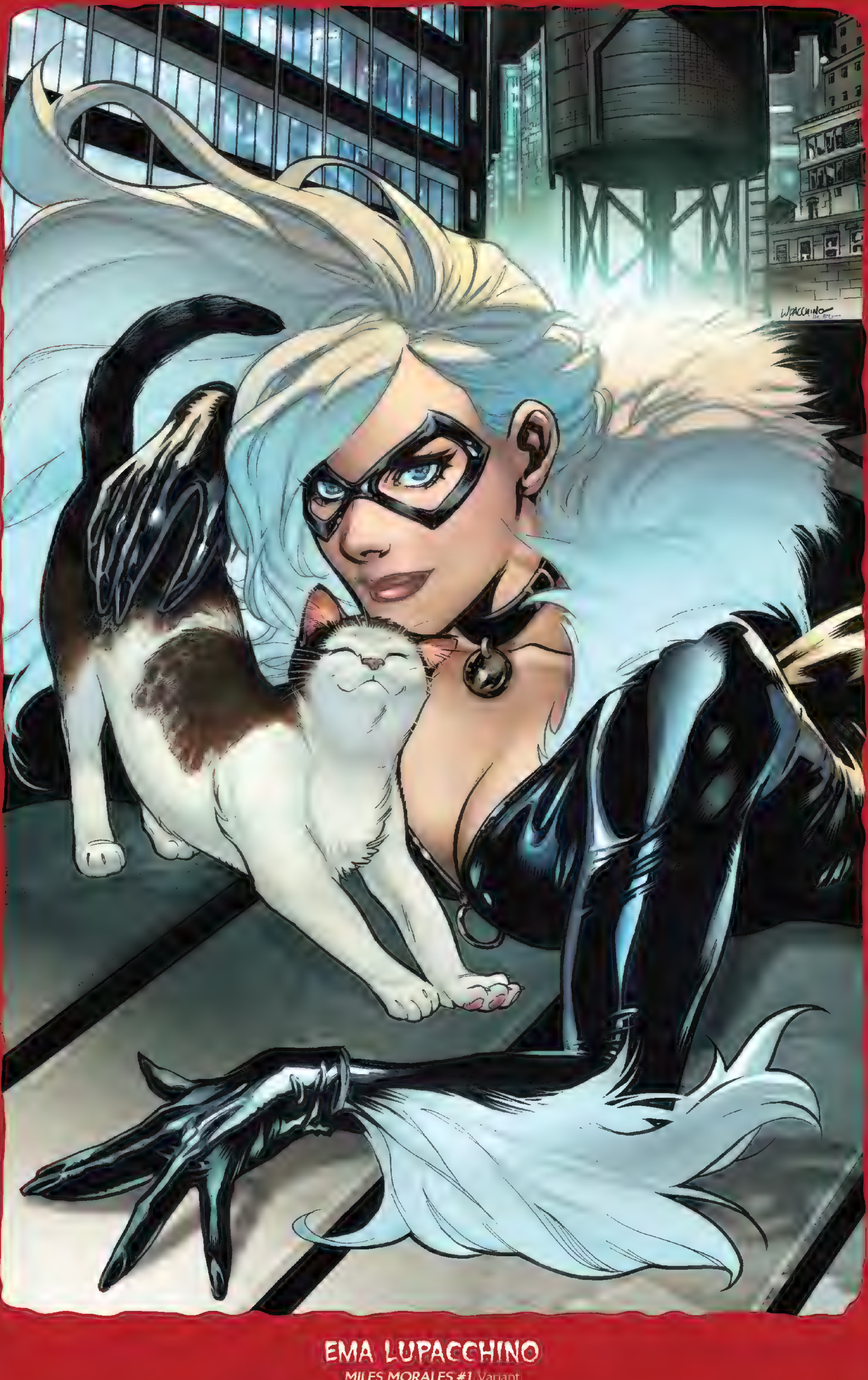


**IBAN COELLO**

*MILES MORALES #1* Variant

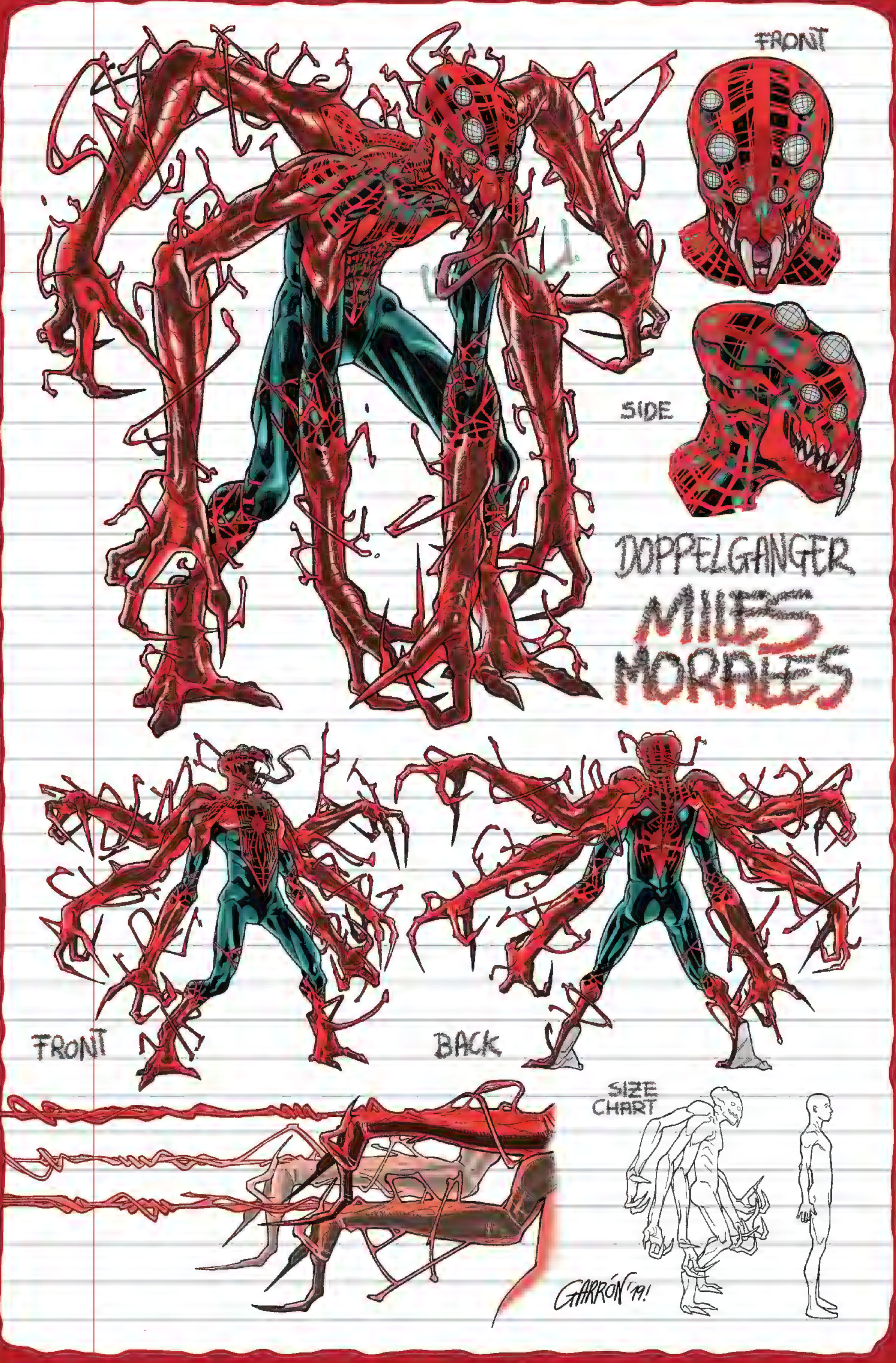


**DAVID NAKAYAMA**
***MILES MORALES #1-3*** Connecting Variants



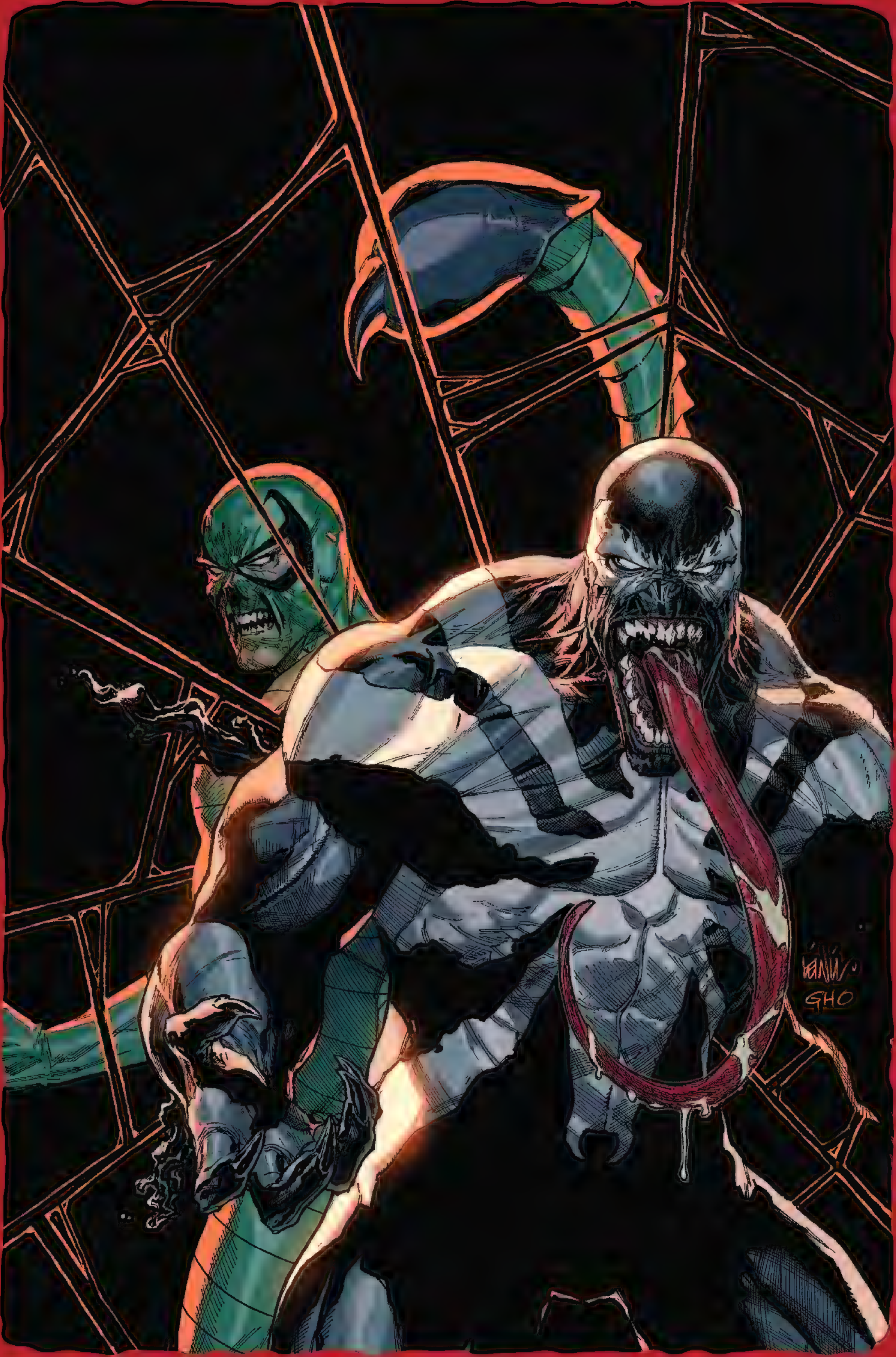
**EMA LUPACCHINO**

*MILES MORALES #1* Variant


FRONT
SIDE
DOPPELGANGER
MILES MORALES
FRONT
BACK
SIZE CHART
GARRÓN '19!

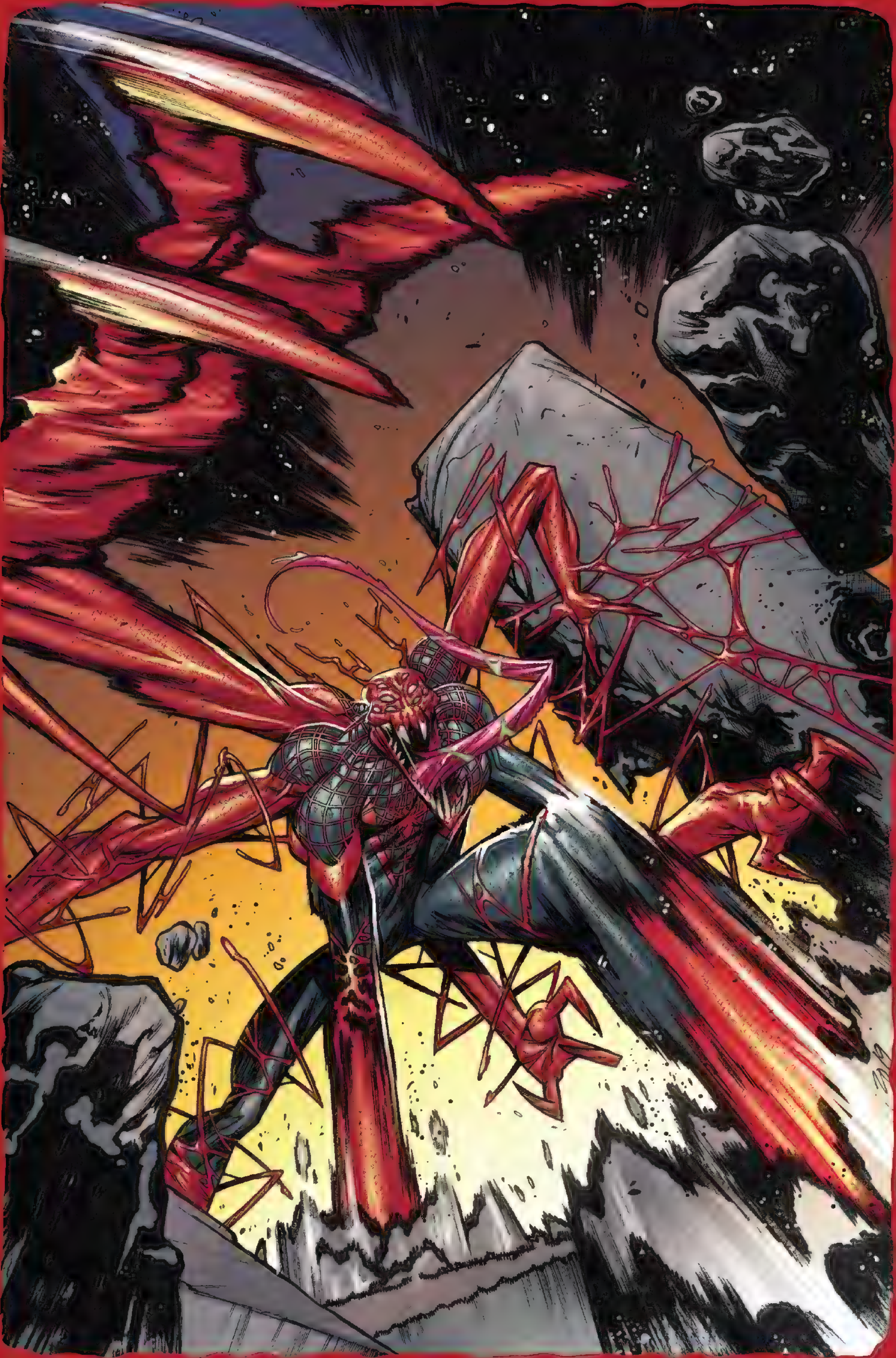
**JAVIER GARRÓN**

*MILES MORALES #1* Young Guns Variant



**LEINIL FRANCIS YU & SUNNY GHO**

***MILES MORALES #2*** Codex Variant

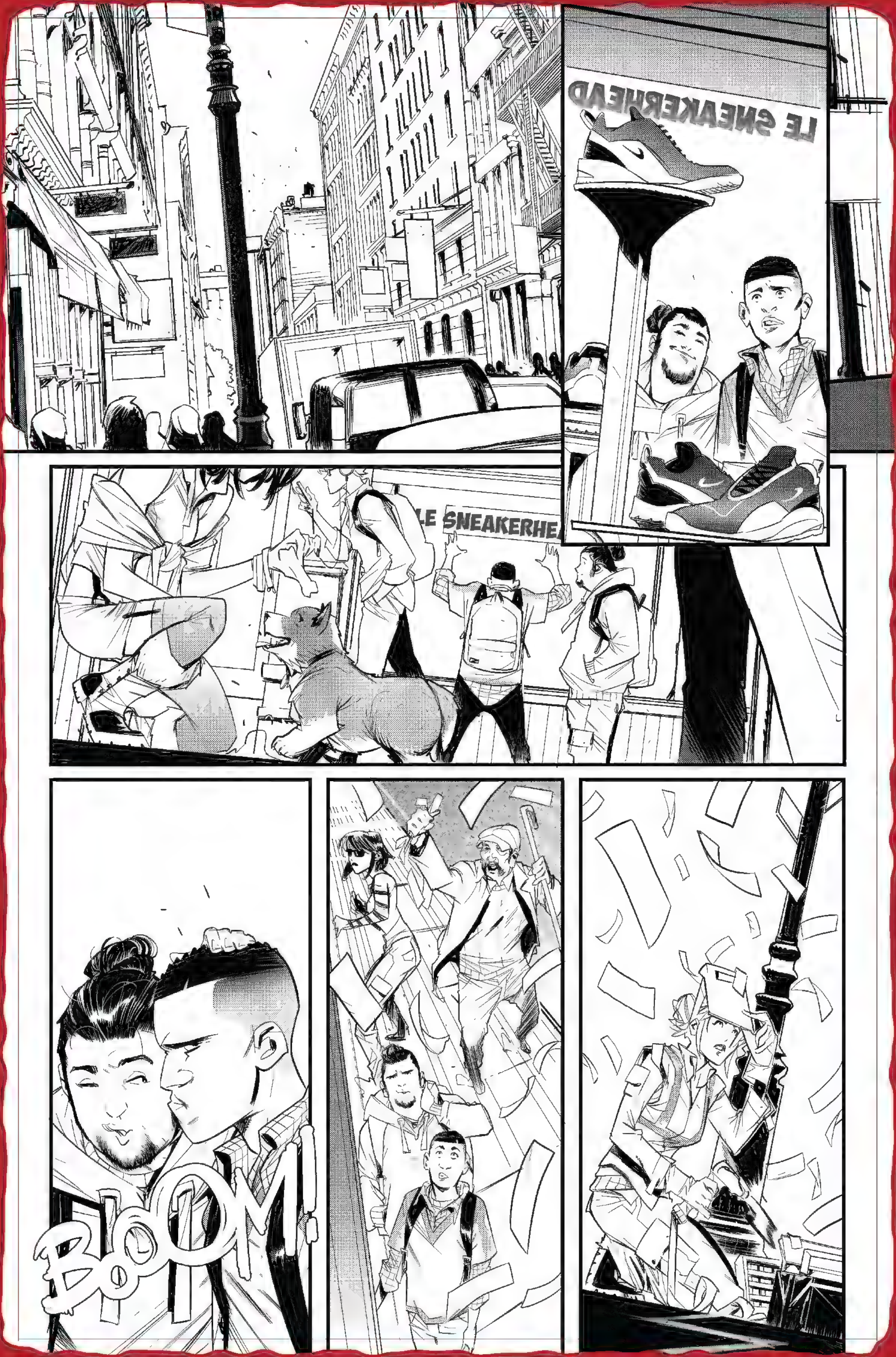


**KIM JACINTO & RAIN BEREDO**

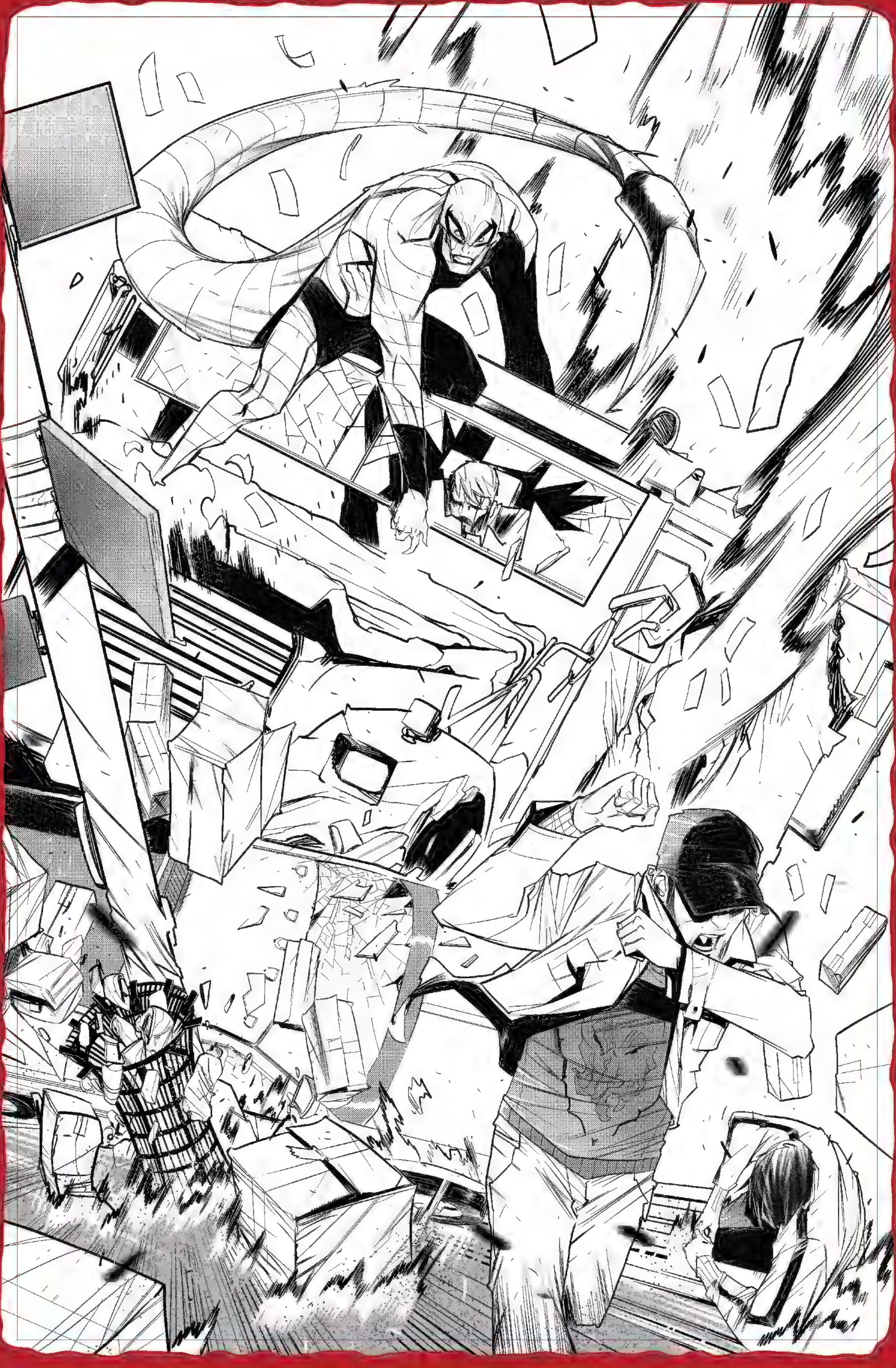
*MILES MORALES #3* Codex Variant

MATTEO SCALERA & MORENO DINISIO

**WEAPON PLUS** Variant

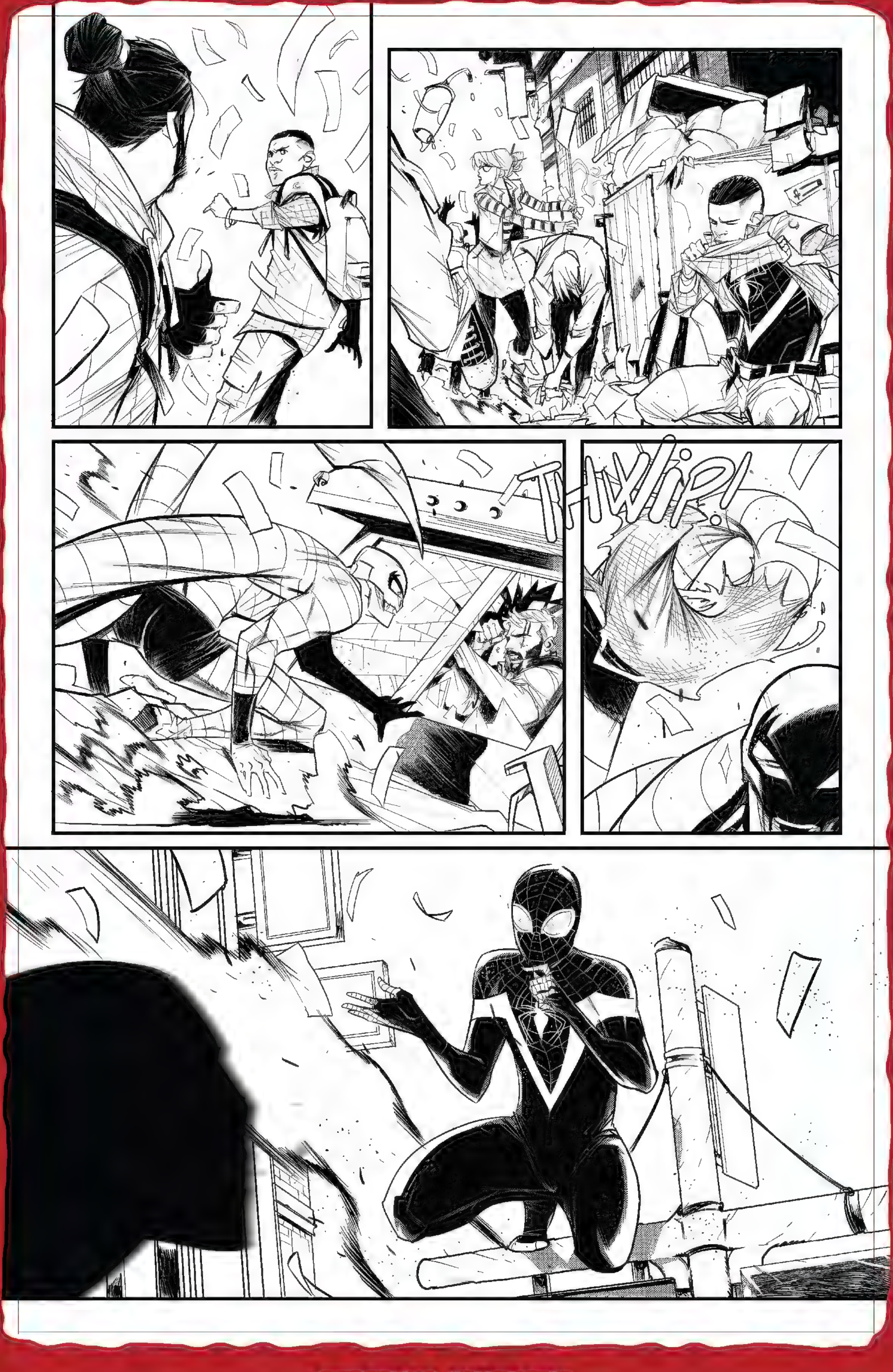

LE SNEAKERHEAD
LE SNEAKERHE
BOOM!

**FEDERICO VICENTINI**
*MILES MORALES #1*, page 1 art



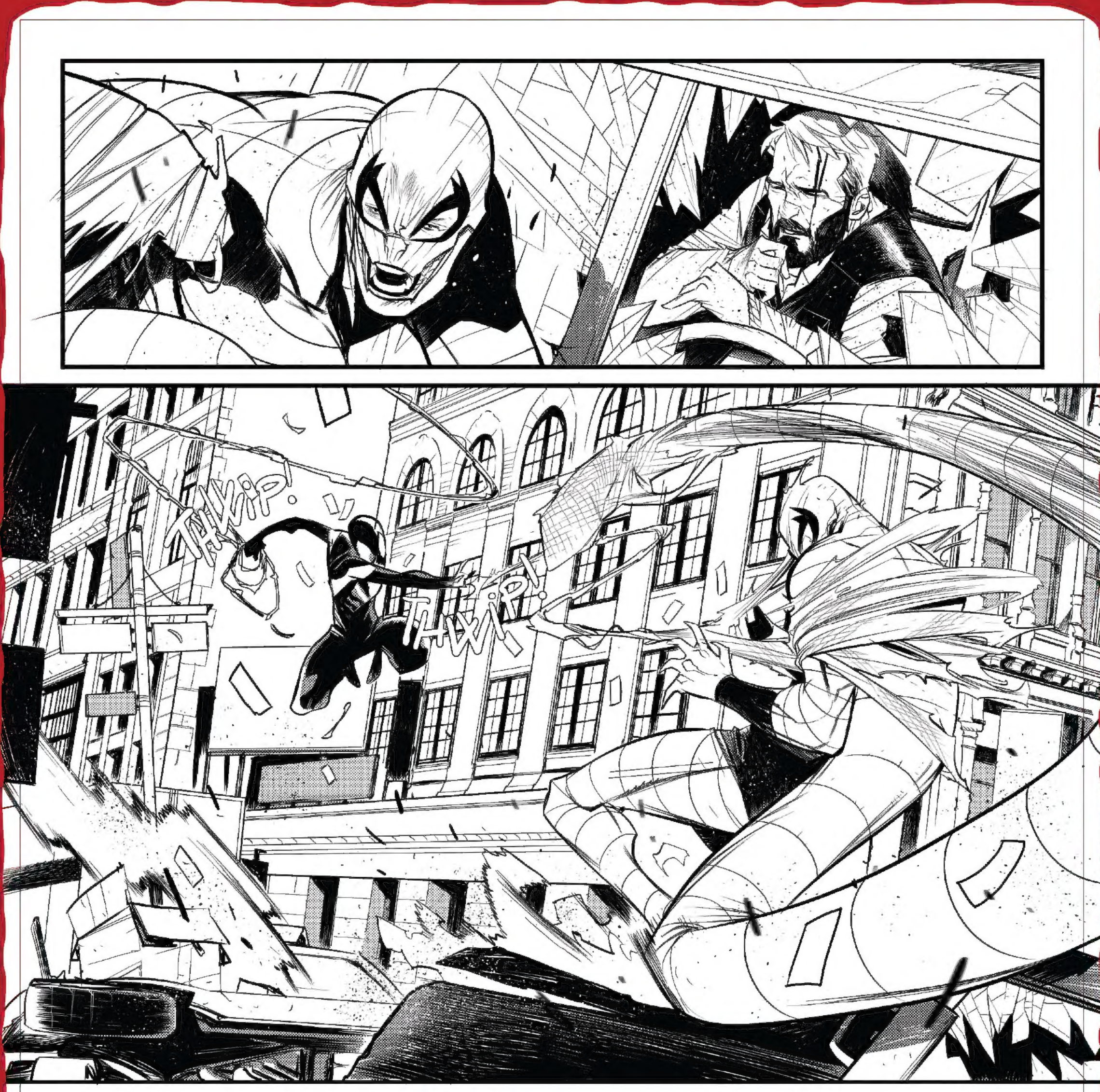
**FEDERICO VICENTINI**

*MILES MORALES #1*, page 2 art



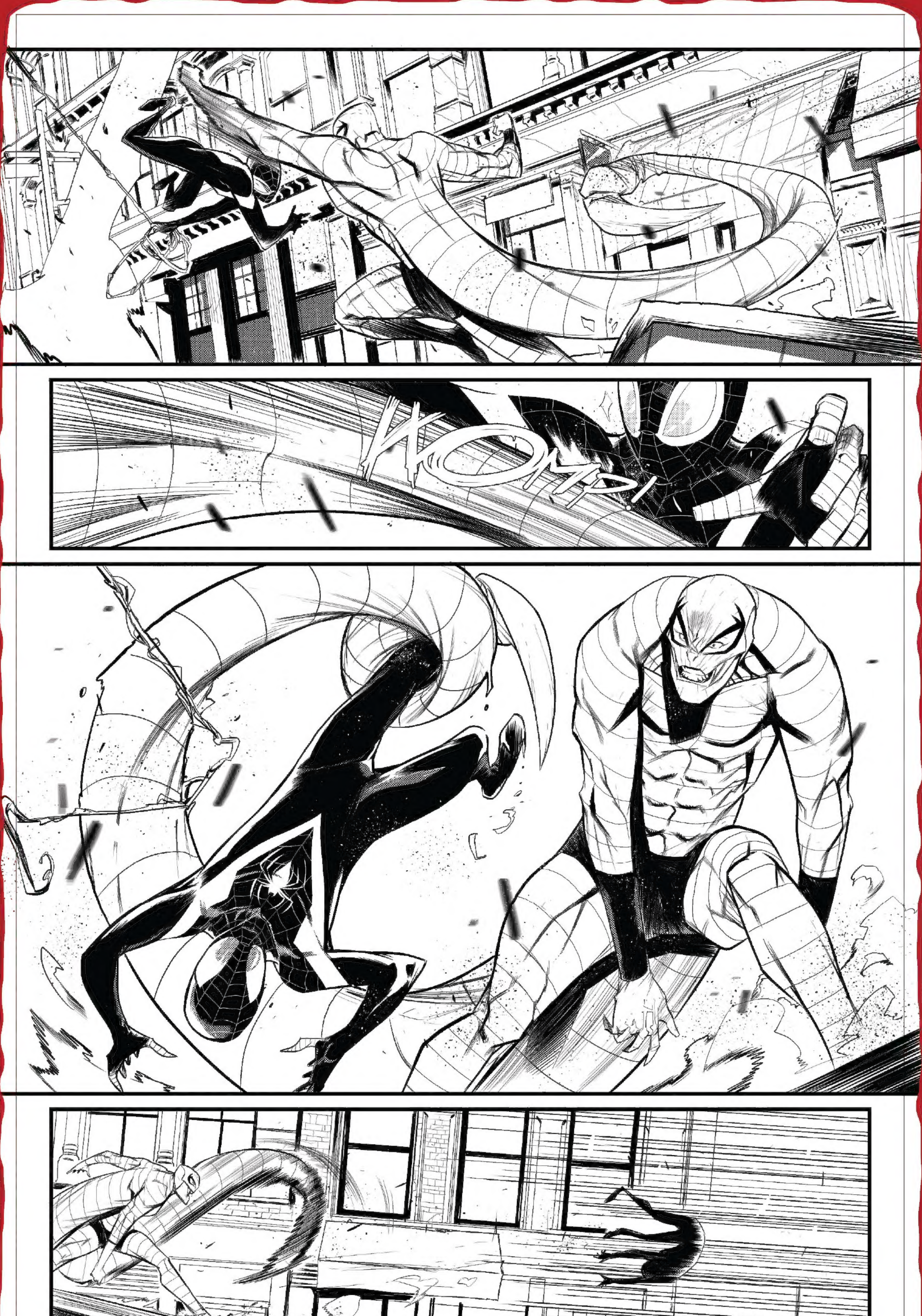
## FEDERICO VICENTINI

*MILES MORALES #1*, page 3 art


THWIP!
THWIP!
RRRRRRIPPPPP!

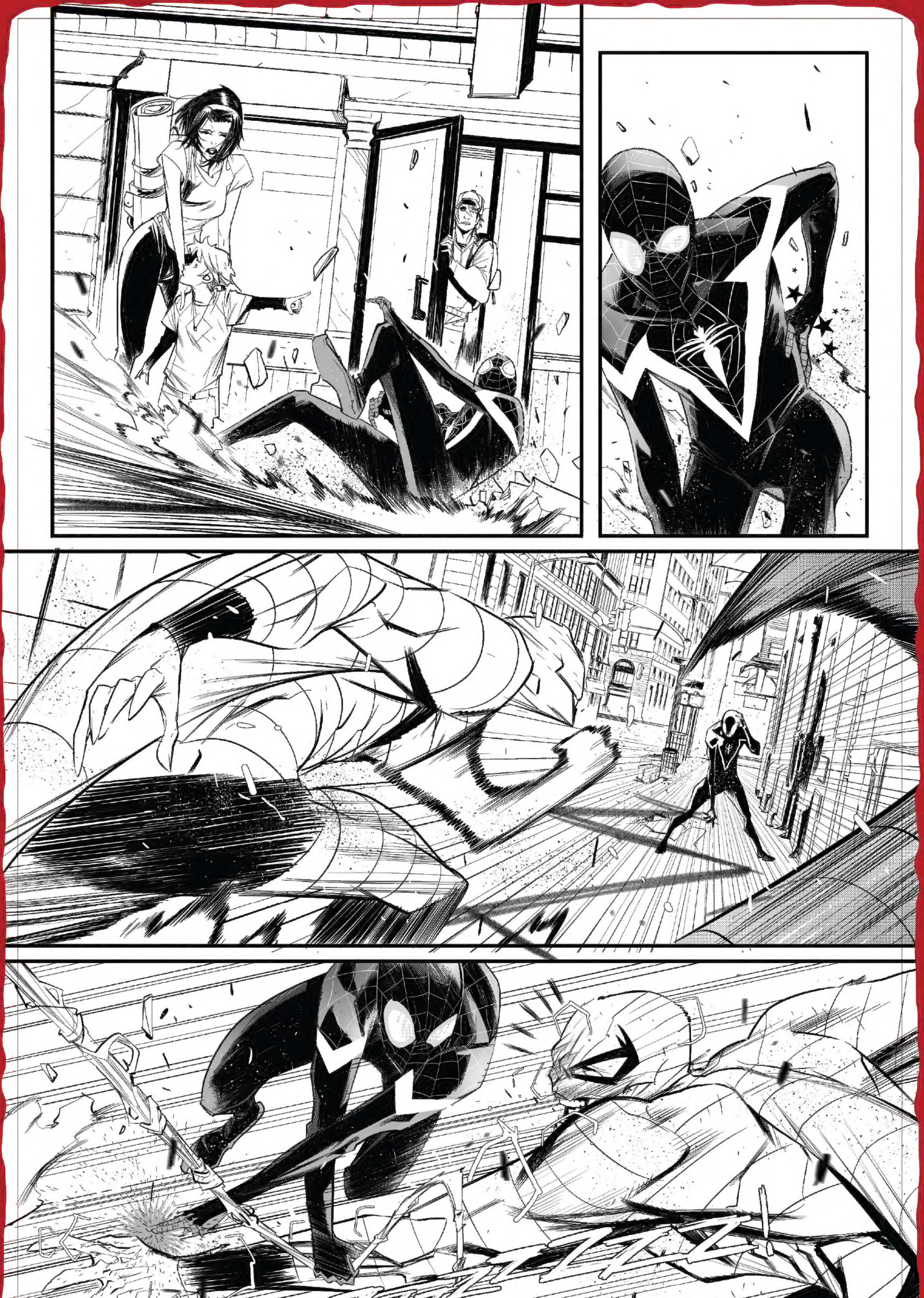
## FEDERICO VICENTINI

*MILES MORALES #1*, page 4 art



## FEDERICO VICENTINI

***MILES MORALES #1***, page 5 art


BZZZZZZZZZZ!

## FEDERICO VICENTINI

***MILES MORALES #1**, page 6 art*

# IS MILES MORALES A *MARKED MAN?*

It's business as usual as Miles squares off against Mac Gargan, A.K.A. the Scorpion! But when Carnage's bloodthirsty acolytes swarm New York, Miles learns the hard way that Scorpion has a history with Venom and the other symbiotes of the Marvel Universe! And Miles himself may have a future with them, if Carnage and his dark doppelgangers get their way! If Miles can't fight this, he'd better hope someone shows up who can beat a dark, symbiote-powered Spider-Man! Plus: After one of the pilot missions of the sym-soldier program, Rex Strickland was given a highly classified mission by Nick Fury himself. Where exactly did the ancient symbiote known as the Grendel come from? Decades later, Carnage is on a rampage that will connect him to Knull the symbiote god, and only Weapon H can stop him — by picking up where Rex left off!

Collecting **ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: MILES MORALES #1-3** and **ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: WEAPON PLUS** — by Saladin Ahmed, Jed MacKay, Federico Vicentini, Stefano Raffaele, Erick Arciniega and Dono Sánchez-Almara.

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